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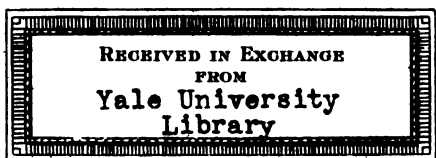
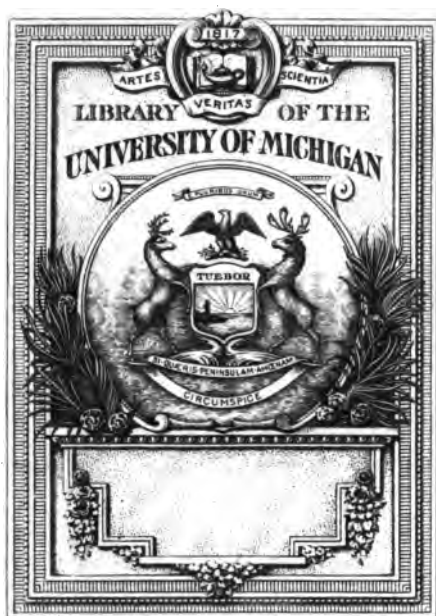
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THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES  
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

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BY THE

Students of Yale College.



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Continuor SODALES, unanimique PATRES."

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**THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.**—Conducted by the Students of Yale College. This Magazine established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Forty-Ninth Volume with the number for October, 1883. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

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No. 1.

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EDITORS' FOR THE CLASS OF '84.

REGINALD FOSTER,

HARRY M. PAINTER,

EDWARD C. GALE,

HARRY W. PROUTY,

HENRY M. WOLF.

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ON COLLEGE TENDENCIES.

WE HAVE heard not a little during the past few months concerning the college man. Journalists, alumni, college presidents, all have weighed the graduate and the undergraduate product in their own peculiarly constructed balances and have found it wanting. The old-time idea that a man after four years of study is—nay, ought to be—well versed in the whats and whys of all learning, has made room for a view almost as incorrect: that the knowledge derived during an academical course is valuable or is power only while it helps a man to coin his brain-tissue into dollars and cents; while it is a large factor in aiding material advancement. Then, too, with what has the college man not been charged! Not only have his going and coming, his fondness for athletic sports and his enthusiastic celebration of some college victory been the subjects of much ill-advised criticism, but he is also accused of aimlessness, charged with a want of discipline and worldly activity. He is totally unfitted for practical life, and “in these days of repeating rifles is sent out into the strife equipped with

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shields and swords and javelins." There is a want of development in harmony with the spirit of the age. In other words, the college man is behind the times.

Such, in brief, are the views expressed by our recent critics. That these charges have excited many replies and much controversy is not surprising. Men, whose lives have been student lives, whose work, student work, naturally enough, are not in sympathy with such attacks. Yet, notwithstanding this fact, I cannot but think that we of the college world ought to feel gratified at these strictures even though we consider them unwarrantably severe.

University reform has been a never-ending cry, and justly; for no one will pretend to say that the machinery of education has reached such a degree of perfection that further improvement is impossible. Sincere criticisms, even if they chance to be inaccurate, cannot but have a beneficial influence in this direction since a powerful public sentiment is thereby aroused, which, sooner or later, will bring forth good results. This is clearly proven by the replies which the last Phi Beta Kappa address has called forth. The attention of educators is once more directed to the fact that our colleges must look out for the interests of the average man. The genius can look out for himself; he alone can make stumbling blocks into stepping stones; he alone can supply the deficiencies of the curriculum and find himself none the worse at the end of the course. There is, in addition to this, a call—and one which appears to be growing louder with our increasing utilitarian views, for studies of a more practical nature, studies which are at par in the working-day world. That this call is being answered more or less directly, is shown by the various changes which have been instituted from time to time. Weak, though these several forces may appear to be, the resultant is not insignificant. Even here at Yale, avowedly opposed to radicalism and often accused of a want of liberalism, all these demands for college reforms are subjected to the most earnest scrutiny, and I believe that I

am justified in saying that very soon the effects will be apparent.

Yet, even if changes more or less radical are made in accordance with urgent popular requests, it does not by any means follow that there will be a corresponding benefit to the student. There is, however, another point of view from which we can regard the more or less discriminating remarks of our well-meaning critics and that is from the standpoint of the college man himself. The results in this case are more valuable, inasmuch as here we can find out the direct influence upon individuals and upon men taken as a whole.

The most noticeable effect, and one which diligent inquiry cannot fail to discover, is our growing sensitiveness to public opinion, our desire to conform with the ideas of the thoughtful minority upon disputed questions pertaining to student life and customs. That there always will be a varying amount of reprehensible actions in a large college community, is to be expected. As it is, no place containing so many hundred young men as are gathered hereabouts can boast of a better record. A praiseworthy change in morals has come over the college during the past few years, at least, so those who are in the best position to know, assert. I do not pretend to give the reasons for this improvement in college morals, but no one who remembers the treatment that Yale men received at the hands of the metropolitan press, only a couple of years ago, will hesitate to ascribe a great deal of good to what were without doubt malicious attacks. Men began to grow desirous of preventing a repetition of such statements. There was more thoughtfulness, less disturbance; and soon the better sense of the college prevailed almost entirely.

Careful examination of college tendencies, will show, I believe, a great increase in what is termed earnestness by some, by others activity. These terms have been used together not because they are identical in meaning but since the one involves, in a great measure, the other. This increase of purpose is due in part to the very criti-

cism which is just at present being attacked so severely. Time was when a college diploma was regarded as an excellent pass-port into society, when people believed that because a man was graduated at Yale, or Harvard, or some other great institution of learning, he must necessarily be a man of educated tastes and broad culture; just as there was once a very general feeling that a profession gave caste to a man. But many persons, men whom we cannot but respect for their importance, dignity, intellectual standing, are beginning to lose confidence in the college graduate. He may be man thinking; but he is not man acting, man practising. And so the college student is beginning to appreciate the fact that his position is becoming more and more exactly defined. Moreover, those who are engaged in the busy pursuits of life hold a similar opinion. They respect the student not for what he ought to be, but for what he is. They put him to the test and rank him according to his worth. Such opinions as these it is necessary to counteract in one way or another; nearly all of us feel that instinctively. Hence comes this growing respect for latent public opinion which gradually influences even the careless, indifferent men among us. They begin to understand what their aims ought to be; to find out what they need; to broaden and deepen their purposes. While to the energetic worker, such things are only additional spurs to his activity. These facts may not always be reasoned out by us. Indeed, in most cases, they are not given much attention and the majority of men will not at first admit them, but personal inquiry and observation will convince one of their truth.

The advantages which would follow from a union of an improved state of college morals with greater earnestness and increased activity, are at the same time numerous and valuable. There would be a tendency toward getting out of the well-worn ruts of student habit; an inclination towards breaking down some of the worthless and injurious barriers supported by college common law and class tradition; a desire to force our enthusiasm into broader,

and more valuable channels. If our critics, either intentionally or unintentionally, should succeed in placing these facts clearly in our minds; common sense, the universal genius, will give them sufficient momentum to produce the desired end. What results would come forth from a combination of these changes in college characters, and improved academic advantages, it is unnecessary to mention; for their number is legion. At any rate, we cannot help being forced to the conclusion that the evolution of the true American university of the future, depends as much upon the coöperation of college men as upon the wise reforms of a faculty and corporation.



## IN MEMORIAM.

(T. G. L. obiit October 16th, 1883.)

'Tis the still hour that comes when day has fled  
And timid shadows lengthening, bolder grow,  
And silent night draws near with feathery tread  
Close on the heels of day. The afterglow  
That day leaves for a guerdon to the night,  
Still bathes the hill tops with its golden light.

How soon, alas! those ruddy tintings die,  
Like a spent taper that while fluttering low,  
For one short moment flashes bright and high,  
And then goes out:—so fades the afterglow.  
Then darkness spreads o'er earth her shadowy wings,  
And night to aid the spell her influence brings.

Sometimes the lives and faces that we know,  
Sinking from sight forever leave behind  
A golden radiance, like the afterglow,  
That fills the darkened chambers of the mind,  
Till Time's eternal twilight closer nears,  
Enshrouding memory in the cloak of years.

*Edward Wells, Jr.*



## BRET HARTE.

NEXT to a great epic poem, which shall embalm for all time, the noblest thoughts and best culture of the age which produced it, fiction illustrating with truth the customs of a people at a particular period, is perhaps the greatest gift which literature can give to posterity. After the actors themselves have passed away, it is more from this class of writing than from any other, that we can learn of the habits of our ancestors. Chaucer tells us nearly all that we know of the English people in the fourteenth century. Smollett pictures forth the culture of his time with much greater distinctness than the more serious works of that period. Anthony Trollope will be read, years hence, as a supplement to the Greens and Froudes of that day, for his careful description of life in England during the last generation. From the novelist we might be said to learn by heart, what we learn intellectually from the historian. America, although her original characteristics, and customs growing directly from her institutions, seem to offer every inducement to writers of this kind, has thus far been productive of very little fiction illustrating with truth her national peculiarities. Our writers have generally preferred to exaggerate grossly or to burlesque everything, so that we have produced works in which wit, or so-called "American humor," has been the first object, and truth has been sought only in order to be distorted. To be sure, in the last generation, we find a few notable exceptions, men who have done their work with truth and talent. Hawthorne caught a glimpse of the old Puritans, as they were disappearing by reason of the increasing friction with other elements, and petrified them in a monument more enduring than brass, and with greater clearness and accuracy than one can find in all the histories which American patriotism has produced. Irving has kept the early Dutch settlers of the Hudson from oblivion, throwing

an atmosphere of poetry and romance over as prosaic a set of people as ever existed. A few would give the same praise to Cooper for his Natty Bumppo; but if we attempt to look further, we find scarcely any one who has endeavored to represent American life in other than a distorted fashion. Thus, much of our national life has never received proper representation in literature, and it is largely owing to this, that the ideas foreigners entertained of us were so false and ridiculous.

Hence it was with much enthusiasm and interest that Bret Harte was welcomed when it became known that he had undertaken to represent another phase of American life. He might say, with Lord Byron, that he awoke one morning and found himself famous. A good story and an original poem soon made his name a familiar one both here and abroad. People were but just recovering from the excitement caused by the discovery of gold in California, and though satiated with rumors and exaggerated accounts, were quick to appreciate a man whose works seemed to speak on the subject with reason and common sense. Immigrants were still pouring into the country; and not only in New England and the Eastern States but in many parts of Great Britain and the Continent, there were few people who had no relative or friend seeking a fortune in that new and unsettled territory. Thus, there was a wide and immediate demand for the tales and dialect poems which came from this interesting part of the western world.

The gold diggers and cattle drovers of California, thirty years ago, may seem to present rude subject matter for refined literature; but there were in that wild life the characteristics, intensified and roughened, but none the less recognizable, which can be seen all over the continent. It has been said, that nature shows us her truths by monstrosities. Here then was an opportunity for a man of discernment to study our national peculiarities in an abnormal state of development. Here was seen, in its highest degree, that passion to be a financial success, which seems to over-ride every other ambition

of which an American is capable; yet tempered with a strong appreciation of justice, which the Anglo-Saxon race carries with it wherever it goes. Here was liberty in its most primitive form: Jefferson and Jean Jacques would have been enraptured at seeing such a community. Every man, so long as he interfered with no one else, did as he chose. If any such interference were attempted, the settlement of the difficulty was usually short and decisive. Yet justice was done so far as possible, and if lynch law, exercised by a vigilance committee, was needed to protect honest men, it was carried out with more sense and less passion than mobs are apt to show. Indeed, when we consider the kind of men who made up the population, we cease to be surprised at their crimes, and begin to admire their virtues. Ruined men who hoped to retrieve their fortunes, wild youths, gamblers, outlaws, escaped convicts,—this was the class of men that rushed to the West at the discovery of gold. Yet the greater part of this dangerous element, and they represented no small percentage of the total population, soon learned to respect the ideas of right which went for law in those places where justice had not yet set up her balances.

They were very differently situated from the early immigrants in the Eastern States. The latter came with their wives and families, and made it their first endeavor to provide a home. The western immigrant, on the contrary, was usually alone, with no ties to bind him to one place and was, therefore, apt to change his locality frequently. Thus the restraining influence, which a family exerts, by keeping a man where he can be found, and increasing his necessity for regular and honest labor, was in many cases entirely absent. But this seemed to bring about friendships between man and man, which in no time or locality, have been, to such a degree, the habit of a whole people. Perhaps this wild life produced nothing more noble and pure, than this attachment of one man to another, throwing in his interests with him, as much as any wife could with her husband.

Mr. Harte has succeeded in depicting the life of these people with strength and originality. Without condoning their faults, he has shown these so mingled with characteristic virtues, that one always hesitates to condemn, absolutely, any one of his characters. There is always a feeling within the reader, that John Oakhurst or Hamlin would, under certain circumstances, act with more courage and nobleness, than many persons of much greater moral pretensions would be apt to show. Running all through his works, there is an evident belief in a pure spot within every human being, however black and callous the exterior may appear,—a place which is the entrance to the hidden depths of every nature, and through which can be read and interpreted, the whole man. He is fond of directing attention to one particular characteristic, and then grouping about it, as a back-ground, the rest of his character's personality. It may be the affection of Tennessee's partner, or Mrs. Starbottle's love for her little step-daughter, or the influence which the grip of a baby's hand exerts on a rough miner; an apparently slight thing in a rude, and may be, commonplace person, answers his purpose, and with this placed in bold relief, he excites the interest of the reader and holds his attention. Although the effect is sometimes injured by a melodramatic tendency, which he often evinces, we generally find ourselves in thorough sympathy with a class of persons, which heretofore, we had thought of, as of benefit to the state, only when they had become examples of the potency of her justice.

It is in his short sketches, that Mr. Harte best shows his genius as a prose writer. When a character is to be upheld for any length of time, exhibited in different lights, and placed in varied circumstances, the author shows that great as is his ability to deal with particular occasions, when a single passion is excited, all other motives and peculiarities being then seen only in perspective, he is unable to bind these fragments together, and give them the appearance of unity. We seem to see a different man, on every occasion. Not only is Mr. Harte

more capable of dealing with his material in short stories than in long novels, but the material itself seems to be best fitted for such treatment. The lives of the people of whom he wrote were rapid and without much reflection. Action was their prevailing characteristic. Therefore it was almost necessary, for the writer who would have his works smack of that breathless rush which was going on in all that part of the country, to keep up a continual excitement. This is obviously more suited to the sketch, than to the elaborated novel. Moreover, no one has any particular desire to follow the fortunes of such characters as are met with at Poker Flats, through two volumes. Even the Chinaman would lose his attractions, if we were compelled to contemplate him for such a length of time. The subject has probably lost nothing by being treated otherwise than in long spun out novels.

To say that our eastern ideas of western life thirty years ago are as the author of the "Luck of Roaring Camp" has represented it to us, would scarcely be exaggerating the extent of his influence. Even our opinion of the poor Celestial has been somewhat raised, and though we suspect his wide sleeves, we are inclined to consider him a human being, who will bleed if pricked; and if poisoned, die;—facts about which California was, at one time, very skeptical. Although Mr. Harte has had a national reputation scarcely a dozen years, his works seem to have received their final criticism and to have taken their permanent place in our literature. They must live, for they fill a place which no one else has attempted to occupy. While they will never be read for classic English, describing as they do an interesting period of our social history, they should not be refused a place along side of Hawthorne and Irving and the few others who have faithfully handed down to posterity certain phases of our American life.

*H. DeF. Baldwin.*

## THE BENEDICTINE.

The iron pulse of midnight throbbed the hour,  
In quivering pulses from the abbey tower,  
And on the still cold air the mournful knell  
In lazy cadences reluctant fell.  
Enwrapped in sleep the gloomy cloister lay,  
Outlined in rugged pencilings of gray  
Against the sky, and tower'd through the night  
Huge and misshapen in th' uncertain light.

Penance and prayer forgot, the friars slept,  
But the good abbot lonely vigil kept  
In the dim chapel by the Virgin's shrine,  
Where a faint taper burned,—a golden line,  
And struggling feebly with the shadowy gloom,  
Seemed a live soul immured within a tomb,  
Peopling the darkness with fantastic forms  
And demon shapes with grasping arms,—  
About the Virgin like a halo played  
In flickering gleams half brightness and half shade,  
And lightly danced in willful measure o'er  
The stern cowed abbot kneeling on the floor.

High in the groined arch the night wind wept  
And woke the echoes there that long had slept,—  
The plaintive echoes of forgotten woe  
Chanted in misereres long ago.  
His untold beads forgot, the abbot knelt  
Lost in the mazes of his thought, nor felt  
The unhealed traces of the scourge's blow,—  
Nor saw the fluttering taper's spectral glow.  
The chapel wall seemed opened wide and far;  
In heaven's black archway glowed a single star;  
The abbot's soul moved onward swift as thought,  
For time and earth and space were all forgot.

Through boundless space he moved exultant, free,  
Dark grew the picture in his memory  
Of this world's life and all that life had been,  
For now he felt another life begin,—  
The boundless spirit land was filled  
With starry spirits like himself, and thrilled  
With grand symphonic anthem, like the roar  
Of thousand oceans on an endless shore,  
And then his whole existence seem'd to be  
Absorbed into a long eternity.

The messengers of morn stole once again  
With gentle grace through many a tinted pane,  
And paled the taper on the Virgin's shrine,  
And touched the abbot like a heaven-sent sign.  
The matin bell the morning stillness broke ;  
The sleepy monks from lazy slumbers woke ;  
Yet still the abbot knelt nor stirred,  
Deaf to the matin chime nor spoke nor heard,  
Pale even in the ruddy light of day,—  
Cold as the chilly stones whereon he lay.

*Edward Wells, Jr.*

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## A STORY AS YOU LIKE IT.

### I.

*Rosalind.*—"Well, this is the forest of Arden."

I BEG leave to assure you that the charming forest of Arden—that dearest Shakesporean myth—has no local habitation, but is here, there, and everywhere. I know a place very like it somewhere south of the Potomac, and, again, I suspect that it may be among the New York hills; although a certain delightful traveler tells of it as it seemed to her in Lincolnshire.

But the forest, as I know it best, is a certain landscape of varied field and wood somewhere—it is surprising how you have to localize to make the rudest narrative natural—in New York.

One August evening the moon was bright enough, as it had been for three nights back, for the passer-by to read the sign-posts at a place in that region where three roads meet: "Four miles to Arden," with the hand pointing down through a pine wood; then, "Two miles to Silver Lake;" and again, "Seven miles to Brackneyville." From an old stump the moon silvered the exhortation "Go to Webster's, Main Street, Arden, for your Dry Goods." Just beyond, a set of worthies smoked and gos-

siped, as we all have done in our own time, on the piazza of a long, low building of the structure peculiar to the country tavern, relic, as it is, of the by-gone Yankee civilization of rurality. The moon went up higher; the shadows lengthened; a dim flicker came from the windows of the farm-houses dotted on several hillsides; the different worthies, on the tavern steps, lounged in and out from the lighted doorway, with the contentment of hevin' had a glass, or hevin' been told o' the 'lection, or the circus comin' off this week in town, or—what people with a broad local, but a limited general sense always talk over. Then a young man came out from under the trees, walking in the direction of the wrist of the hand pointing toward Arden. You could see in the white light that he was tall, in knickerbockers, with an alert, springy gait. He paused, with one foot placed interrogatively on the tavern steps: "Where's that ruin?" he began in clear tones. But a titter of superior knowledge came from some heads that were suddenly silhouetted against the doorway. "I mean that—" he began, almost shamefacedly, while a drawling voice formed itself from the titter to the effect that "p'raps it was the burned buildin', back there, stickin' from the trees, like so many grave-stones." And he pointed back and upward over the fields to a stone corner that rose like a real battlement from the pines.

As the pedestrian faded in that direction these experienced loungers stared wonderingly after the insanity that sought burnt houses in the moonlight. He probably had another more material object. Why should a young fellow be so foolish! Because, ye matter of fact, he had nothing to do that evening: he neither wished to dance or to chatter nonsense with Miss DeSmyth; he had vaguely sought change by a long saunter in the night. A queer, stone building, which he had often seen when driving, was a sufficient goal. He was sentimental enough himself, and by the help of the moon, he had begun his query: "The ruin—." "That old boy in the doorway must have thought me a fool," he said, smilingly, as he



came from the pines into an open glade, where the ruin of the stone house stood out defined against the shadows and sky, like a piece of scenery that might be whisked into the flies at any moment. His steps were muffled on the soft ground, as pushing through a clump of golden-rod, he peered through a casementless window opening into a large, square room with a door at the end, an unbroken floor, and a sheer lift upward, upward to the bluish sky and a few faint stars, with open places for departed rafters. He felt all at once that he was not quite alone, as if the spirit of the deserted dwelling might come tripping out of the shadows, and indeed there came a —! Was that a footfall? It came a second time, a light, quick tread. He shivered and shook himself. It was foolish;—the universal sense, the possibility of the supernatural;—probably some tramp. His hearing seemed very acute, and—no tramp!—that same light tread. He felt his hands clinging helplessly to the stone-work and, then, a slim figure was outlined in the doorway opposite. It walked slowly half across the floor, seemingly a slight young girl, with—a queer accompaniment to a spirit—a banjo under the arm. A light laugh reached the watcher, and, some chords of an air, a familiar tune, a low, sweet voice, and the spirit was actually beginning a song out of the Italian—a merry, tuneful play of words. Here was an odd ghost! Back and forth it tripped, from moonlight to shadow, with an airy gracefulness, while the low voice cadenced the song. The watcher leaned over too far. There was a crash, the melody floated away, the banjo lay on the boards, and the voice gave out a frightened, "Oh, oh! What—oh, oh!" There was no help for it, and his hands were on the sill, and he himself in the room in an instant, with hat in hand, bowing very humbly. She was very pretty in the moonlight, with a fine intonation even in the scream; he had no doubt of that,—spirit or not.

"I—I beg your pardon. I will not hurt you. I—."

There came a piteous little murmur: "Oh, oh! What shall I do—what—but at any rate *you* aren't a tramp," she ended, regaining self-possession in his discomfiture.

"No, no; I'm not a tramp, or anything of the sort. I let you see me by leaning over too far, and I knew you would be frightened to death if I should run, so I made myself known. I am harmless, and a gentleman—Archer—an Archer of Arden. I—came here because I was bored, and wanted a walk. I—I—but don't be frightened. I'm going; I'm only Fred Archer."

There came a quiet roll of laughter out of the moonlight. "I don't think I ever spoke to a man to whom I wasn't introduced before. But you say you're harmless, you—." She picked up the banjo, fingering it, to low tuneful remonstrances from the strings. "It's odd. We must be affinities; we came here for the same reason. I, you see, live half way down the hill there, when I am not in Philadelphia, where I really live. Well, they all go to bed so early there, and I couldn't stay in from the moonlight, so I stole out by myself and—we—we met."

Well, the moon stared down at them, with that air of experience with many curious things, peculiar to the moon; the hum of crickets, the sound of summer-night-life filled the interstices in their talk. It was vague talk at first, and, then, they might have known each other for years. The banjo sounded out an endless number of tunes, and the moon stood in the zenith. Archer thought he had never known one more charming than this—. Was she human, or wood nymph? And she—But I have never been able to fathom her thought? She may have thought how horrified her aunt would be, how this was more improper than the worst flirtation, how—

"Why, it must be getting late!" Both the moon and the great dipper indeed pointed to that conclusion. She dropped the banjo under one arm, extending a hand gravely. "I shall probably never see you again. It has been very wrong of us—without an introduction. But it has been an episode. Good-bye,—and my name?—Well, my first name is Rosalind."

"Rosalind? Why this is the forest of Arden, and I—"

"Good-bye."

She vanished almost like a true spirit. And he, watch-

ing her in glimpses of views, saw her glide down a pathway, into some terraced grounds, and into the dwelling by a little side-door, that opened on a woodbine-covered arbor. He leaned against the stone-work, dreaming. What an episode for a romantic youngster. How his fancies excused everything! It might have seemed bold in another, but with her? Ah, it was only charming! He even felt the possibility of her being a spirit, like one of those old dryads. Was the old-time fancy altogether fancy? And so the moon shone into the youth's mind, maddening him, on the long walk to Arden.

And, as for the moon, it paled at last over the western horizon, and everything was very still and dark, excepting for the stars, which at last grew dim in their turn; there was a cackling and chirping all about; men came whistling among the cattle, and servant-maids rubbed their eyes through the open windows; a farm wagon rattled down the road to Arden. There is the sun staring over the forest, and—I tremble at the critic—over my story.

## II.

“Good-morrow to the day so fair!  
Good-morrow, sir, to you.”—*Herrick.*

“All the stories were told long ago.”—*Howells on James.*

Alas, my story must end in the old conventional way; the tunes are all discovered, and are to be ever the same, with possible variation in expression. Now the nymph of the wood, the spirit with the banjo, materialized in the calmer light of day into a very pretty young woman, who dressed in a most becoming conventionality, and drove a cart through the streets of Arden, without even a flicker of recognition for the disconsolate Archer passing-by. Worse than all, she was engaged to a naval officer—that race that steal the affection of women by brass buttons; by telling stories, like Othello, who was a naval officer, as you know. But Archer found an introduction, through Miss De Smyth, who declared, “Take care; she’s a flirt, and engaged to a naval officer—poor na-

val officer;" it was an unengaged and unengaging woman envying a most engaging one. But Rosalind came forward smiling demurely, without any sign of recognition, if a slight flush be excepted. He found means for seeing this young woman very often, but by no means could he make her remember. Was it all a dream? Was it a spirit, or his fancy?

"Your memory is poor, very poor," he ventured one day as they stood in those terraced grounds. The stones of the ruin jutted above the trees on the slope. "Let us walk toward that old building," she said, softly. As they came into the opening by the ruin, she paused, clasping her hands tragically.

"The Talapoosa is in New York harbor—and—and—" The Talapoosa, and that infernal naval officer!

And, then—ah, me! I say with Miss De Smyth: ah, me! gallant naval officer!—these two stole down through the woodland. Well, they eloped, these lovers twain; the gossips about Arden talked with eager gusto; fat dowagers with marriageable daughters termed Rosalind a scheming minx; and the naval officer, as I am told, was much chagrined, as he had a perfect right to be. But the lovers went to dwell in a cottage.

But that was some years ago. I wonder if Rosalind is so pretty now. I have always had my doubts of young ladies of her temperament. As for the naval officer, I have authority for stating that he is engaged to a Washington girl.

Now, my merry masters, these people of the story be very fickle—I know that quite well. But you know how it is in this Arden of a world:

"Heigh ho! sing heigh ho unto the green holly,  
Most friendship is feigning, most loving, mere folly."

*Clinton Ross.*

## IN MEO CORDE.

'Twas years and years ago,  
When thou without a thought  
Into the chambers of my heart didst flee,  
And then—dost thou not know?  
Art still as yet untaught?  
The doors I locked and threw away the key.

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## SOUTHERN HUMOR.

WHETHER or not it be conceded that the South has a literature, it must be admitted that she has produced some works of value, some men of genius. True, the Southern States have given birth to no Emerson, or Longfellow, or Hawthorne. But they have given birth to orators, poets, novelists and humorists, whose writings, if not of the highest literary excellence, are such as merit the careful consideration of all fair-minded readers. To say that the eloquent speeches of Wirt and Clay, the delicate poems of Poe and Hayne, the strong novels of Simms and Cable, and the character sketches of Longstreet and Harris, are not worthy of our attention—nay! of our admiration—is to make a statement both rash and false, is to ignore productions which may well bear an examination.

When we take into consideration the peculiarities of the Southern people, their passionate, warm natures; when we remember the people from whom they descended, we are not surprised that eloquence and poetry and humor flourished among them. The positions of the first two are sufficiently well defined; that of the last is, to say the least, obscure. From its obscurity, we would then bring forth Southern humor and place it where it belongs in the group with Southern eloquence and Southern poetry.

Of the origin of Southern humor, of the place or time of its nativity, we know little. Undoubtedly the brave

Cavaliers brought it from their European home. We must remember that the settlers of Georgia and the Carolinas differed much from the settlers of New England. Both partook of the characteristics of their adopted homes. In the North, there was the sense of moral obligation and deep religious conviction; in the South there was the dash and display and boldness. It was natural that the children of the one should be moralists, and the children of the other, poets and humorists. Warm breezes, spicy air, long summer days; these are the conditions under which sunburnt mirth is produced. Where do we find these conditions so entire, as in the Southern States, where

"The sunny, Southern breeze  
Fans the old palmetto trees,"

and where the inactivity caused by a competency is only now being thrown away for the activity of the North and East? The Cavaliers brought the germs of humor to the South. But they came to a country which, although warm and fertile, possessed its dangers. They did not have to contend with an inhospitable climate, as did the Pilgrims. They had to contend with the common foe, inexperience. The Indians caused them not near so much distress as did this. To establish themselves in their new homes, they had to lay aside their refinement and their culture; they had to hew timber and till fields. They engaged laborers to come and work for them. In the course of time, slaves were brought to the South. And so, at the beginning of this century, we find three great classes in that section of the country, where humor was destined to fix such a firm hold, the descendants of the Cavaliers,—lords of broad acres,—the poor farmers and the slaves.

We dwell thus upon the early history of the South for a special reason. It has been asked why the larger proportion of Southern humor is coarse, if the seeds of that humor were planted by the Cavaliers. The answer is obvious. Humor adapts itself to the varying conditions of

life. Are we to be surprised, then, if in our humorous literature, there is coarseness that often approaches vulgarity? How could humor be a reflex of life, if, in the South, the humor did not consist of portraits of the ignorant farmer as well as of the rich lord, of fights at The Dark Corner, as well as of conversations in stately *salons*? We would as soon think of omitting Ned Brace or Tom Edmundson from a critique of Southern humor as Pansy Sniffle or Sut Lovingood. This was a marked peculiarity of Southern humor—its diversity within small limits—and was due, we doubt not, to the peculiar structure of the Southern social system.

Early in this century appeared a small volume called *Georgia Scenes*, written by a Yale alumnus. This book is a typical volume, a fair representative of the great part of Southern humor. The humor is rough and the characters often uncouth. Yet it is characteristic and the characters true to life. The humor is marked by the absence of wit. There is present, no sarcasm as in the Potiphar papers, no stinging wit as in Wilkes' retort upon Thurlow's bombast. The scenes are the every-day scenes of half a century ago. The characters are the men and women who are still to be found around a country store, gossiping and quarreling. For accuracy of description and ludicrousness of situation, the sketches cannot be surpassed. The Horse-swap and Georgia Theatricals are supremely funny. They are not witty or elegant. No *bon-mot* can be obtained from them. They are simple descriptions of most amusing characters, which make us, as has well been said, funny in spite of ourselves. To this class, belong such characters as Simon Suggs, Bill Arp, and Sut Lovingood—men who lived in the backwoods, who delighted in attending barbecues and fish-fries, who combined with their coarseness a most abundant vein of humor; who are true representatives of that peculiar life which existed among the hills and forests of the South years ago.

It is to be remembered, however, that our humorous literature consists not altogether of Billy Curlews and

Rev. Hezekiah Bradleys, of coarseness and extravagant language. There have been created elegant persons who have made merry with Puck. The ruffian grows tiresome eventually, and somebody more refined, some one who like General Gym never cried, *peccavi*; or like Colonel Burrows, was rarely unsuccessful in dunning a man, is demanded. The culture of Virginia and the South demanded humor as strongly as the ignorance. To meet this demand were created such characters as Major Willis Wormley and General Gym. About these characters lingers no atmosphere of coarseness. On the contrary; they were exceedingly refined. The Major, we are told, was the soul of kindness, disinterestedness and hospitality, loved everything that had life in it, lived freely, was rather corpulent, and had not a lean thing on his plantations. The General "cultivated the gentlemanly as an elegant art, an exquisite study;" he never disdained a favor, and was not restive under a sense of obligation.

It was among refined people as well as among the rough farmers of the backwoods, that humor thrived. The widespread nature of humor in the South before the war, is perfectly explicable. It was due, as we have already said, to the singular social system. In those old *ante-bellum* days, when so many Southerners possessed acres upon acres of cotton, and vast fields of grain, when the sense of enjoyment went hand in hand with the sense of possession, when the chief pleasure in life was the satisfaction derived from the enjoyment of one's friends, when to entertain and to be entertained, were the occupations of my lady, when men could discuss national questions with gravity and thoughtfulness, when every holiday was made a festal day, and almost every day was made a holiday—is it surprising that in those days and among those people there should have been jollity, that jesting should have accompanied feasting? Is it surprising that humor should have proceeded from both the slave and the master, from him who worked in the corn-field and from him who traced his ancestry back to some English noble? The effect of climate was no less than the effect of blood, and



as the blood of the Cavaliers manifested itself in poetry and chivalry, so the climate of the South manifested itself in an enjoyment of the present and in a hearty appreciation of whatever was odd or ridiculous.

Perhaps the most noticeable characteristic of the humor of the South was the anecdotal characteristic. Our smile is called forth not by pithy sentences or epigrammatic sayings, but by the arrangement of the story. Thus, in *A Sage Conversation*, we laugh not because of anything said by Mrs. Shad or Mrs. Reed, or even by Mrs. Barney, but because of the simplicity of these good old dames, which is brought out by the whole sketch. It is because of this peculiarity that it is so difficult to illustrate by a quotation any characteristic of the humor. Were we to attempt to show this characteristic, we would have to cite not a few sentences or a few pages but the entire article. We finish the sketch, or the story, and then, when mentally reviewing it, the ludicrousness of the situation and the humor of the characters, rush upon us.

There were various grades of Southern humor; but through all the gradations ran a notable characteristic, perfect good humor, freedom from superciliousness and sarcasm. In *Major Jones' Courtship* and in his *Travels*, nothing is simpler than his statements, nothing more laughable than his adventures. The Major is in love with Mary Stallins. She loves him. The old people favor the match. The Major is afraid to "pop the question." On Christmas eve he tells Mary that he will give her a present on the morrow, if she promises never to part with it. The promise is given. The Major leaves, returns, ties a meal bag to a rafter of the porch, gets into it and stays there all night, with the dog barking and snapping under him. He is the present. On the morrow, the girls come out and the present—the Major—is found in the bag. "Miss Mary—bless her bright eyes!—she blushed as red as a morning-glory, and said she'd stick to her word." This humor is real, harmless, unpretending, but lasting. Can you blame us if we are proud of our humorous literature?

The war passed over the South, and the land of plenty became a land of want. That peculiar social system which fostered humor, gave place to a system, broader and more exalted. The days of slavery were exchanged for the days of freedom. That civilization whose horizon was bounded by the State, or even by the South, gave place to a civilization, which knew no boundaries. Sectional feeling and thought were exchanged for universal feeling and thought. The states formed a union and the people formed a nation. With the close of the war, with the downfall of the Confederacy, ceased that humor to which we would apply the adjective, Southern. True, Southern humor has, in a certain sense, left offspring, but offspring which differ so much from the mother that they are barely recognizable. Proctor Knott's Duluth Speech and the Dukesborough Tales may be said to be, in a restricted sense, of the South, inasmuch as their authors are Southerners. They lack, however, that local tone and peculiar coloring which permeate the works of Baldwin and of Thompson. They belong to the New South—that South, from which we expect so much, that South which contains, we hope, latent genius that will produce works comparable to those of Emerson or Hawthorne. The humor, which thrived in the days of slavery, is a thing of the past. Like the social system upon which it was founded, it has perished. Oftentimes refined, frequently coarse, always characteristic, it was the humor of a people whose traits were most noble, of an age that has passed into history. A requiem to you, humor of a dead age and of a departed people!

*W. Farvis.*

## NOTABILIA.

IN compliment to the wishes of the college, the names of contributors to the body of the magazine will hereafter be printed in full after their articles.

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THE past summer has not been without its excitements even in the educational world. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., has added his voice and in part that of his illustrious family, to the constantly increasing cry against the undue prominence of Greek in the modern college curriculum. Whatever weight this new testimony may have on the question, there is no doubt that the majority of students even at Yale are seriously and earnestly with the anti-classical movement. They feel with the Phi Beta Kappa orator that the time spent on Greek is, to be sure, not wholly lost, but consumed much less profitably than they feel it might have been, in view of their ultimate aims. But after all these victims, to call them such, of the classical regime contribute testimony comparatively worthless, according to several eminent classical authorities. They really do not know their own selves, so it is said. They cannot judge of the effects and impressions the study of the Greek grammar, Herodotus, and Homer, has left on their own minds, else they would not decry the value of these early fragmentary studies. We once knew the technical name for this kind of reasoning, but it has flown, alas! along with the Greek roots from which it was derived. We may be pardoned, perhaps, for mentioning another fact in this connection. The very ones, at Yale at least, who to-day are the only ones pursuing the classic optionals and becoming saturated with the classical spirit, are to be the teachers and instructors of to-morrow. The remaining ninety and nine are to-morrow's Philistines. So the evil, such in the eyes of Charles Francis Adams at least, sort of perpetuates itself through

a series of devotees, whose constant error it is to measure the needs of men in general by their own acquirements.

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IT has been noticed by St. Elihu to be the fate or wilfulness of a great many things in this world, to stay on long after they have outlived their period of usefulness. Of late, it has occurred to him very frequently, whether or no, among such de-vitalized, decrepit things, the so-called college rush could not be fairly classed. St. Elihu has thought the matter over considerably of late, and in all candor and good intentions, he would ask what more ridiculous, more boyish, more senseless, more idiotic thing on the face of the earth than a modern rush! St. Elihu will not deny that perhaps at some time in the past, the rush had its usefulness—though just what that was would be difficult to say. Undoubtedly the primitive man, plus Prof. Sumner's historic club, enjoyed the pleasures of a rush and brought home the fragments of a hat or shirt, gained in the *mêlée*, to decorate his barbarian sitting-room, or showed his scratches to admiring groups of relatives and friends. Perhaps the rush had not entirely outlived this indefinite, undefinable usefulness in the days of the country academy, when oxen were introduced into recitation rooms, and loads of wood were placed on ridge poles. The rush is easily imaginable as another delicate form in which a primitive or back-woods sense of humor might manifest itself. But that it should smoulder and linger along in the exasperating, though ridiculous way it has, right into the latter part of the nineteenth century and in the midst of a college like this, St. Elihu does not know what to make of it. He conceives it to be no more in line with the spirit of the ideal university for men, college-bred men, to go out and scratch and mawl and tear the clothes off one another, under an imaginary pretext of class loyalty, than to engage in any other kind of a disorderly street brawl. Animal spirits and a desire for fun can find an hundred other outlets, and to him they are a poor excuse for the scenes Yale has to go through with

once or twice a year. St. Elihu, however, does not expect that what he says will sound the death knell of this great and good institution. He will be content if he shall be able to contribute his little toward arousing a college sentiment which shall, in its time, put an end to these boorish, ridiculous performances of immature boys.

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IT is a matter of congratulation to the whole college that Sheff., as we students style it, is assuming such an important position in the University. Every year seems to increase the number of her students and the intimacy of her relations with the academical department. Whether she will eventually overshadow her more classical sister is a matter of prophecy we leave to others. Meantime, the only difficulty that in any way mars the friendly relations existing between the students of the two departments, is that of the out-of-jointness, to use such an expression, among the different classes. Sheff., with its three years' course, and the academic department, with its four years' course, experience a mathematical difficulty in attempting to make three coincide with four in all the various undergraduate details. Another year added to Sheff., even for the sake of complete union of college and class spirit in the two departments, is exceedingly to be desired. Such an addition, too, would ensure another result, that of placing Sheff. far ahead of all the scientific institutions of its kind.

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MALLOCK'S question whether life is worth living or not, cannot be satisfactorily answered until one has attempted to obtain advertisements for a college journal in a city already rather extensively canvassed by other persons with similarly selfish ends in view. It is hence with a deeper earnestness that we ask our subscribers to look over the firms advertised in the LIT. with reference to future purchases. You cannot do better at other places, and there is certainly an element of fair play in your patronizing those who patronize you.

## PORTFOLIO.

—The fact that such an enthusiastic audience was assembled in Battell Chapel, the other day, certainly could not have been other than gratifying to the Lord Chief Justice; it must, too, have suggested to him, in a very striking way, the contrast between the manners of the English and American student on similar occasions. We are frequently blamed for our ill-behavior and, it is true, that it may and frequently does happen that we have opportunities which seem to demand more or less of boisterous mirth or noisy celebration yet rarely does anything happen that can be said to go beyond the bounds of gentlemanly behavior, (even our most critical friends admit that) or affect the outside public. But on state days when we are supposed to be seen at our best the Scotch and English university men take especial pains to appear at their worst. Even Oxford, that dignified and ancient seat of learning annually puts on her carnival attire; and what appears to us the height of ungentlemanly conduct, is considered abroad nothing but innocent sport. Take, for instance, the time when the degree of LL.D. was conferred on Mr. Robert Browning. The poet stood surrounded by the officers of the university in the presence of a brilliant audience, when suddenly the assemblage caught sight of a large picture or caricature representing the poet and beneath some figures—meant for the Browning society—all of them with hands extended in the attitude of worship. Above the poet's head were the lines:

"No ear! or, if ear, so tough gristled  
He thought that he sung while he whistled."

Then a large red fool's cap, so we are told, was let down from above for Browning's head; it came, however, upon that of the vice-chancellor, who made an effort to grasp it, when it was jerked up and swiftly descended near the bard for whom it was meant. And all this amid loud noise, disorder and laughter. Fancy our critics if we should do such things!

—I am one of those who delight in the study of character, not so much in its general sense as in regard to those traits which distinguish individuals, either in taste or disposition.

It affords me pleasure also to discover, so far as possible, the influencing principle of the characters I observe and the results which follow from any special course of action. Characters, after one has studied them long, lose that difference and strangeness which is at first impressive, and it is only when you meet one of unusual peculiarity, or better yet, one marked by an apparent resemblance to the generality, but which is totally distinct from all others either real or imaginary, that your interest is awakened to the maximum. Such an one I met in the summer which has just past. I had often heard of her as a beautiful girl and one whom many admired and loved with passionate fondness. I had heard, too, of her utter lack of sympathy and feeling, so that a formal introduction simply afforded me the means of conversing with and being in the presence of one whom I felt I already knew. Her personal beauty was unquestioned; from the prominent forehead covered with a mass of fine dark hair to the shapely moulded chin, her face was beautifully regular. Never was it disturbed by a hearty laugh, and the fleeting smile which sometimes became visible, spoke of no appreciation of humor, but only of an imagined duty to smile at given moments and for a given time. The want of feeling in her face was the index of the want of feeling in her heart. I doubt if there is upon the face of the earth a single man or woman for whom her heart ever has or possibly ever will beat in affection. Supreme selfishness is the governing motive of her life, not that selfishness which becomes evident in petty acts of meanness but that selfishness which underlies all the principles of action. She is wise enough to know that friends she can never have unless she is friendly, hence forced kindness is often found in her treatment of others. She knows too that man delights in wit, and expression of feeling, so her unusually fine natural attachments are called into action and she is at times exceedingly brilliant. In all her actions with man there is an utter absence of feeling—it is her intellect which tells her that man will seek her society again, only as he becomes interested, and that utter coldness of heart is the great destroyer of interest. She has no desire to live beyond the age of forty. When the schemes which occupy her mind fail to exist in their first strength she no longer desires life, schemes not enjoyed for the object toward which they are

directed, but affording pleasure only as a means upon which she may expend that peculiar intellect which want of heart sometimes leaves in human nature. All mankind and all nature she would use for her own enjoyment, which consists simply in the feeling of ability to control them and not in whatever luxury or achievement the control might enable her to secure. Thus she is—endowed abundantly with natural beauty and attainments but lacking only in the qualities of the heart, without which, what do all grace and beauty of body amount to?

—It has always seemed to me that our capacities for cherishing illusions, are among the most blessed faculties with which nature has endowed us. It is inevitable that the main fabric of our lives should be built up with the hard-burned bricks of fact. Time and circumstances build, we only decide whether the edifice shall be a palace or a hovel. But after all it is something more than these stony realities that gives color to the whole. Did you ever picture to yourself a man who never colors his life with some golden tint of romance, who never imagines his own Utopia, nor dreams of what might be, nor answers the persuasive voices of dream-land? In short a man whose intellectual diet is a diet of facts. Does such an one exist? If ever he did, Dickens has drawn his picture in "Hard Times" and named it Gradgrind. One can almost see his trembling pupils standing before that dogmatic pedagogue—Bitzer at the head and Sissy Jupe at the foot of the class—"like so many jars to be filled to the brim with imperial gallons of facts." Isn't it true that the tendency of our education is to make us mere repositories of facts and to ignore the subtler sensibilities which lurk in the imagination and that undiscovered country of the soul which might be called our dream nature? The life of the dreamer is not to be despised though that life be in the filmy whimsies of the imagination. Necessity forces upon us often enough the things we call realities: they will find us. We need not seek them out. But the gates of the enchanted lands of reverie open only to the favored ones. The dwellers in that peaceful kingdom dread not the iron rule of reality, for thither no hard-faced facts can come. The mind runs unhampered by the ball and chain of exact science. A stream of fancies carries the imagination irresistibly along on its smooth-glid-



ing flow. Yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow are left behind. Time is as if it were not and the dreamer forgets even himself in watching the swift play of the voluptuous caprices that flit like dancers a moment before him and then vanish only to give place to others fairer than they. You then, Mr. Gradgrind, who have never for a moment lost yourself in this delightful world, scoff not at those who know the sweetness of forgetting for a while. Let the dreamer hug his dear delusion while he may. Some day he will be awakened all too rudely. Now he has, if nothing more, the happiness of the slave who in dreams, forgets the sting of the lash.



### MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Again the victory came to Yale in the ball field, and again the fates decreed that Harvard should be victorious at New London. The freshmen, too, clung nobly to the traditions of their predecessors by bringing home for the seventh successive year the championship in their series of games with the Harvard freshmen.

Our record this month goes back to June 20th, on which date the third game with Harvard was played at Cambridge. Following is the score :

YALE.							HARVARD.						
	A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.O.	A. E.		A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.O.	A. E.
Hubbard, h.	2	1	0	0	3	4 2	Coolidge, b.	4	0	0	0	1	4 0
Griggs, s.	4	0	0	0	3	3 2	Baker, s.	4	0	0	0	1	0 0
Hopkins, c.	4	1	1	4	4	4 1	Lovering, r.	3	0	0	0	1	0 0
Childs, a.	4	0	0	0	9	0 1	Smith, a	4	0	0	0	9	0 1
Terry, b.	4	1	2	2	3	2 4	Allen, h.	4	0	1	1	6	0 1
Camp, p.	4	1	2	2	1	5 1	Crocker, m.	4	1	1	1	3	0 1
McKee, r.	4	0	0	0	0	1 0	Winslow, p.	4	0	0	0	1	5 2
Souther, m.	4	0	1	1	1	0 0	Beaman, c.	3	0	0	0	1	3 1
Carpenter, l.	4	0	0	0	3	0 0	LeMoyne, l.	3	0	0	0	4	0 1
Total,	34	4	6	9	27	19 11	Total,	33	1	2	2	27	12 7

#### SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale,	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1-4
Harvard,	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0-1

Earned runs—Yale 2 ; home run, Hopkins ; wild pitches—Camp 1, Winslow 1 ; first base on balls—Yale 2, Harvard 1 ; struck out—Yale 4 ; Harvard 3 ; time of game 2 h. 20 m. Umpire—Mr. McLean, of Philadelphia.

## Yale '86 vs. Harvard '86.

On Friday, June 22d, the freshmen played the third game of their series with the Harvard freshmen. Following is the score which again brought the championship to Yale:

YALE '86.								HARVARD '86.							
	A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Bremner, c.	5	1	1	1	14	2	2	Phillips, 2b.	5	0	2	3	2	3	1
Lang, 2b.	4	0	1	2	3	1	0	Smith, 1b.	5	0	1	1	9	1	0
Dutcher, 3b.	4	1	2	2	3	2	2	Nichols, p.	5	0	0	0	1	1	1
Brigham, l.f.	4	1	0	0	1	0	0	Allen, c.	5	0	2	2	4	1	0
Morley, r.f.	4	0	2	2	0	1	1	Chamberlain, l.f.	4	0	1	1	2	0	0
Corkery, c.f.	4	1	1	1	0	0	0	Kimball, 3b.	4	1	0	0	3	0	2
Stewart, 1b.	4	0	0	0	4	0	0	Edgerly, s.s.	4	2	1	2	1	4	2
Oliver, s.s.	4	0	1	2	1	2	1	Bruner, r.f.	4	0	1	1	1	0	0
Odell, p.	4	2	0	0	1	9	0	Collins, c.f.	4	1	0	0	1	0	1
Totals,	37.	6	8	10	27	17	6	Totals.	40	4	8	10	24	10	7

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale,	1	0	2	0	1	1	0	1	0—6
Harvard,	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	2	0—4

Earned runs—Yale, 1; Harvard, 1; two-base hits—Oliver, Lang, Phillips, Edgerly; first base on balls—Yale, 1; Harvard, 4; struck out—Yale, 1; Harvard, 9; balls called—on Odell, 64; on Nichols, 53; strikes called—off Odell, 17; off Nichols, 10; strikes missed—off Odell, 22; off Nichols, 12; passed balls—Bremner, 1; Allen, 3; wild pitches—Nichols, 3; time of game—2 hours. Umpire—Mr. McLean.

## Yale vs. Princeton.

The final game in the championship series was played at the Polo Grounds on Saturday, June 23d. Following is the score:

YALE.							PRINCETON.						
	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hubbard, h.	0	0	0	9	2	0	Moffat, p.	1	0	0	2	10	1
Griggs, s.	0	0	0	1	5	0	Wilson, s.	1	2	2	0	4	1
Hopkins, c.	0	1	3	2	0	2	J. S. Harlan, c.	0	1	1	1	2	0
Childs, a.	1	1	1	13	0	0	Potter, l.	0	1	1	0	0	0
Terry, b.	0	0	0	1	2	1	Wadleigh, m.	0	0	0	1	0	0
Booth, p.	1	1	1	0	8	1	J. M. Harlan, h.	0	0	0	10	1	2
Souther, m.	0	0	0	2	0	1	Shaw, r.	0	1	1	1	1	0
McKee, r.	0	0	0	0	0	0	Antrim, b.	0	1	1	3	5	0
Carpenter, l.	0	1	1	2	0	0	Edwards, a.	1	1	1	12	0	1
Total,	2	4	6	30	17	5	Total.	3	7	7	30	23	5

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale,	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0—2
Princeton,	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1—3

Earned runs—none; passed balls—Hubbard, 1; Harlan, 1; first base on ball—Princeton, 4; Yale, 0; left on bases—Princeton, 8; Yale, 2; wild pitches; Booth, 2; balls called—off Moffat, 79; off Booth, 80; strikes called—off Moffat, 21; Booth, 13; struck at and missed—Yale, 28; Princeton, 24; struck out—Yale, 8; Princeton, 4; time of game, 2 hours 10 minutes. Umpire, Mr. McLean, of Philadelphia.

### Prizes.

On Presentation Day the President announced the following prizes: The Silliman Fellowship was awarded to Arthur E. Bostwick, '81. The Douglass Fellowship—Edward Tompkins McLaughlin, '83. Learned Scholarship, for class of 1882—Frank F. Abbott; for class of 1883—Samuel B. Platner. Berkeley Scholarship—Edward G. Bourne, '83. Clark Scholarship—Carll A. Lewis, '83. Modern Languages Scholarship—William Price, '83. Foote Scholarships—E. H. Moore, Jr., '83, and E. G. Bourne, '83. Cobden Club Medal—E. G. Bourne, '83. First Senior Mathematical Prize—E. H. Moore, '83. Second Prizes—E. J. Esselstyn, '83 and C. H. Kelsey, '83. Scott Prize—Charles C. Sherman, '83. John A. Porter University Prize—John Wurts, Law School, '84. Honorable mention of George M. Duncan, Divinity School, and Philip G. Bartlett, '81.

### Yale vs. Harvard.

The nine again defeated Harvard at Hamilton Park on Tuesday, June 26th. The score was:

YALE.								HARVARD.							
	A.B.	B.	R.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	B.	R.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hubbard, r.	3	0	0	0	13	0	0	Coolidge, b.	4	0	0	0	0	3	2
Griggs, s.	4	0	0	0	5	1	1	Lovering, r.	4	0	1	1	4	1	0
Hopkins, c.	3	0	2	2	1	0	0	Lemoyne, l.	4	0	1	1	1	0	0
Childs, a.	4	1	1	1	3	0	0	Smith, a.	4	0	0	0	12	1	0
Terry, b.	4	0	0	0	1	1	0	Phillips, s.	4	0	0	0	0	4	1
Booth, p.	4	0	1	1	1	0	0	Keep, m.	3	0	0	0	2	1	0
Souther, m.	4	0	0	0	2	0	0	Beaman, c.	3	0	0	0	2	2	0
McKee, r.	3	0	1	2	0	1	0	Allen, h.	3	0	2	2	6	1	1
Carpenter, l.	3	0	1	1	1	0	0	Nichols, p.	3	0	0	0	0	1	0
Total,	32	1	6	7	27	3	1	Total,	32	0	4	4	27	14	4

### SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—1
Harvard,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Earned runs—Yale, 1; Harvard, 0; first base on errors—Yale, 3; Harvard, 0; first base on balls—Yale, 2; Harvard, 0; left on bases—Yale, 6; Harvard, 5; struck out—Yale, 1; Harvard, 6; passed balls—Yale, 0; Harvard, 0; wild pitches—Nichols, 2; time of game, 1 hour 20 minutes. Umpire, McLean.

## '84 vs. S. S. S.

'84.							S. S. S.						
A.B.	R.	IB.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	IB.	P.O.	A.	E.	
Hopkins, a.	3	1	1	6	0	1	Lang, b.	3	0	1	2	2	
McKee, s.	3	0	0	1	2	2	Atwood, p.	3	0	0	0	11	
Souther, h.	3	1	1	8	3	0	Lyon, s.	3	0	0	0	1	
Tompkins, b.	2	2	2	2	1	0	Noye, a.	3	0	0	4	0	
Booth, p.	3	0	0	2	9	0	Merideth, l.	2	0	0	0	0	
Jenks, c.	3	1	0	0	0	0	Oliver, c.	2	0	0	0	2	
Worcester, l.	3	0	0	1	1	0	Hickox, m.	2	0	0	0	1	
Tuttle, m.	3	0	0	1	0	0	Marsh, r.	2	0	0	2	0	
Ayres, r.	3	0	0	0	0	0	Ayer, h.	2	0	0	10	0	
Total,	26	5	4	21	16	3	Total,	22	0	1	18	17	

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
'84	0	0	2	0	2	1	-5
S. S. S.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0-0

Base hits—'84, 4; S. S. S., 1; errors—'84, 3; S. S. S., 15; struck out—'84, 9; S. S. S., 8; first base on errors—'84, 6; S. S. S., 3; base on balls—'84, 1.

## '85 vs. '86.

'85.							'86.						
A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Terry, b.	5	2	1	1	4	1	Bremner, h.	4	1	1	1	7	2
Gavin, m.	5	3	1	1	0	2	Brigham, b.	4	0	1	1	3	4
Richards, a.	5	0	2	2	1	1	Corkery, l.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Sanderson, c.	5	0	1	2	8	0	Dutcher, c.	4	1	0	0	0	1
Merrill, h.	4	0	0	0	8	0	Odell, p.	4	0	1	1	2	8
Buffum, s.	4	2	1	1	2	2	Stuart, a.	4	1	0	0	13	0
Dogget, l.	4	1	1	1	0	0	Woolen, r.	4	0	0	0	1	0
Robertson, r.	4	1	1	1	2	0	Redfield, s.	4	0	0	0	1	2
Boggis, p.	4	0	2	2	2	7	Phelps, m.	4	0	0	0	0	1
Total,	40	9	10	11	27	13	Total,	36	3	3	3	27	17

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
'85	2	0	1	4	0	0	0	1	1-9
'86	1	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0-3

Two base hit—Sanderson; first base on balls—'85, 2; '86, 2; passed balls—Merrill, 2; Bremner, 2; wild pitch—Boggis, 1; Odell, 1. Umpire—Ike.

## '84 vs. '87.

'84.							'87.						
A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hopkins, a.	2	2	1	1	7	0	Goodwin, h.	3	1	1	1	5	0
McKee, s.	3	0	1	1	0	1	Bayne, c.	3	0	0	0	2	1
Souther, h.	3	1	2	2	9	2	Shepherd, m.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Tompkins, b.	3	1	1	1	0	0	Tuttle, b.	3	0	0	0	2	0
Booth, p.	3	0	0	0	1	10	Glisan, s.	2	0	0	0	0	3
Jenks, c.	3	0	0	0	1	0	Dennen, p.	2	0	0	0	0	3
Tuttle, m.	2	0	0	0	0	0	Kent, r.	2	0	0	0	0	1
Worcester, l.	2	0	0	0	0	0	Brigham, l.	2	0	1	1	0	0
Ayres, r.	2	1	0	0	0	0	Hare, a.	2	0	0	0	6	0
Total,	23	5	5	5	18	13	Total,	22	1	2	2	15	7

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

	I	2	3	4	5	6
'84,	I	0	I	0	3	—5
'87,	0	0	0	0	0	I—I

First base on errors—'84, 3; '87, 1; first base on balls—'84, 1; left on bases—'84, 4; '87, 3; balls called on Booth, 39; Dennen, 52; strikes called off Booth, 10; Dennen, 14; struck at and missed off Booth, 27; Dennen, 10; passed balls—Souther, 1; Goodwin, 2.

## S. S. S. vs. '85.

S. S. S.										'85.									
A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.				A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.			
Lang, b.	4	0	I	I	2	0	0			Terry, b.	3	2	2	4	I	3	0		
Noye, a.	4	2	2	3	II	0	I			Gavin, m.	3	0	0	0	I	0	0		
Lyons, s.	2	0	I	I	0	5	0			Richards, c.	3	0	0	0	3	0	I		
Marsh, r.	3	I	I	I	0	0	0			Sanderson, a.	3	0	0	0	10	I	I		
Atwood, p.	3	0	0	0	I	5	I			Merrill, h.	3	0	0	0	5	2	I		
Hickox, m.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0			Buffum, s.	3	I	0	0	0	2	0		
Oliver, c.	2	0	I	I	0	2	I			Dogget, l.	I	0	0	0	I	0	0		
Meredith, l.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0			Boggis, p.	2	I	I	I	0	4	2		
Ayer, h.	3	0	0	0	4	3	0			Robertson, r.	2	0	0	0	0	0	0		
Total,	27	3	6	7	18	15	3			Total,	23	4	3	5	21	12	5		

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

	I	2	3	4	5	6	7
S. S. S.,	I	0	I	0	0	I	0—3
'85,	I	0	I	I	I	0	—4

Base on balls—S. S. S., 1; '85, 1; passed balls—Merrill, 3; Ayer, 2; struck out—S. S. S., 2; '85, 5; earned runs—'85, 1.

## '85 vs. '87.

'85.										'87.									
A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.				A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.			
Terry, b.	4	4	I	I	2	2	0			Goodwin, h.	3	2	2	2	9	I	0		
Gavin, m.	4	I	0	0	I	0	0			Bayne, c.	3	0	I	I	0	0	0		
Richards, c.	3	2	2	2	I	0	0			Dennen, p.	3	I	0	0	0	8	I		
Sanderson, a.	3	I	0	0	6	0	0			Shepard, m.	3	I	I	I	I	0	0		
Merrill, h.	3	0	2	2	I	I	0			Tuttle, b.	3	0	I	I	2	I	I		
Buffum, s.	3	0	0	0	2	0	I			Glisan, s.	2	0	0	0	0	0	0		
Dogget, l.	3	0	0	0	I	0	0			Hare, a.	2	0	I	I	3	0	4		
Boggis, p.	3	0	0	0	I	6	0			Kent, r.	2	0	0	0	0	I	0		
Robertson, r.	3	2	0	0	0	0	0			Brigham, l.	2	I	0	0	0	0	2		
Total,	29	10	5	5	15	9	I			Total,	23	5	6	6	15	11	8		

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

	I	2	3	4	5
'85,	3	3	0	2	2—10
'87,	2	0	I	0	2—5

First base on balls—Terry, Dennen 2, Robertson, Bayne; passed balls—Merrill, 6, Goodwin, 3; wild pitch—Boggis, 1. Umpire—S. Booth, '84.

## S. S. S. vs. '86.

SHEFF.								'86.							
A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	
Lang, b.	4	0	0	0	0	0		Brigham, b.	4	1	0	0	0	4	1
Marsh, a.	4	1	2	3	7	1		Corkery, l.	4	2	1	1	1	0	0
Lyon, s.	4	0	2	3	0	2		Dutcher, c.	4	3	2	2	2	0	0
Atwood, p.	4	0	1	1	1	9		Odell, p.	3	0	0	0	1	5	0
Merideth, l.	4	0	1	1	0	0		Stewart, a.	3	0	1	1	12	0	0
Oliver, c.	4	1	1	1	0	2		Cornwall, h.	3	1	0	0	3	2	0
Ayer, h.	3	2	2	3	10	1		Shipman, s.	3	0	0	0	1	1	1
Hickox, m.	3	1	1	2	1	0		Winston, r.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Kimball, r.	3	2	2	2	0	0		Leland, m.	3	1	0	0	1	0	1
Total,	33	7	12	16	19	15		Total,	30	8	4	4	21	12	3

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
'86,	2	1	0	0	0	1	4-8
Sheff.	0	5	0	2	0	0	0-7

Two base hit—Lyon, Marsh, Ayer, Hickox ; first base on errors—'86, 3 ; Sheff., 2 ; first base on balls—'86, 5 ; passed balls—Cornwall, 4 ; Ayer, 8. Umpire—P. Jenks, '84.

## Yale vs. Wesleyan.

Although the eleven had not been finally chosen, a game was played with Wesleyan on Wednesday, Sept. 26th, at the Park, and another on Saturday, Sept. 29th, at Middletown. The score of the first was: Yale, goals 9 ; touchdowns 3. Wesleyan, safety touchdowns 3 : of the second : Yale, goals 14 ; touchdowns 3. Wesleyan, safety touchdowns 4.

## '84 vs. '86.

On Saturday, Sept. 29th, another game in the class series was played, resulting in the following score :

'84.								'86.							
A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	
Hopkins, a.	4	2	2	2	6	0		Bremner, h.	5	2	2	3	5	6	2
Souther, h.	4	1	2	4	14	3		Butcher, c.	5	2	2	2	0	3	0
Holmes, s.	4	0	1	1	0	0		Brigham, b.	5	1	0	0	3	3	1
Booth, p.	4	0	1	1	2	2		Stewart, a.	4	0	2	2	17	0	0
Worcester, b.	4	0	0	0	1	1		Odell, p.	4	0	0	0	2	4	0
Jenks, c.	4	1	0	0	1	0		Corkery, l.	4	0	1	1	0	0	0
Tuttle, m.	4	0	0	0	2	0		Shipman, s.	4	0	0	0	0	1	0
Ayres, l.	3	0	0	0	0	0		Winston, r.	4	0	1	1	0	0	0
McCormick, r.	3	0	0	0	0	0		Stiles, m.	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total,	34	4	6	8	26	6		Total,	39	5	8	9	27	17	3

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
'84,	1	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	0-4
'86,	3	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1-5

Earned runs—'84, 1; '86, 1; three base hit—Souther; two base hit—Bremner; struck out—'84, 10; '86, 16; first base on balls—'84, 1; '86, 4; left on bases—'84, 2; '86, 8; passed balls—Souther, 2; Bremner, 1. Umpire—Mr. Walter Camp.

### Senior Class Elections.

At a meeting of the Senior class on Tuesday, Oct. 2d, Mr. Henry M. Wolf, was elected class orator, Mr. Edward Wells, Jr., class poet and Mr. Chas. E. Holmes, statistician.

### Gamma Nu.

The following men have been initiated into Gamma Nu and will compose the society in the class of '87: C. Adams, Jr., J. Archibald, Jr., W. Brooks, S. E. Cobb, E. L. Caldwell, C. L. Hare, C. W. Holly, L. K. Hyde, H. B. Ketcham, S. Knight, C. H. Ludington, R. Maxwell, J. McCormick, Jr., W. McCormick, W. L. Phelps, A. Perkins, T. Penney, F. H. Pomeroy, T. W. Porter, W. A. Setchell, W. B. Sheppard, J. C. Simonds, H. C. Tracy, G. H. Vining, W. D. Washburn, Jr., R. H. Wyeth.

The society have elected the following officers: president, Samuel Knight; vice-president, G. H. Vining; secretary, C. H. Ludington, Jr.; vice-secretary, J. Archibald, Jr.; treasurer, T. Penney; censor, R. H. Wyeth; executive committee, G. H. Vining, T. W. Porter, W. L. Phelps.

### '84 vs. '85.

The last two games in the class series were played on Wednesday, Oct. 3d. The result makes a tie among the three upper classes for the championship. Below are the scores:

'84.								'85.							
	A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	A.	P.O.	E.
Hopkins, a.	4	3	3	3	8	0	0	Terry, b.	3	0	0	3	0	0	1
McKee, s.	4	1	2	5	1	1	0	Gavin, m.	2	0	0	1	0	0	1
Souther, h.	4	1	2	5	6	0	1	Richards, c.	2	0	0	2	0	0	0
Tompkins, 2.	3	1	1	1	0	1	0	Sanderson, a.	2	0	0	10	0	0	0
Booth, p.	4	0	2	2	0	7	0	Merrill, h.	2	0	0	10	1	0	3
Jenks, c.	4	1	1	1	2	2	0	Buffum, s.	2	0	0	1	0	0	0
Worcester, l.	2	1	2	2	1	0	1	Doggett, l.	2	0	0	1	0	0	1
Ayres, r.	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	Robertson, r.	2	0	0	0	0	0	1
Holmes, m.	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	Boggis, p.	2	0	0	0	6	0	2
Total,	31	10	13	19	18	11	2	Total,	19	0	0	18	7	0	9
SCORE BY INNINGS.															
	1	2	3	4	5	6									
'84,	2	3	3	1	0	1—10									
'85,	0	0	0	0	0	0—0									

Home run—Souther; three base hit—McKee; two base hit—McKee; first base on errors—'84, 3; '85, 2; double play—Jenks and Hopkins; balls called on Booth, 39; Boggis, 96; strikes called off Booth, 12; Boggis, 13; struck at and missed off Booth, 11; Boggis, 25; passed balls—Merrill, 1. Umpire—Morely.

## '86 vs. '87.

'86.								'87.							
	A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Bremner, h.	5	3	2	2	10	2	0	Goodwin, h.	4	0	0	0	9	3	2
Dutcher, c.	5	2	0	0	0	2	1	Bayne, c.	4	1	0	0	1	3	1
Brigham, b.	4	2	1	1	4	0	0	Dennen, p.	4	1	1	1	1	0	0
Stewart, a.	4	1	1	1	13	0	1	Tuttle, b.	4	0	1	1	4	2	0
Odell, p.	4	0	0	0	0	6	0	Hare, a.	4	0	0	0	8	0	1
Corkery, l.	4	3	2	2	0	0	0	Morse, m.	4	0	0	0	0	0	1
Lambert, m.	4	0	1	1	1	0	0	Brigham, l.	3	0	0	0	1	0	0
Shipman, s.	4	0	0	0	0	4	1	Kent, r.	3	0	0	0	0	0	1
Winston, r.	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	Gleason, s.	3	0	0	0	0	2	1
Total,	38	11	7	7	27	14	3	Total,	33	2	2	2	24	10	7

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
'86,	5	1	0	2	1	1	1	0	0—11
'87,	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	0—2

First base on balls—'86, 5; '87, 2; left on bases—'86, 2; '87, 3; struck out—'86, 6; '87, 7; passed balls—Bremner, 2; Goodwin, 4; wild pitch—Dennen, 1. Umpires—Camp and Souther.

## Yale vs. Stevens Institute.

A game was played on Saturday, Oct. 6th, with the Stevens Institute eleven. Yale, goals 6; touchdowns 5. Stevens Institute safety touchdowns 3.

## Junior Promenade Committee.

On the same day the Junior class met to choose their Promenade Committee. The final ballot resulted in the election of the following men: C. B. Allen, S. R. Bertron, F. B. Brandegee, H. S. Brooks, W. M. Derby, G. W. Mallon, L. F. Robinson, E. A. Schultze, F. J. Vernon. Mr. Bertron was afterward elected chairman of the committee and Mr. Brooks floor manager.

## Fall Races.

The fall races were rowed in the harbor on Wednesday, Oct. 10th. The Sophomores defeated the Juniors; their time was 12.39. The Academic Freshmen defeated the Sheff. Freshmen; their time was 6.40. Below are the crews:



*Shell Race—Juniors.*—F. J. Vernon, bow; C. L. Way, No. 2; J. B. Blake, No. 3; L. F. Robinson, No. 4; R. S. Storrs, No. 5; E. A. Schultze, Capt., No. 6; C. W. Cutler, No. 7; C. B. Hobbs, Stroke; J. P. Parsons, Cox.

*Sophomores.*—W. A. Robbins, Bow; E. J. Phelps, No. 2; P. K. Ames, No. 3; A. Colgate, No. 4; P. B. Stewart, No. 5; A. Cowles, Jr., Capt., No. 6; F. R. Cooley, No. 7; R. Appleton, Stroke; W. B. Goodwin, Cox.

*Barge Race—'86, S. S. S.*—R. Ronalds, Bow; H. Farrington, No. 2; C. H. Matthieson, No. 3; A. Meeker, No. 4; L. D. Tourtelot, No. 5; H. C. Bolton, Capt., Stroke; G. P. Miller, Cox.

'87.—W. A. Cornish, Bow; S. Knight, No. 2; G. H. Vining, No. 3; R. D. Morse, Jr., No. 4; John Rogers, Jr., Capt., No. 5; M. A. Caldwell, Stroke; G. G. Haven, Jr., Cox.

The Faculty conferred honorary degrees at Commencement as follows: LD.D.—Senator Thomas F. Bayard, Del.; Justice Wm. B. Woods, of U. S. Supreme Court, Yale, '45; George Shiras, Pittsburg, Pa., Yale, '53. D.D.—Rt. Rev. John Williams, Middletown, Epis. Bishop of Connecticut; Rev. A. S. Twombly, Boston, Yale, '54. M.A.—Gov. Thomas W. Waller, of Conn.; Geo. W. Cable, New Orleans, La.; Professor Henry B. Sands, New York City. *Degrees in Course.*—PH.D.—Arthur E. Bostwick, B.A. M.A. (*an examination.*)—Walter H. Buell, B.A.; Roger Foster, M.A.; B. Rush Mendell, B.A.

### *Appointments for Class 1883.*

#### ORATIONS.

ELIAKIM HASTINGS MOORE, Jr., Denver, Col., Valedictory Oration.

FRED WILLIAM KELLOGG, Red Wing, Minn., Salutatory Oration.

STEPHEN LEONARD GEISTHARDT, Norwich, Philosophical Oration.

CHARLES MARTIN KENDALL, Angelica, N. Y., Philosophical Oration.

{ EDWARD INCREASE BOSWORTH, Elgin, Ill., Philosophical Oration.

{ WOOLSEY CARMALT, New York City, Philosophical Oration.

{ Allyn C. Loomis, Windsor.

{ Chas. C. Sherman, Syracuse, N. Y.

{ Arthur B. Cornwall, New Haven.

{ Horace D. Taft, Cincinnati, O.

Edward G. Bourne, Sharon.

William I. Grubb, Cincinnati, O.

Carll A. Lewis, New Haven.

{ Joseph M. Lewis, New York City.

{ T. S. Southworth, Springfield, Mass.

William Price, Pottstown, Pa.

{ George P. Carroll, Forestville.

{ Samuel B. Platner, Newark, N. J.

{ Henry E. Bourne, Sharon.  
 { Edward T. McLaughlin, Litchfield.  
 Arthur E. Bowers, North Manchester.  
 George W. Johnston, Frankfort, Ky.  
 { Everett J. Esselstyn, Hollowville, N. Y.  
 { Clifford S. Kelsey, Bridgeport.  
 { W. E. Nettleton, Stockbridge, Mass.  
 { Austin L. Bowman, South Windsor.  
 { Herbert R. Smith, Norwalk.  
 Harold Vernon, Brooklyn, N. Y.

{ M. E. Dunham, Edgartown, Mass.  
 { Linton Satterthwait, Trenton, N. J.  
 { Richard M. Bissell, Chicago, Ill.  
 { Arnold G. Dana, New Haven.  
 { Henry E. Fisk, Chicago, Ill.  
 { Daniel S. Knowlton, Biddeford, Me.  
 Chas. C. Clarke, Jr., Sing Sing, N. Y.  
 George C. Jennings, Cleveland, O.  
 Victor E. Helleberg, Cincinnati, O.

## DISSERTATIONS.

John Pierpont, New Haven.  
 { George H. A. Lyford, Cincinnati, O.  
 { David F. Read, Bridgeport.  
 Albert Carr, Collinsville.  
 { Samuel B. Childs, East Hartford.  
 { Sherman D. Thacher, New Haven.  
 Andrew L. Sawyer, Greenwich.

{ Frank H. Beede, Dover, N. H.  
 { Robert H. Cornish, Gillette, N. J.  
 { Irving W. Hart, Southington.  
 { Harry W. Latham, Bridgeport.  
 { Henry W. Calhoun, New York City.  
 { Marcus Morton, Jr., Andover, Mass.  
 { Benj. V. Harrison, Montclair, N. J.  
 { Joseph J. Rose, Bridgeport.  
 Charles E. Sackett, Westfield, N. Y.

## DISPUTES.

William A. Jackson, Norwalk.  
 Austin R. Preston, Buffalo, N. Y.  
 Horace G. Hoadley, New Haven.  
 Cleveland L. Moffatt, Newton, N. J.  
 { Charles Halsey, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 { Wilbur E. Houpt, Somerset, N. Y.

{ Sheldon O. Kerruish, Cleveland, O.  
 { William H. Stockwell, Orange, N. J.  
 William Trumbull, Valparaiso, Chili.  
 { Lucius Boltwood, New Haven.  
 { Fred. C. Leonard, Spring Mills, N. Y.  
 Clifford D. Ham, Dubuque, Iowa.

George L. Burton, New Haven.  
 Frederick W. Havens, Bridgeport.  
 { David H. Buel, Yonkers, N. Y.  
 { Seward H. Fields, Atlanta, Ill.  
 { Samuel R. Jewett, Chicago, Ill.  
 { Frank P. Sproul, Pittsburg, Pa.

{ Chas. S. Foote, Port Henry, N. Y.  
 { Francis B. Kellogg, Avon.  
 { James F. Raymond, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 { Joseph H. Nelson, Aurora, Ill.  
 { Isaac B. Newton, Norwich, N. Y.  
 Edward E. Smith, Birmingham.

## COLLOQUIES.

Henry A. Forchheimer, Mobile, Ala.  
 Joseph R. Parrott, Oxford, Me.  
 { Charles W. Burpee, Waterbury.  
 { Edward N. Dingley, Lewiston, Me.  
 { Charles J. Foote, New Haven.  
 John F. Craul, Hall, Pa.

{ F. D. Chamberlain, West Chester, Pa.  
 { Arthur L. Fisk, Northampton, Mass.  
 { John E. Wayland, New York City.  
 Philo C. Black, Dallas City, Ill.  
 Rollin A. Sawyer, Jr., Greenwich.  
 Thomas D. Husted, Peekskill, N. Y.

Dudley Phelps, New York City.  
 Yew Fun Tan, Kwongtung, China.  
 Laurent C. Deming, Hartford.  
 William H. Merrill, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 George S. Lynde, Bangor, Me.

{ John A. Moore, St. Louis, Mo.  
 { Denison B. Tucker, New Haven.  
 George Cromwell, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 Charles R. Corwith, Chicago, Ill.  
 Henry M. Hoyt, Kingston, Pa.  
 Charles Loughridge, Chicago, Ill.

*Freshman Class Elections.*

The Freshman have elected O. G. Jennings president and F. D. Tuttle secretary and treasurer of the Freshman Foot Ball Association; also S. H. Dennen president and William Kent secretary and treasurer of the Freshman Base Ball Club. The officers of the Freshman Boat Club are C. H. Knight, president, and T. W. Porter, secretary and treasurer.

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It is our duty to record the death of Mr. Henry Farnam, and Professor W. A. Norton of the Sheffield Scientific School.

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At a meeting of the Senior class held October 9th the following resolutions were adopted.

Inasmuch as we have lost by death our beloved comrade Thomas Garner Lawrance,

*We*, his classmates, would testify our love for him who for three years has so nobly played his part among us as friend and classmate.

*Also*, would we make known the keen sense of our own loss and our deep and heartfelt sympathy with the family of him, our well beloved, who, gifted as he was with a great heart and a most noble disposition, was so imbued with that rare feeling, sympathy with others, that he needed but to be seen to be loved.

{ ALEXANDER LAMBERT,  
For the Senior Class in Yale College. { WILLIAM H. JESSUP,  
ROBERT W. HAMILL.

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### *Items.*

The first thing we would chronicle in the "Items" is the establishment of the new college book store. May it live long and shower the blessings of fair dealing upon our children and our children's children.—James W. Seaver is giving instruction in the Gym.—Bromley, '81, was married recently.—The Hare and Hounds Club and the Bicycle Club are as flourishing as last year.—F. B. Kellogg, '83, is giving violin lessons at Prof. Chandler's studio.—The late Henry Farnam left the college property valued at \$200,000.—President Porter delivered an address at the memorial services in honor of Prof. M. Stuart Phelps.—Hamilton, '86, won the two mile bicycle race at the recent State meet.—A. H. Ely and G. E. Vincent have been appointed delegates to the *A. K. E.* Convention.—The Freshmen have organized a debating society.—The following are the winners in the several class tournaments: '84, Jenks, Doolittle; '85, Greene, Eaton; '86, Shipman, Knapp; '87, Haven, Gardiner; S. S. S., Thorne, Thomas; L. S., Kellogg.—Yale was represented in the tennis tournament at Hartford by Thorne, Knapp, Camp and Shipman.

## BOOK NOTICES.

*What Social Classes Owe to Each Other.* By William Graham Sumner, Professor of Political and Social Science in Yale College. New York: Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square. Price 60 cents. For sale by Judd.

It is evident beyond a doubt that Professor Sumner intended to sketch this suggestive economic conception upon a somewhat murky background; perhaps, that the very asperity of surroundings might make it more impressive. Yet we cannot but believe that this personal side of the work is its most unfortunate side, and that the author would have accomplished much more himself, had he been more tolerant of the opinions of others. His central argument is, however, it seems to us, wholly beyond question or criticism. It is the *laissez faire*—the doctrine of liberty economically applied which is the protest throughout. "Let every man be happy in his own way. If his sphere of action and interest impinges on that of any other man, there will have to be compromise and adjustment. Wait for the occasion. Do not attempt to generalize these interferences or to plan for them *à priori*. We have a body of laws and institutions which have grown up as occasion has occurred for adjusting rights. Let the same process go on. Practice the utmost reserve possible in your interferences even of this kind, and by no means seize occasion for interfering with natural adjustments. Try first long and patiently whether the natural adjustments will not come about through the play of interests and the voluntary concessions of the parties." Surely no one can doubt the utility of such a theory as this; it is as catholic as liberty itself. But naturally the partisan tyros and *soi-disants* look askance at a man of Professor Sumner's position, who, at the most, has little to gain or lose in the lottery of politics.

*French and German Socialism in Modern Times.* By Richard T. Ely, Ph.D. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Judd.

Commencing with the French Revolution and the rise of the Romantic and Communistic schools, Mr. Ely has given to the public a remarkably fair-minded and unbiased account of the lives and theories of such socialists as Saint Simon, Fourier, Louis Blanc, Rodbertus, Karl Marx, and Lassalle, down to the present day.

The volume comprises in convenient form a careful and comprehensive view of a vast subject, and is a valuable addition to the library of the student of sociology. Different from the usual works of its character it is written in a very popular and readable style; and the often vain and fanciful ideals of the dreamers who devoted their lives to the formation of panaceas and Utopias for those who could not keep pace in the race of life cannot fail of interest. To the patriotic citizen, indeed, it is invaluable as furnishing a knowledge of those theorists and theories which make the attitude of the laboring classes so fearful, and which threatens more and more the status of our own politics.

Armed with a thorough knowledge of these tendencies, and hence with the ability to confront them manfully, we quote Mr. Ely in saying, "It is not necessary to take a pessimistic view of our prospects for it rests with us to shape the future." It may be of interest to know that Prof. Sumner has recommended this work to his classes.

*Don't: A Manual of Mistakes and Improprieties more or less prevalent in Conduct and Speech.* By Censor. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Antagonism sometimes good natured and sometimes slightly vindictive is very naturally aroused by a book, that analyzes or dissects our social habits, and insists that much of the prevailing latitude in personal manners make ideal good breeding a thing impossible.

Such is the tendency of this little manual of negative laws. It is written, we are told, for "young men of good instincts and good intentions"; better for the nursery we would say. Verily, what saintly Turveydrop—what sympathizing apostle of spotless decorum and courtly gravity is this who petulantly rushes down through the long list of conventionalities which it is the instinct of every American "young man" to follow, unwritten and unproclaimed; and then *da capo*, "Don't forget to be a gentleman"! It seems to us that this is slightly rude, indeed, scarcely gracious; and it is after all a war of the roses, a conflict of opinion between different styles, the fitful and ambiguous etiquette of these days. We need few books about it. But we are inclined to tolerate the author, for he has humor and is at times quite original.

*Modern Spanish Readings.* Embracing text, notes, and an etymological vocabulary. By William I. Knapp, Professor in Yale College. Boston: Ginn, Heath & Co..

This is Professor Knapp's second contribution to Spanish philology during the past year. Although it does not afford the field for scholarship such as is seen in the Grammar by the same author, it displays a wealth of solid, unpretentious learning which cannot but give an excellent idea of the spirit of the language, the people, and their history. To the student of Romance languages, however, the most gratifying part of the work will be the novel and valuable feature of an accurate etymological vocabulary.

*An Inland Voyage.* By Robert Louis Stevenson. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Price \$1.00. For sale by Judd.

One would scarcely credit the author of the New Arabian Nights—able as he is—with such delightful, graceful, charming sketches of travel as this little volume contains. The work gives an account of a canoe voyage taken by the author and his friend, Arethusa and Cigarette, as they are introduced to us, from Antwerp on picturesque canals, and peaceful rivers to Pr  cy. A more agreeable traveler and a more fascinating record of a journey would be almost an impossibility. No wonder our "canoeists" are such enthusiasts.

*The Grounds of Theistic and Christian Belief.* By George P. Fisher, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale College. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price \$2.50. For sale by Judd.

This work embraces a discussion of the evidences of both natural and

revealed religion. Especial prominence is given to topics of marked interest, at present, from their connection with modern theories and difficulties. There is no fact of Christianity of more vital and increasing interest than that which involves the thoroughly scientific treatment of evidences, and this, the author assures us, has ever been before him in the preparation of the series of articles here presented.

*The Philosophical Basis of Theism.* By Samuel Harris, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Systematic Theology in the Theological Department of Yale College. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price \$3.50. For sale by Judd.

The publication of the lectures sometime used by Professor Harris before his classes, in applying the laws and principle of intellectual science to assist the study of Theodicy and the Philosophy of Religion, will be highly appreciated by the theological scholars, and particularly by the large number who have enjoyed his personal instruction, to whom the volume is dedicated.

*Animal Life; Being the Natural History of Animals.* By E. Percival Wright, M.A., M.D., Professor of Botany in the University of Dublin. With illustrations. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Pether, Galpin & Co. For sale by Judd. Price \$2.50.

In this work the author has aimed to write a popular story book about animals and at the same time in some degree to prepare a scientific manual. It is principally the result of compilation from the writings of such notable and distinguished travelers as Darwin, Palgrave, Bates, Wallace, Livingstone, Hooker, etc. The statistics are elaborate and the plates profuse.

*Early Christian Literature Primers.* Edited by George P. Fisher, D.D. *The Post-Nicene Greek Fathers.* By Rev. George A. Jackson. New York: D. Appleton & Co. For sale by Judd.

After an introductory essay on the Alexandrian and the Antiochian schools of religious and philosophical thought, brief sketches are devoted to the lives of the Post-Nicene Greek Fathers, with appropriate remarks upon the nature and influence of their work. The subjects of greatest interest are "Chrysostom" and "Theodoret."

*History Primers. Mediaval Civilization.* By George Burton Adams, Prof. of History in Drury College. New York: D. Appleton & Co. For sale by Judd.

Like most of its predecessors this little volume lays no claim to originality, but follows the best authorities in the statement of facts, and is chiefly designed to furnish such an outline as may serve for an introduction to more detailed study.

*Students' Songs.* New Edition. Cambridge: Moses King & Co.

This is larger than either of the last two editions, containing some old songs and many new ones. The book is valuable in catching up and preserving many popular songs of the day.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

- Virginia: A History of the People.* By John Esten Cooke. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.
- A Woman's Reason: A Novel.* By William D. Howells. James R. Osgood & Co. \$1.50.
- A Woman of Honor.* By H. C. Bunner. James R. Osgood & Co. \$1.25.
- His Sombre Rivals.* By Edward P. Roe. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.
- A Visit to Monasteries in the Levant.* By Hon. Robert Curzon. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.
- Lorna Doone: A Romance of Exmoor.* By R. D. Blackmore. Harper & Brothers. \$1.00.
- Reveries of a Bachelor, or a Book of the Heart.* By Ik Marvel. New and Revised Edition. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.
- Seven Stories, with Basement and Attic.* By the Author of "Reveries of a Bachelor." Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.
- Hot Plowshares: A Novel.* By Albion W. Tourgée. Fords, Howard & Hulbert. \$1.50.
- A Sylvan City, or Quaint Corners in Philadelphia.* Illustrated. Fords, Howard & Hulbert.
- In the Carquines Woods.* By Bret Harte. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.
- Her Sailor Love.* Katherine S. Macquod. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 50 cents.
- X Y Z: A Detective Story.* By Anna Katherine Green. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 25 cents.
- American Colleges: Their Students and Work.* By Charles F. Thwing. Second edition, revised and enlarged. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Prose Masterpieces from Modern Essayists.* In three volumes. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Topics of the Time.* Three volumes: July, August, and September. *Studies in Literature, Historical Studies, Questions of Belief.* Edited by Titus Munson Coan. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Plato's Best Thoughts, compiled from Prof. Jowett's Translation of the Dialogues of Plato.* By Rev. C. H. A. Bulkley, D.D. New Edition. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
- The Downward Path.* From the French of Emile Gaboriau. Estes & Lauriat. 50 cents.
- Brief History of Greece: with Readings from Prominent Greek Historians.* A. S. Barnes & Co.
- How not to Teach.* Revised and enlarged, with *The Way to Teach.* By William M. Giffin, A.M. Fourth Edition. A. S. Barnes & Co.
- The Essentials of French Grammar: for English Speaking Students.* By James H. Worman, Ph.B., and A. DeRougemont, B.A. Part I. A. S. Barnes & Co.
- Text-Book of Light-Line Shorthand.* By Roscoe L. Eames. A. S. Barnes & Co.
- The Home Library.* By Arthur Penn. With Illustrations. D. Appleton & Co.
- Conflict in Nature and Life: A Study of Antagonism in the Constitution of Things.* D. Appleton & Co.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

St. Elihu greets you once more, having decided to lend his countenance (at the usual rate) to another college year which may hence be said to begin to-day. As he stands at the threshold of the sanctum he looks sadly without upon the dying year with its chill wind and its relief of dull, monotonous dead leaves, with but here and there a bright one on which the eye joyfully rests. He looks within; alas, there, too, lie piles of leaves (would that they were dead) as dull, as monotonous, and the sprinkling of bright ones is still more slight. There, too, the air is chill and there is no relief. Doubtless age has made St. Elihu somewhat hyper-critical and exacting; but we too, his humble aids, are often half-inclined to question whether much of that which comes to us under the title of college literature has any real *raison d'être*. Many of these publications would seem to bear on their very faces a negative answer to this query. For a college paper to have the right to exist must needs do one at least of two things. It must either interest the reader or instruct the writer and it should do both. But, surely, the maudlin love stories and the endless and as pointless "Freshman Episodes" which do duty with so many of our "esteemed cotemporaries" cannot but debilitate the mind of the writer at least as much as that of the reader, who rarely takes more than half the dose prepared. However, let us from our bundle of leaves pick out the brightest, and let the others lie. The *Harvard Advocate* brings us an article which is capable, if properly used, of affording one of the greatest of purely intellectual gratifications, that of self-satisfaction. The directions for its use are as follows: Read the article carefully through, then close the eyes and murmur softly "See us; we are not as others are." The article referred to is an ably written one on "Indifference," which deplores the fact that what was at first the affectation of a few has now become the rule, and has taken such a deeply rooted hold on the student mind as to threaten the future usefulness of Harvard men in the world. We quote from the article itself: "Deep down in the heart of every Harvard man of the present day, there lurks the secret consciousness that this charge of indifference is not wholly false, that on the contrary it is true, and that while the subject should not be viewed in a gloomy and despairing light, it possesses enough importance to demand the attention of every man who takes any interest whatsoever in the affairs of the college or of the world outside. The qualities which the world is looking for at the present time are earnestness and determination; earnestness in the plans for the world's advancement and determination in the effort to make these plans successful. If the influence of our college, which acts in its own little world as a preparation for the larger world, is opposed to the cultivation of these qualities which the larger world demands, what can be expected from Harvard men in the future? Is the life of indifference pursued at college able to fit them to take the position of leaders in the march towards progress and advancement when the course at college is completed?" Should our Harvard friends come to see the force of these arguments as we do, who still cling to that antiquated and exploded idea enthusiasm, we should hear



less about Yale brutality and Harvard polish, which are but Harvard definitions of enthusiasm and indifference. But, methinks, we can almost hear the average Harvard man, as he reads the above-mentioned article, say with a shrug, "Would they have us become Philistines and be enthusiastic as the Yale men? It is impossible. It is unfashionable."

The *Argus* has come out with a new and very artistic cover, and also sends us a prospectus of its future plans, in which it states that "each issue receives the attention and combined efforts of the entire board," and remarks that an effort will be made to make the *Argus* "breezy and interesting." In regard to this we venture to suggest that the "combined effort" be concentrated on making the paper interesting as it is already quite breezy and a breeze is apt to develop into a wind.

We clip the following :

#### REQUIESCAT.

Weep not for him, in sorrow unavailing  
 Who faintly caught the wakening whisperings  
 Of youth, and perished e'er the baser things  
 That drag the spirit down with voices railing  
 Mocked at his nobler aspirations, paling  
 The lustrousness of hope ; faint glimmerings  
 Of rest deceive the soul in life ; death brings  
 To him full consciousness of peace unfailing.  
 Yet, O, my soul, forget him not, but when  
 Thy life on earth is drawing to an end  
 Again as in a dream forgot, the deep  
 Strong lesson of his death recall, and then  
 Shed tears that all thy life could not transcend  
 The death of him who early fell asleep.

—*Advocate.*

#### SOLITUDE.

A wavelet babbling to itself in dreams,  
 Breaks lightly o'er the sea's dull monotone,  
 A glancing meteor for a moment gleams,  
 Then all is still,—once more I am alone.  
 Alone, yet not alone ; the voiceless night  
 In silent music steeps my listening soul,  
 And o'er my head in words of starry light,  
 Behold an unwrit poem blazoned on heaven's scroll.  
 In the soft whisper of the nestling breeze  
 I hear thy voice, and in the stars above  
 I see thine eyes. This kiss the night wind leaves  
 Upon my cheek. Is it not thine, my love ?

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THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED  
BY THE  
Students of Yale College.



"Dei mens grata manet, nomen laudisque VALENS  
Cantabunt SODALES, immortale PATRES."

NOVEMBER, 1883.

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**THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.**—Conducted by the Students of Yale College. This Magazine established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Forty-Ninth Volume with the number for October, 1883. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued monthly from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at Gulliver's. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, whether in regard to the editorial or the business management of the periodical, must be addressed to the EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, New Haven, Conn.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '84.

REGINALD FOSTER,

HARRY M. PAINTER,

EDWARD C. GALE,

HARRY W. PROUTY,

HENRY M. WOLF.

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COLLEGE MUSINGS.

AS the end of our college course begins to loom up before us, the question, What have I gained? forces itself upon each one of us with dogged persistence and demands an answer. Then comes the mental rendering of debit and credit. On the one side, stands out with an almost harsh distinctness, four precious years of life gone forever, and besides these some thousands of dollars representing so much of some one's love and self-denial for us. Invested or wasted? On the other side, What? The Yale curriculum and her student life, a curious marriage of disappointment with satisfaction, mated but not matched.

The Yale curriculum is of a nature *sui generis*, "fearfully and wonderfully made." Like the house of the wise man it was founded on a rock, which rock was called conservatism, not, however, meaning the conservatism of the world, for the arbiters of Yale having ever been eminently philological, seem to have taken this word at its primary meaning,—preservation, and construed it as signifying preservation from progress. Whether this expla-

nation is the true one or not we cannot be sure, but certain it is that this definition alone gives us an insight into many otherwise inexplicable features of the Yale curriculum. For example, the course of instruction with a few exceptions is substantially the same as that given our predecessors fifty years or more ago notwithstanding the fact that we of to-day have had, previous to our entrance, more and better instruction and are at least three years older. What of that? Yale is conservative! Besides, are we better than our fathers? No, probably not so good, since fewer of us are fitting for the ministry, which may perchance explain the disparity between the curriculum and ourselves. Evidently human nature degenerates as the world progresses. Still, it is sometimes hard to follow the reasoning by which these conclusions are come at. And I fancy many a student coming from the hands of a superior teacher, has tasted the bitterness of disappointment, doubtless for his good, on seeing all his visions of advanced and liberal instruction scattered by the dull reality of the Yale recitation-room where even Virgil and Homer change from poets to grammarians. There are certainly a few marked exceptions both in subjects and treatment, to be seen cropping up here and there like flowers in the cleft of a rock, but so few and so begrudged that they seem but brilliant mistakes.

Notwithstanding the fact that our curriculum has the merit of antiquity and that it contains little which has not been seasoned and sanctioned by time, nevertheless, it is as undeniable as it is lamentable that it does not afford satisfaction to the average thoughtful student.

Were we destined to live always apart from the world, was there not an active life awaiting us we might perhaps say,

" Let the great world spin forever down the ringing  
Grooves of change,"

and quietly pursue our narrow round. But fitting as we are for an active participation in the "great world," we must and ought to regard its changes

in our preparation. The world is growing rapidly. Competition is on the increase in every department of life, and hence the necessary preparation for one's business or profession is daily becoming more extensive. Schools now teach what colleges did in times past,—application, the mental training afforded by mathematics and the vocabulary gained by classical studies. Colleges must keep pace with this progress and either extend these studies to the point of culture or exchange them for those having a more directly practical bearing, or, combine the two and introduce the optional system. To-day the Yale curriculum resembles the Church of Laodicea, being “neither hot nor cold.” It is neither classical nor practical. The speech of Lord Coleridge, complimenting Yale College on its adherence to the classical education and witnessing the benefit he had gotten from a reading knowledge of the classics, fell like satire on the ears of those who thought how few there were in the college who could with any degree of ease read either Latin or Greek. What the average student gleans from the present course is something like this. Some smattering of Latin and Greek, but little if any more than he brought from school, perhaps a slight mathematical tincture, a dab of German, History, and Literature, enough Chemistry to define it as a mixture of noises and smells. This for three years. And the senior year looked forward to so eagerly as a change, what does that bring? A little meat, indeed, but almost hidden in a mass of half-baked dough. Wherein, then, we ask ourselves, lies that Yale education which turns out so many men earnest and manly and better prepared than any to make a strong fight in the world? The answer comes readily and truly, in the “student life” lies the secret and strength of the Yale education.

From the very outset the student enters upon an entirely new life in what is in effect a complete microcosm, intensely democratic in its nature, whose only aristocracy is that of brains. Plunging into this he soon finds that he has left behind whatever position chance has given him

in the way of birth and wealth, and that the only position recognized here is that won for himself by himself. Face to face he must meet and match himself as a man against his fellow students rich or poor, and his recognition will be that which is forced from, as it is given by, his very rivals. Even should he lack the natural ambition necessary to make him enter this competition, yet pride and emulation will seldom fail to supply this want, and the most indifferent, rather than be rated below others and his own estimate of himself, will arouse and quicken his best activities.

Here the snob is his own companion, feeding on ill-disguised contempt, while poverty, well worn, is a claim to friendship and respect. The advantages of this training are many and inestimable, their effects being distinctly traceable in after life. Thrown into constant connection with a large number of men, our every action is subjected to the closest scrutiny of those who though old enough to be essentially critical are yet young enough to be equally frank. So that we are afforded a rare opportunity to "see ourselves as others see us," and hence may often cure at the expense of temporary mortification faults and oddities which were they carried into the world, might materially hamper our success while leaving us in ignorance of the cause. Again the competitive nature of our life leads us to carefully study the characters of our fellows, to analyze actions, to impute motives. We see individuals acting under certain motives pursue certain courses, and we note their success or failure, drawing thence to ourselves a two-fold lesson in that we learn to read the characters of others and at the same time strengthen our own. But there is yet another and a greater lesson which we as students learn from one another, that of friendship. And we mean not by this the polite self-interest which is so often called friendship in the world, but that deep, loyal, back to back feeling for which Yale men are famous. That friendship which of its nature calls forth what is best and noblest in us, which can give and bear blame as well as praise, which is more

frank than polite, but which will endure whether the world pronounces success or failure upon us. The strength of this feeling comes doubtless from the very fact that by the constant and intimate association of our life we have come to know and be known by each other so well that we have learned, if we have learned anything, in judging men to isolate the man from his tailor and to put but little faith in externals, so that our friendship being once given; the opinion of the world moves us not one jot. Thus our student life in all its relations is one of strong mental activity and is able by its magnetism of example to stimulate and awaken thought in minds from which the recitation room could only force memory. If then, in this little world of ours, we have learned to think, and to know ourselves sufficiently to have profited by our mistakes; if from observing one another we have gained a hint of human nature; if we have learned the nature, value, and rarity of true friendship, and have won for ourselves one or two life friends; if, in other words, we have become true Yale men, then, however much the curriculum has taught us, our time and money have been invested, not wasted, and we grapple life with a preparation found nowhere as at Yale, that of enthusiastic, thoughtful and manly men.

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### A THRENODY.

The dead they say are well, whether there be  
A recompense to them an hundred fold,  
For life and toil, of happiness untold,  
Or dreamless sleep into eternity.  
I would not, then, recall thee selfishly  
To living anguish, long endured of old ;  
Though well I knew, when lost love's knell was tolled,  
The feet of night and death were trampling me ;  
But knowing that thou, weary, hast found peace,  
Resigned am I to grieving. Let the rage  
Of life the merry, reckless world engage ;  
My days are left forlorn, like forest trees  
Robbed by the wintry wrath of foliage,  
To harp the wild wind's homeless harmonies.

*C. M. Lewis.*



## THE DEVELOPMENT OF WESTERN CHARACTER.

THERE is no province of literature more valuable in its verities, more popular in its power, but yet more liable to misuse than that of journalistic correspondence. Either by design or by reason of a lack of ability, the newspaper correspondent seeks the eccentricities of the district he describes and sacrifices the historical to the sensational. In general, the opinion of the masses is not shaped by the judgment of the highest authorities. And because of the exaggerations of reporters as well as of the caricatures of trashy and sectional fiction, it is the libellous misfortune of those whose pursuits are followed on either side of the Mississippi, that certain truly laughable and eccentric individualities have been branded, as typical of the average Western man, on the minds of an incredibly large number of Eastern Americans and Europeans. The unlettered farmer and the obese pork-packer have been the butts of one class; the grandiloquent orator has been seized upon by another; the speculating adventurer has been touched up by the crayons of a third, while the women, young and old, have been lashed by all. Westernism has taken the place of Yankeeism in current ridicule. And such specimens, extravagantly handled, have so colored the ideas of many that it costs them an effort to imagine the solid strata of genuine worth with which no author has dealt in realism for fear of not being sensational.

Perhaps for some such reason, the East, we are speaking generally, has exhibited less charitableness of opinion towards the West than the West has shown to the East; in fine, has been snobbish in regard to the excellencies of her neighboring countrymen. Or if you prefer the term, indifferent, her indifference has arisen from a satisfaction with herself which, in reality, amounts to the same thing. It is not our intention, however, to be opin-

ionate in this matter, but it is more to our purpose to take a survey of the developing agencies of the Great West. The breeze of mistaken opinion may buffet back the wavelets of the stream, but the unseen current of progress ever pushes on to the ruling ocean of success.

The people who have flocked to these regions are as varied as the nations of the world. Many, by chance, captivated by their surroundings, have rested here in their wanderings; others have chosen them as the asylum of their exile, while by far the most numerous and valuable class of all nationalities, has sought them as the limits of the new Eldorado—not to be disappointed as far as our limited civilization can go. Thus are brought together perseverance, enthusiasm and thoroughness out of England, France and Germany, and other races contribute alloys of stolidity, fierce passion and flippancy. From certain sporadic evolutions of this mixture, it happens the false idea has spread that its underlying character is as fierce, as brawny and as irregular as the flights of Walt Whitman's poetry, but, indeed, on a larger scale and under more favorable conditions of popular enlightenment there is here a problem of humanity similar to that Eastern one which resulted in the union of races, the foundation of our republic and the proclamation of its principles. For the people are in a peaceful state, no hostile nations warring on their independence, no desperate struggles *en masse* for the bare maintenance of existence.

It is a fact beyond dispute that surrounding circumstances are wonderful factors in developing the temperaments and tendencies of nations. England, all sea-girt, developed with her trade a seahood, to coin a term which infused a spirit into her poetry and a hardihood into her character, which has enabled her to ride over any waves of civil factions. Other nations, surrounded by hostile influences and unprotected by natural barriers, developed a warlike nature, tenacious of rights; and, again, security from attack and the character and aspect of the country shaped modes of conduct, opinions and

various arts of peace, kindred influences have been and are at work in the West. Do we consider the breadth and extent to everything that is done and seen, we must recognize the impress that is unconsciously left on all surroundings. While the Eastern magnate glories in his five thousand acres, the Western counts his by the hundred thousand. And we pass from region to region only to feel the need of expanding our minds for the appreciation of everything. The gifts which nature has so lavishly bestowed in advantages of a marvelous fertility and a temperate climate; man's work in the iron rail's extension, which makes actual remoteness a comparative vicinity and brings dissimilarities of countries and characters into the apprehension of individuals, are surely of actual influence on men's dispositions. It has been well said, "Not for no other purpose than to gratify our sense do the vernal woods quiver beneath the breath of the morning or the starry choirs wheel in their mystic labyrinthine dance." Carlyle thunders of the "open Secret of Nature," the "Divine Idea, that which lies at the bottom of Appearances;" and Ruskin finds sermons in stones. Nor can we deny that enormous rivers, seas of lake, oceans of prairie and vast heights of mountains, do affect the nature of inhabitants, however much we may consider them forgetful of nature in their application to business.

Some one interposes, "What can have more influence than large cities! Who can view, without being deeply impressed thereby, the gigantic masses of life that throng our Eastern marts of trade, the works of man's highest genius and greatest ingenuity?" My worthy critic, apart from any considerations of the limitations of man and nature, what is the actual result of that impression? Is not the sight of struggling humanity oppressive? Is not the compression of architectural piles narrowing? We do not take any poetical or æsthetical view of nature's endowments; they are to be considered as facts and opportunities for the seizure of which a liberal and broadening mind is required. Farms as large as counties, the

rapidity of culture by labor-saving implements, all essential to making the West the store-house of nations, the granary of the world, are powers of agriculture which broaden all other pursuits and ideas by their magnitude. And besides the fundamental characteristics of the settlers, the natural advantages, the magnitude of trade and the earnestness and activity in every pursuit, as well as the assistance of man's genius, we find vast school funds accumulating, most serviceable in rendering learning attractive and in making education general. Did you, my reader, ever stop to think that this is the last place in the temperate zone, that belt which thus far has proved most conducive to the development of mankind, where it is possible to evolve ruling principles without revolution, and to note the effect of a union of nationalities and the result of a universal language? Here must be the fulcrum Archimedes desired with which to move the monarchical world to democratic principles. Such is the aréna for that spectatorial audience, the world, surrounded by advantages of peace, position and prosperity, aided by all the experience of the world, and placed on a plane of social and political equality these peoples are to solve the questions of the sociologist.

We are neither so blind nor so foolish as to suppose that here an ideal manhood is to be produced, that the dream of a fabled Hesperian land is to be realized. But, to use a chemical simile, we do think that the diffusion of the various man-molecules is to produce something nobler than has yet been known to history. To our perhaps prejudiced eyes, is already the sight of the development of a broader manhood. There is to be found hospitality, philanthropy, self-sacrifice, patriotism—sure signs of breadth of character and human sympathy, a hatred of sham, a desire for the best, he wins who merits, and a practical clothes philosophy in the contempt of dress as such. A true nobility must be in a near vicinity.

We have endeavored to keep from the error of letting the question lapse into the individual, and we have avoided comparison for the reason that antitheses are

especially fallacious in the discussion of character, but we are somewhat at a loss to discover the secret of the East's disparagement of the West. The East is indeed guilty of a fault on account of which the *North American Review* for years made battle with the British Reviews. The injustice of England's literary criticisms of America called forth long and elaborate rebukes from the East only twenty-five years ago. She has not profited by her own advice. We are inclined, however, to the supposition that it is the result of an inherited opinion, which once found expression in ridicule of Western primitiveness, and that this has been fostered by the statements and descriptions of which we at first complained. Although it is absurd to think of jealousy, yet we can dwell upon an indifferent ignorance. This cannot be enlightened too soon. Ere long the fact will meteor-like make itself known that Westward the star of empire has taken its course. Not many years ago the North drew a reasonable line above the South. It was labelled Mason and Dixon's. That line was only erased by rivers of blood. Now the East has drawn an indefinable line of section with the West, and although no such agencies will be necessary to wipe it out, yet it is due to our nationality, our union, to remove this something that may some day be all too serviceable for disagreeable divisions.

H. L. Doggett

## RICHARD BRINDSLEY SHERIDAN.

ON a summer's morning in the latter half of the last century, you might have seen an idle, listless youth strolling along the streets of Bath. His hands thrust deep into the pockets of his ragged trousers, only brought his indifferent mind to a painful consciousness of their emptiness. An old red waist-coat, which had done service in a former generation, and a cocked hat drawn over his eyes gave him a clownish air. You would have doubtless called him a village loafer. Such he seemed to all who knew him, so utterly without promise was he. The son of a third-rate actor in a London theatre, a similar fate would have been the best that one could have then conceived for him.

Twenty years later that youth stepped out of the House of Commons the most famous man in England. He had won the love of the fairest lady of the land, from a score of suitors of rank and fortune. He was the most polished wit; the most brilliant ornament of society. He had placed upon the stage the most applauded opera and comedy of his time. He had made the greatest speech in the annals of parliamentary eloquence. Such, then, was Sheridan on that morning when he left the House of Commons; supreme in society, unrivalled as a dramatist and orator. No human fortune could surpass the expectations of his future. He had settled himself for a moment like a "bright constellation" among the stars, soon to sink into everlasting darkness.

We have pictured him in his glory; behold him in his shame! Magnificent displays of genius no longer flash upon the House of Commons. Brilliant powers of conversation and fascinating address no longer characterize the faded wit and shattered debauchee. He is forsaken of friends; creditors besiege his home; bailiffs summon him; finally a felon's cell receives him. Darkness and solitude close the scene, then comes the mockery of a

splendid burial. We have taken these three preëminent phases in Sheridan's life; his youth, his eminence, his wrecked manhood. From their analysis we may be able to understand the man; to solve for a disappointed posterity the problem of his end. We have seen how dark were the forebodings of his early life, yet beneath the rude exterior of that listless youth there lay a generous soul. His eye beamed with a bewitching fascination, which lent a rare attractiveness to his face. He was a warm favorite with his fellows, always the butt of their good natured jests, but always, too, their hero in any war of words or knuckles. The hidden treasures of his intellectual nature were destined to no long concealment. The brilliancy of his genius ever and anon shone forth like the splendor of the precious stone flashing from its dusky lurking place. Ambition pricked him. He began to unfold the motives and passions of his life. When once aroused, the sluggishness and idleness of his youth were forever cast aside. His rise to fortune was swift and brilliant. Let us look at him in society—wherein lay the secret of his success. Sheridan was eminently a man of wit. From an early acquired habit of looking at life and its duties from the humorous stand-point, he lost soberness of thought and earnestness of passion. He was a close but superficial observer of life, shrewd to detect the inconsistencies, the follies, the evils in the appearances of things. His intellect became a wonderful machine for fashioning a brilliant hit; with such mental powers he entered society. The good fortune of a most happy marriage gave a rare luster to the external circumstances attending his social début, by securing to him the advantage of a most enviable position. In the drawing-room and banquet hall his wit did not even glow. With exquisite taste and judgment he selected the most fitting opportunity for action. For hours he would sit at table in perfect quiet, apparently indifferent to the scene about him. It was only to wait, however, until the enthusiasm of the company was abated, until the humor of his rivals had spent itself. Then, suddenly, the magazine of his wit was kindled. An unceasing shower of brilliant sallies

fell upon the company thick and fast. His dazzling wit and skillful repartee amazed and delighted all. When he had thus taken the conversation to himself, with sustained brilliancy and vigor, he held it until the last cups were quaffed in the dim light of the morning. But that "pyrotechnic display" was not spontaneous. It was the result of a most minute and pains-taking preparation. He always made heavy encroachments upon nature's rest the night before, that he might create and arrange in perfect order his role in the following evening's entertainment. Thus it was with a heavy weariness, disguised beneath the mask of brilliancy, that he triumphed in the lists of wit and raillery. It is easy to understand Sheridan's success as a dramatist. Those very qualities which made him the delight of society, finding expression in comedy, enabled him to form those productions of genius which will ever live to bear witness to his fame. But here, too, he owed much of his success to the circumstances attending his efforts. Comedy was then on the decline; the theatre was becoming less attractive. He saw the need of something new, sparkling and pure. He applied his mind to the task and produced those remarkable comedies "The Rivals" and "the School for Scandal." His triumph was real and merited. When we pursue Sheridan into political life and consider him as the orator and statesman, we marvel at the versatility of his genius. When he entered parliament, he found men who had been there for half a century. With jealous care they guarded the road against any new aspirant to fame. Sheridan keenly observed the talents of these men. He imitated the impassioned speech of Fox, the eloquence of Pitt, the lofty imagination of Burke. In the use and management of these qualities he far excelled them. When he appeared against Warren Hastings, he delivered, in the words of *Macaulay*, the greatest oration ever heard from man. Men of talent, on that occasion, held the ear of that brilliant audience assembled to hear their eloquence; the man of tact electrified it and won its heart. By tact he deceived both those great men who were associated with him in that same charge, and all that heard his



speech. England thought that wondrous display of imagery and trope, combined with marvelous taste, the greatest triumph of the orator; thought that admirable imitation, that artificial blending of all that makes up the art of eloquence, glowed with the warmth of real passion, with the fire of an inflamed soul. But when we touch that eloquence, it vanishes like a phantom. It was but mockery. Sheridan had affected everything, and men had believed in him. "Eloquence must exist in the man, the subject, and the occasion." In his impeachment of Warren Hastings in the name of "suffering humanity," all these shall exist, save one, the man. It is herein that he fails to reach the true type of the orator and statesman. He fails because he was without moral and intellectual character.

It is needless to rehearse the causes which had thus undermined his character, which made his subsequent career that of a fading reputation. The history of his life unerringly reveals the truth to the most casual reader. His genius had borne him upwards weighted with the habits and infirmities of a base manhood, until the tension became too great. The silver cord was loosed and it took flight. We refrain from dwelling upon the story of his end, to whom death was but too welcome. It is better to mantle its horror. Its moral needs no emphasis.

No man has been more leniently dealt with by those who write of man. His very wit gives a lightness to his rascalities. His vices almost provoke a smile.

But shall the ordinary rules by which we judge of character be suspended in his case? It is almost impossible to point to a single noble action of his life. In the glow of triumph or passion his sympathies were doubtless aroused, but they led to nothing steadfast and permanent. He lived that his vanity, the sensuality of the intellect might be flattered; that his body might be gorged with the pleasures of sensual indulgence. The man was the incarnation of selfishness. To what baser end could grand natural qualities be prostituted? The world may well weep when rare gifts are thus bestowed in vain.

*J. C. Bridgman.*

## THE SPHINX.

The sacred river flows with tranquil stream,  
And gently sways the rushes by the shore  
Where on its ripples bright the sunbeams gleam,  
And lazy boatmen sleeping at the oar,  
In the warm sunshine bask all day and dream.

Girt with the pride of loneliness it stands,  
The stony oracle forever still,—  
A queen whose kingdom is the shifting sands,  
That drift forever round her, at the will  
Of the fierce scourging of the desert winds.

Night views the sombre face still as her own ;  
The timid breeze of evening whispers low  
About the hooded queen in awestruck tone,  
And hints the secrets that those still lips know,  
But faithful, keep forever more unshown.

Deftly the moonbeams weave their tangled thread,  
A warp of shadows with a woof of light,  
And vail with filmy web the regal head,—  
Is it a sombre smile, whose sudden flight  
Relaxes those grim lips and mocks the dead ?

Ah, who can read the sphinx's mysteries ?  
The desert sands that form her wide domain,  
But number them who drained the bitter lees  
Of life, to solve its riddle, but in vain ;—  
Th' unanswered question of the centuries.

The sacred river flows with tranquil stream,  
And gently sways the rushes as of yore,  
Where brightly still the laughing waters gleam ;  
The sphinx in silence guards her hidden lore,  
Nor wakes the boatmen from their lazy dream.

*Edward Wells, Jr.*

## THE STAGE IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE interest shown in this country over the arrival of Mr. Irving and Miss Terry and over the success of our actors and actresses before English audiences, reminds us of the great popularity of the theater in the United States. But at the same time it forces us to confess that although it is our principal means of recreation, the stage does not seem to exert any particular influence. The people go to be amused without any exact idea of what they expect, and come away satisfied if the acting was good, and the play sufficient to give the performers an opportunity to show their power. They have but little idea what the drama ought to be, and care less, so long as it be entertaining. The actor is the principal attraction. I used the singular advisedly, for in a good play we rarely see more than one person who can make any pretence of being an actor; for such is the weakness of American people for "lions," that they will pay as much, and go as often to *see* such celebrated persons as Patti or Booth, whether they are well supported or not. Possibly it was on account of a similar failing in the Greeks, that their writers used only two or three actors for their tragedies, and employed the rest of the company as a chorus. We have copied their theatrical arrangements in having only a few actors, but lacking their artistic taste, we admit the chorus upon the stage. Thus we see the little tragedy that is produced, mutilated so that the principal character stands alone and the drama is made to appear bare and scanty, like a tree shorn of its branches. The hard-working business men wish to forget themselves and their business, to rest their already overtaxed brains, and the less mental exertion demanded of them, the better they like it. Refined and subtle plays such as *Lear* and *Hamlet* are always less popular than the more boisterous ones, like the *Gladiator* and the *Fool's Revenge*, which require but little effort to be under-

stood. But while good actors and handsome women may without doubt exert a certain cultivating influence, even though the passions these try to represent are but ill-appreciated, this is far from being the proper extent of the power of the stage.

The only way a people ever can be persuaded to take a lively interest in the drama, as an artistic production, is to make it speak to them of things which are in their minds, and have a direct personal application. It is not the thoughtful, studious part of the community which principally patronizes the theaters, but the people of average endowment. I am inclined to think that the theater-going part of our population might be taken as fair sample Americans; and for them to take an interest in the drama for itself, it must be national in its standpoint. Though it may not be necessary that the scene be laid in their own locality or in their own time, yet the tone should be in harmony with the present thought of the land. It is not the dead issues of a former age that the present should be stopped to consider, nor can the ideas which were interesting to a people under different institutions be properly appreciated. It is not the story of a foreigner which holds the hearer of a play.

"What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,  
That he should weep for her?"

It is the representation of his own struggles, and those of the people about him, that makes him look on with bated breath and quickens the circulation of his blood. Even Shakespeare sounds to all but a few, as a voice from another land; and not many among the audience think of searching out his connection with our own culture. Indeed, he is to-day a much greater power in the study than on the stage, and even there it is the particular passages, rather than the drama as a whole, for which he is read. The works produced by the present, pregnant with the thoughts of the age, are what the people understand,—works that vibrate in harmony with the nation's pulse. Moreover a play in one country may have an influence

for good, which would not be at all suitable in another land, where there are other standards of morality and taste. I doubt not that Sheridan's plays when they were written, were in the main an influence for good, though their morality be questionable; to-day we are obliged to use the shears with considerable diligence to render them presentable in accordance with our modern ideas of propriety. Or take the French plays of the present, though many of them are undoubtedly bad everywhere, yet I think many will agree with me that such a play as *Camille*, before a French audience, would exert a beneficial influence: before an American or English audience it brings up questions which for them have no national interest, and on account of our different ideas of good taste, will in general do more harm than good.

This country, deficient in all the arts, is destitute of any dramatic literature. Our humorists have tried to produce presentable comedies and have failed, and the first American tragedy is yet to be written. All our plays are by English authors or translations from the French and German. Thus it is that in a land where the theatrical profession is in general respected and becoming more so every year, and where the people greatly patronize the play, we see the stage exercise but comparatively little influence.

There seems not to be the conditions necessary to produce a national dramatic literature. If in the annals of histrionic art we mark the times of its greatest elevation we see that they are the times when the people of the land in which it flourished were most genuine; when they cared for no foreign criticism, but swayed by one idea and sufficient unto themselves, developed all their native resources. It was in Athens during the age of Pericles; in England under Elizabeth, when the new discoveries and thrilling adventures of her mariners roused their imaginative faculties and patriotic zeal to the highest pitch; in Germany when the Great Elector, and after him his distinguished son, made the Prussian proud of his name; in France when the encyclopædists were

making the foundations of the State, and the fires were  
ouldering which were soon to break forth and change  
e condition of the human race in Europe. We are not  
ation in the sense that the whole state is in sympathy,  
th a common religion, common traditions, and a nat-  
al predilection for a common stand-point in thought.  
we were to think of a genuine American artist, it would  
very hard to decide exactly what he would represent.  
reat as is our trust in the future of the Republic, we  
ve not that patriotic spirit which overshadows all else  
d unites the people of a state into a nation. Local  
judices, interests of party, and above all that mad  
ramble for money, which draws the best material  
the land into mercantile pursuits, at present take the  
ce of a more zealous patriotism. Moreover our educa-  
n tends to make us materialistic; imagination is weak.  
en the novels of the present day are cold psychological  
sections. No lover, now, meets his Rosalind in the  
est of Arden; but we read of matter-of-fact persons,  
o say bright things and analyze each other's characters  
d act very much as we should do, if in their position.  
ality, in these times of scientific progress and utilita-  
n ideas, monopolizes every one's attention.

Not only do we lack a native dramatic literature, but  
ost of the plays which are brought out at our theaters  
uld be poor plays anywhere. Those by English  
thors, who have drawn for their material more or less  
ensively upon the French, were written either for the  
ke of introducing a great scenic display, or for the  
tty sayings and little conceits, which are put, indiscrim-  
ately, into the mouths of the several characters, regard-  
s of their appropriateness. Indeed, it is of frequent  
currence for the actors themselves to use their parts as  
means of displaying their powers of repartee, and in  
uth, this cannot often be said to be an injury to the play,  
r it is but carrying a step further the author's idea.  
his intrusion of the personality of either author or per-  
former must usually make impossible any consistency in  
e development of the several characters, and reduces

the play to a kind of minstrel show. The old English humorists knew better. Brilliant as is the wit displayed by some of Sheridan's plays, it is always wit produced by the situation, and not interpolated jokes, valuable only for themselves. But the plays of to-day seem written with the end in view of working in any witty bit or repartee which may be in the possession of the author. But bad as is this manner of writing, it is an improvement on the sentimentality which characterizes much that is written for the stage. Such play-wrights as Mr. Dion Boucicault make a capital of those sentiments which every one is wont to consider most sacred and to guard carefully from all publicity, representing them in a conventional manner without character or dignity. To see such cheap pathos, not only blunts the genuine feelings in people, but if they are moved by it, it fosters a shallow characterless display of emotion, which is devoid of all truth. Yet be it said to the credit of American audiences, they usually sit through the most pathetic appeals for their tears with a stolid indifference truly heroic.

The drama should be the best instrument by means of which an artist may shape his ideas into a compact and tangible form and present them to the people. In no other branch of art can there be expressed such reality. For the spectator it widens his extent of vision, and teaches sympathy for all. He is admitted into the deepest secrets of human hearts, and may behold the true picture of a life. But in America, the histrionic art must wait, along with all other art, until we learn a deeper national self-respect, and possess a truer culture. When we no longer look abroad for our standards, but are proud of being Americans with American characteristics, when the love of money, that inordinate affection which rules us at present, shall be made secondary to a desire for self-development; then will it be possible for the drama to represent a truly national ideal, and then it must wield, once more, a powerful and noble influence.

*H. de F. Baldwin.*

## A YOUNG APOLLO.

The rays of borrowed light that Luna lends  
Though fit for lovers' trysts and poets' dreams,  
Dare not defy the bright sidereal gleams,  
The sterner glory, when the sun ascends  
Fraught with the vital virtue Phœbus sends,  
And puts to flight its masquerading beams,  
So strong, so grand, so beautiful it seems,  
The weal of fruitage on its course depends.

Thus in my friend,—nor could I ask for more,—  
Some glimmerings of celestial fire I sought,  
No mere reflections of some looted lore.

Signs of a large or lesser sun I caught,  
Proof of a procreative power that bore  
Youth's half-formed fancies, half-grown thought.

*H. L. Doggett.*

## A SKETCH OF FOOT BALL HISTORY.

FOOT BALL is certainly as old as the hills. As long as men or youth have had feet to kick and anything kickable at hand, it is to be supposed that the royal old game has been in existence. My friend, who is a great man on classic lore and, between us, something of a dig, tells me that the old Greeks used to inflate their bladder or skin and play what they called "*ἐπίσχυρος*," which really was the essence of our modern Rugby game. The Romans, too, he says, played their "*harpastum*," which meant in the original Greek, to seize, showing that the Romans had advanced one step over Grecian simplicity, in the matter of both kicking and seizing the ball. It is well authenticated, too, he declares, that the Romans first introduced the game into England and that the soldiers of Cæsar and Agricola undoubtedly played their match games before the open-mouthed and imitative Britons. I repeat, however, that this is only what my musty and trustworthy, not to say prosy, classical friend says, and



like all men otherwise sedate, he has an extraordinary imagination in the line of his special hobby. Not that would prejudice you against him in this case, however, for I have no doubt that what he says is true. But it is only when sensible English began to be talked and recorded in that good old tongue began to be kept, that I feel my own footing once again sure, and can rejoice in *terra firma*.

Foot ball must have been pretty well established in England by the 12th century, for a History of London about that period mentions "young men annually going out on a certain day after dinner to play at the well known game of foot ball." Later, Shrove Tuesday seems to have been this special day set apart every year for the game, and the sport must have vied even with bear-bating as the popular amusement of the people. Shutters were put up, we are told, houses closed and the whole population, men, women and children, flocked into the fields to kick the ball and indulge in a general scramble. The gentry and aristocracy, of course, never really let themselves to what they must have considered an ultra-plebian sport, and it was perhaps as much under their influence as from any other cause, that this peculiar custom gradually died away. It was not till 1830, however, that it was utterly extinct, and foot ball left entirely to the great schools. It is curious to notice that even in those days complaints were rife about the indiscriminate roughness of the players and especially about the roughness of the game. As far back as the 17th century, King James I. forbade his young son to participate, describing the game as "meeter for laming than making able the use thereof." Harvard will have to admit that King James thus forestalled her. Truly there is nothing new under the sun.

Foot ball had no visible connection with the Church in England, so the Puritan fathers, or rather the sons, brought the game over to be played here in their lighter and more frivolous moods. It was no doubt contemporaneous with the first student or students at Yale, and when the college was moved to New Haven in 1717, u

ably the first thing some young fellow did was to kick goals in the Gymnasium lot. At any rate there is a picture of the college, executed in the earlier half of the nineteenth century, in which are depicted a number of students in military attitudes and wearing tall steeple hats, playing at foot ball. There was probably no regular game at that time, but a regular scrimmage, with perhaps two roughly defined sides. The sport seems to have been upon this sort of "undifferentiated" way for a good many years, until about 1840 it began to appear under a definite form as an annual contest between the Sophomores and Freshmen. This was the origin of the familiar Hamden Park Rush, a thing that ought now to be exterminated, but which as it exists is the old annual game of foot ball with the foot ball left out and the modern renderings of clothes substituted for the golden opportunities now afforded the Sophomores of kicking Freshman shins. For such an ignoble end has a once glorious institution been used. The grounds for the class foot ball struggle in those days were the southwest corner of the Green, where the old State House could look down on the bloody Waterloos—Waterloos for somebody they must have been. It was the custom for the Freshmen to post a written challenge on the Lyceum door, and the Sophomores were to reply on the east door of the Atheneum. The latter class, it seems, very often took advantage of the greater prerogatives granted them, and perhaps of their Sophomore talent, to reply in verse, as the following extracts from their answers will show :

"TO OUR YOUTHFUL FRIENDS OF THE CLASS OF —.

"Come !

And like sacrifices in their trim,  
To the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,  
All hot and bleeding will we offer you."

Another reads—

"Let them come on, the base-born crew !  
Each soil-stained churl—alack !  
What gain they but a splitten skull—  
A sod for their base back !"

The true Yale spirit was not wanting, it seems, even those days. The spectators, among whom were many ladies, who scarcely favor our modern rushes with their presence now, occupied the steps of the State House positions on Chapel street, and we are to suppose, livened the occasion with their discriminating applause. Rules, however, or any of the modern technique, there were none. Ambition was centered on getting the ball between the opponent's goal posts, oblivious of the science of the game or anything else. These class games were continued with little interruption down to about 1858. At that time, after having been prohibited the use of the college campus some years before, the students were driven from the Green by the city authorities. Though more or less complaint and violation of the order occurred, this action of the city virtually put a stop to foot ball for a number of years. To the classes of '72 and '73 is due the revival of the game, and with them came the modern epoch, brilliant in the eyes of the enthusiastic Yale man, but, it must be confessed, dull and prosy to the strict historian. Two events are perhaps worthy of notice, the first use of Hamilton Park as a foot ball field in 1873, and the introduction of the Rugby rules in 1874. Since the advent of the Rugby game, Yale's record is on the tongue of every loyal man who discusses the merits of this or that player within the circle of his few bosom friends, or wears the blue, Thanksgiving Day. As long as blood flows vigorously in youthful veins, foot ball will have its charms. It is indeed as old as the hills, and like the hills, it will always endure.

## NOTABILIA.

WE regret to be obliged to announce that the LIT. prize will be withheld for the present year. The LIT. has decided upon this course both from the small number of pieces competing and from their almost uniform mediocrity, no one of which it would be willing to have stand as a special prize essay of Yale College or as a high-water mark of our literary ability for this or any year. Either the best talents were not called forth or there are no best talents, something we are very unwilling to believe. The medal or the money that would ordinarily be given to the winner, the LIT. has decided to expend in placing on file in the reading room, *Life*, *Le Monde Illustré*, *Fliegende-Blätter*, and such other papers as it shall see fit from time to time. Not that there is the remotest connection between these journals and such ideas as the LIT. may have upon the general subject of prize essays. Setting essays entirely aside, it only thinks to supply in these papers, perhaps, a felt college desire. If not out of place, too, in connection with this subject, we want to say a word to our contributors, upon whom we are in a sense dependent for our literary standard. Most in demand to us are original stories and sketches, though they are the most difficult to produce with any degree of success. Descriptions and other articles taking their interest in part from any peculiar relation the author may hold to his theme; as subject-matter, topics in the history of Yale College or its graduates; or any thing of real, vital interest to the writer when writing, all these would be very acceptable. The Sophomore critiques and essays are in a measure inevitable. What the LIT. wants is leaven for the dough.

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COLLEGE journalism in America may have its disadvantages; there may be a shadowy vale here and there amid its blissful delights, but what shall we say of our Russian

brothers of the quill fraternity, if what the cablegraph tells us is true. A dispatch from that benighted country recently stated that twenty-two editors of college papers were given a holiday trip to Siberia for the Nihilistic tendencies of their sheets. We are ignorant as to the specific offense—whether they were detected in the act of advocating a crossing to Beers' or of complaining of the amount of work thrust on the Seniors, we are only told of their hurried departure from the former scene of their special activities. Such a vision as that makes us all contented with America. We may have our limitations and necessities—doubtless we have—but thanks to the Declaration of Independence, no Czar can step in to complicate our one embarrassment—the financial problem. Russia would seem to be a monarchy not even tempered by college journals.

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It is a notorious fact that Junior Societies at Yale present an anomaly, a great anomaly, to the other chapters of their respective fraternities. Almost every Junior Senior has a fund of anecdote at hand to draw on relative to the way he shocked "a brother" by his society rebelliousness or his ignorance of fraternity matters. Without discussing the peculiar conditions of these societies at Yale or contemplating any vital change in their structure or numbers, it is evident that the average member falls very far short from appreciating the worth and power of the society to which he belongs. He certainly forgets, if he ever knew, that these societies are national, that they stand at the head of college fraternities, that they are really a power in other leading colleges. It would be a good thing for the chapters here, no doubt, if their members could be present in a body at some of the annual gatherings of the fraternities and see the love and enthusiasm shown by old and young alike for the common sympathy which brought them together. We fancy it would open the eyes of some few Yale men who appear to value their societies much as they would a Freshman debating club or a free lunch counter. As a step in the right direction

in the LIT. hails the late literary "renaissance," for as things were going it was only a question of time how long the general fraternities would suffer the Yale chapters to be a drag on the efficiency and prosperity of the whole. What is needed next is a proper realization of the advantages the societies as societies do and can give to each member, or at least a proper regard and respect for the feelings of other chapters and other members.

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THE visit of Matthew Arnold brings us the greatest of living English essayists and a poet who is the peer of Tennyson and Browning. But it is not as a poet or essayist that Mr. Arnold interests us most, but as one who has made it his life's mission, regardless of the jeopardy to his fame and prosperity as a man of letters, to preach to, and in defense of, that great class who are being unable to accept the tenets of any church are being driven by the narrowness of the age to that skepticism from which they were as far removed in heart as the most orthodox. To these Matthew Arnold has spoken, and in his brilliant essays has taught that there can be a religion without a creed and a faith in God, unlimited by the bounds of any sect. In doing this he has had to face on the one side the attacks of the Churchmen for infidelity, on the other the scoffs and sneers of the infidels for his faith. But he has triumphed, and today the broadening influence of his work is both felt and shown within as well as without the Church.

## PORTFOLIO.

— There is one point in the literary life of Turgenieff that cannot be too highly magnified. I refer to his connection with the memorable manifesto of February 10, 1861, when serfdom was abolished forever. You need but to read one of his simple tales of Russian life to find out how sad was the story of the humanity in behalf of which Turgenieff labored. My lady passing one morning through the fields, notices that one of the workmen fails to remove his cap with cheerful readiness. Before noon, poor Jermil is "disposed of." Transportation and Siberia are his fate. Or, again, take that wonderful creation, the story of the deaf and dumb peasant and the dog—his only companion—which he was cruelly compelled to drown. There is nothing remarkable in all this, you may say. True, the themes are simple, almost rudely simple in some places. But what vivid, lasting impressions are left behind! The white-stoned streets of the Holy City, the Kremlin with its gleaming turrets and cupolas of gold, silver, and of blue, make beautiful pictures, but they fade from sight when we hear the lamenting of the banished serfs or the poor disconsolate deaf-mute ever mourning his dog in the only syllable he ever knew. *Mu-mu, mu-mu*, rings in your ears! It was through little touches such as these that the misery, the terrible wretchedness of millions were made known as never before. Such cries of despair penetrated into the very Court of St. Petersburg, hitherto unmindful, and strange to say!—they were not left unanswered. We, too, have seen great acts of emancipation, you may say; have passed through similar scenes. We have had our poems and tales of slavery and of freedom. Can we not compare many of them, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," for example, with "The Journal of a Sportsman?" But if you contrast our civilization of twenty years ago and that of Russia of the same time, if you compare a republic, with the most absolute of absolute governments, democracy with autocracy, and then consider what enormous differences there were in the cost of the emancipation there and here, you cannot but appreciate the magnitude of the work accomplished by this literary liberator.

—A little back from one of the quiet roads in Saybrook town there stands an old mansion, partly concealed by trees and surrounded by grounds of generous front and depth, which any passer-by will tell you is the old Stafford place. It is deserted now. When I saw it, the weeds and wild flowers grew rank and tall along the paths and pavements; the old-time box hedges were doing their best by their caprices to mar the geometrical exactness of their planter's design; the birds twittered undisturbed among the branches overhead; beyond, the unpruned apple trees had long been left to a slow decline; but still the apples, faithful to the summons of spring, had again made their appearance, and the warm, sweet odor of their too early ripeness and decay was borne through the garden, even to the street. A half-sad peace brooded over the whole place, and the dreamy hum of the summer air. There was small likeness between this spot and that, last seen two months before, animated by the crowds and excitement of Commencement Day. The one was the place where the Yale College of 1710 had stood. The other was the campus of to-day—the campus of one hundred and seventy classes. To wonder idly what the college would be now, had it been left at Saybrook, is a pleasant though useless occupation—useless like every other “what might have been.” Down across the fields, a quarter of a mile away, the blue waters of the South Cove are sparkling in the sun; over to the side, the broad waters of the Connecticut flow to greet the waves of the Sound; while behind one is many a wide and level field. In view of the scene, I think that the Reverend Thomas Buckingham, Saybrook representative on the first board of trustees, must be called also the first patron—probably unconscious—of our athletics. Surely, by afterwards banishing the college from the superior advantages of his parish, the Fates showed an intention unpropitious towards our manifold athletic ventures. The old Saybrook divine has long slept in the burying ground next to the former site of the college. There, too, the scattered regiments of grave-stones point out the family gatherings of the dead of two centuries. Lynde, Hart, Blague, Sheffield, these are the names that have been most often chiselled; these were the families whose sons would have been found in every class; whose daughters—alas! what belles they might have been!



But these things were not destined for fulfillment! One night Yale College was placed in a wagon and was started for a new home. It reached here, poorer by one or two hundred books. The men of Saybrook gave themselves that satisfaction for the loss of the college. And then the old town settled down into the country quiet and genuine culture which still belong to it, and has never been troubled since by rushes, or bonfires, or tailors' establishments.

—Just now the patronizing cicerone to letters seems to be everywhere exerting himself to conceal the imbecility of literary fiction and make it to some extent a marketable commodity. But while one critic apologizes for this or that fatuous hero or heroine, and another tries in his choicest phraseology to justify the improbable incidents and hide the poor diction, a favorite "realist" the most indifferent reader of novels cannot fail to observe with regret the marked want of truth to life which often makes the books of our best story tellers utterly tame and weak. Since realism has become so fashionable in theory among writers, it would seem that it must sometime occur to them to look more carefully into national manners and traits, and represent something of the infinite richness of national character as it is. The novelist has yet to step out of our would-be elevated circles—to go to the wayside, it may be, or into the country and select personages not artificially refined and embossed. How varied and romantic the drama daily enacted among our industrial and commercial classes! The same pithy humor and subtle philosophy, the same passionate love and hatred, rejoicing and sorrowing, reside in our farm-houses, and shops, and thoroughfares of to-day as have supplied the greatest English and French romancers with their most fertile resources. That much work has formerly been done in this direction I do not ignore, but at present authors are mercenary and vain; greedy for cheaply earned fame and early returns. Every device that is momentarily attractive is sure to be worked to the full extent of its possibilities. There is a captivating shimmer of gentry and jewels that wear away winters of *ennui* in the cities, and spend the summers abroad, or at fashionable resorts at home; and again, we find writers constantly choosing to make their mental mediocrity more conspicuous by a masquerade of foreign names and titles. There is an easi-

wrought magic about the English lord in the United States; and he makes excellent hammock food when served up with some three hundred pages of inane conventionalisms. There is also an occasional effort to reanimate the past, for which the prevailing ignorance of antiquity is thought to be a sufficient excuse, but generally a writer is less acceptable in mediæval and archaic garb than when writing of something intelligible both to himself and his readers, and of course the manifest tendency of all this is to denationalize the novel.

—"In what respects would you alter your actions should you go over the course again?" This query stood forth from the list of "statistic questions," and seemed to stare at me with dogged persistence. And as I stopped to consider, I found myself running back over the many incidents and accidents of college life, and—strangely enough—involuntarily kept dwelling on the little things, those said and done almost without thought. These now assumed huge proportions, were the all important, were the turning points of what resulted in failure or success, while those things which once appeared momentous, now struck me as insignificant, scarcely worthy of attention. Who has not felt this unpleasant conclusion forced upon him! Who has not had these little things come trooping wildly through his brain, haunt him, taunt him and almost madden him as they seemed to dance about in fiendish glee! And so it happens that retrospection is never pleasing, since it is never satisfying. I say never, for no matter how free from gloom our lives may be, no matter how seldom our imaginations conjure up disagreeable shapes, still the almost innumerable number of insignificant things in every life are recombined, sooner or later, into powerful factors. Consequently, satisfaction begins to seem like a kind of conceit of fools or a whim of fancy of the mad. Besides is it not an advantage to be dissatisfied? Is it not too early satisfaction, if normal creatures possess it, coincident with stagnation, with death of hopes, of strivings, of rightful ambitions? If so, do not insignificant things play a great part in our inner life? How can you wonder, then, that I gave such prominence to them when I answered the question?

## MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

*The University Lacrosse Team.*

Not even the worst croakers can deny that Lacrosse now holds a permanent place in Yale athletics. Determined perseverance and wise management have put Lacrosse upon a firm footing. The team for this season was chosen October 25th, as follows:

*Goal.*

Frederick Connell, '84,

*Point.*

E. P. Cottle, '84.

*Cover Point.*

G. W. Mallon, '85, Capt.

*Centre.*

C. L. Way, '85,     H. C. McDowell, '84,     F. M. Barbour, '85.

*Attack Field.*

S. M. Colgate, '85,     S. P. Spencer, '84,     F. O. Ayres, '84.

*Home.*

J. McHenry, '85,     F. A. Meacham, '87.

Substitutes: P. B. Hubbard, '85; H. L. Mitchell, '85, S. S. S.

*The Fall Athletic Games.*

The fall meeting of the Athletic Association was held on Saturday, Oct. 27th. Only one record was broken, that of throwing the hammer. The tug of war was won by '85. Brooks, '85, gave Colt, '85, and Odell, '86, a five yards handicap in the hundred yard dash; it was won by Colt, '85, in 10 $\frac{3}{8}$  sec. Ferris, '86, F. R. Smith, '86, and Meredith, '85 S., entered for the half mile run. The result was a victory for Smith; time, 2.13 $\frac{1}{2}$ . The mile run was won by Bond, '86 S. in 5.13 $\frac{3}{4}$ ; Pardee, '85, and Pettee, '87, started. In the 220 yards dash, Brooks, '85, gave Odell, '86, a handicap of twelve yards; Odell won in 24 sec.; Meredith, '85 S. defeated Smith, '85, in

9 min. 29½ sec. In throwing the hammer, Coxé, '87, scored 78 ft. 6 in. The best previous Yale record was 71 ft. Briggs, '85, won in putting the shot with 33 ft. 11 in.; Ferris, '85, Ellis, '85 and Smith, '86, started for the quarter-mile run; Ellis made best time, 58¾; Robbins, '86, beat Ludington, '87, by a running high jump of 5 ft. 1¼ in; Ludington, '87, made a running broad jump of 15 feet, 2½ in. An impromptu hurdle race was won by Robbins, '86, in 21¾ sec. The officers were: referee, R. W. Hamill, '84; judges, N. G. Williams, '84; H. T. Shelton, '84; P. E. Jenks, '84; timers, H. A. Worcester, '84; C. W. Copeland, '84; starter, A. C. Thomson, '85.

*'87 vs. Williston.*

The freshmen defeated the Williston eleven on Saturday, Nov. 3d, by a score of three goals and four touchdowns to two safety touchdowns.

*Yale vs. Rutgers.*

Since Princeton has defeated Rutgers by eight goals and one touchdown to nothing, this game afforded an opportunity of judging somewhat the strength of our eleven. The result was a victory for Yale with a score of fourteen goals and six touchdowns to seven safety touchdowns.

*Yale vs. Columbia.*

About 300 people assembled at the polo grounds on Saturday. A good crowd of Columbia men cheered at every opportunity for their college. The playing on both sides was fair, Yale still showing a bad habit of fumbling the ball, but the kicking was good and the game was essentially a kicking game. At no time was the ball within Yale's 25 yards line, except at the times of the long kick-offs by Morgan, who did by far the best playing for Columbia. Yale, in the absence of Tompkins, was captained by Twombly. It was three o'clock before Morgan of the Columbia team kicked off. The ball was immediately secured by Yale, and was at once sent back near Columbia's goal by a long kick of Terry's, and Peters secured the first touchdown in less than three minutes, from which Terry kicked the first goal. The ball was then kicked out by a long kick of Morgan's, but Yale followed the ball so closely that Columbia was forced to make her first safety, and

very soon after secured a goal from the field. The next kick off was followed by a bad fumbling of the ball, but Farwell finally secured it, and by a good run placed it back of the line. The ball was punted out to Twombly, who held it for Terry to kick the third goal. Good runs by Terry and Farwell secured touchdowns, from each of which Terry succeeded in making a goal. The ball was again kicked off way into Yale ground, but soon returned and Terry secured a goal from the field. The effort of Columbia to brace was now evident, Peters secured the ball and carried it over the line and Terry secured the seventh goal. The ball was so quickly returned after the next kick off that Morgan was forced to make a second safety for Columbia. Just as the referee called time Williams made a touchdown, which left the score at end of the 1st half, 5 goals from touchdowns, 2 goals from the field and 1 touchdown to 2 safeties.

In the second half of the game Yale had the wind again in her favor. The kick off was made by Terry. After Columbia returned the ball it was passed to Terry, who by a long run made a touchdown. The try-at-goal, however, was unsuccessful. The kick-off by Morgan was returned with so much interest that Columbia was forced to make her third safety. Yale crowded the ball within the twenty-five yards line, and Terry secured a goal from the field. The ninth goal was made from a touchdown secured by a good run of Peters'. Farwell furnished the opportunity for the tenth goal, and despite the exhortation of the Columbia captain to his men not to allow Yale another point, Peters made a touchdown and the eleventh goal was kicked. The twelfth goal was made from the field. Farwell then placed the ball back of Columbia's line and the thirteenth goal was kicked. The fourteenth goal was made from a touchdown of McCrury's, and the fifteenth from a touchdown which Twombly made by a fine dodging run. The playing of Yale was at times reckless, they failed to drop on the ball, and often fumbled. The kicking was good and in places the playing brilliant. Morgan did most of the work for Columbia, and Terry, Peters, Farwell and Twombly did the best on the Yale team. The game was refereed by J. Kletzsch, captain of the Stevens Institute team. Mr. Dowling judged for Columbia and Mr. Jenks for Yale.

The Yale team was composed as follows: Rushers, Cut

McCrury, Cowles, Farwell, Bertron, Peters and Williams; quarter-back, Twombly; half-backs, Dennen and Terry; back, Robinson.

### *University Club.*

At a meeting of the governing board of the University Club, held Wednesday, Nov. 7th, the following motions were carried:

That no resignation shall take effect until the same shall have been handed in to the house committee in writing and accepted by them, nor until the dues of such member for the current term shall have been paid.

That Mr. Farnam, the president, and Mr. Catherwood be appointed a committee of three to form house rules which should be final, and also to examine the constitution and by-laws and report such changes, if any, as they may deem advisable and prepare a catalogue subject to the approval of governing board.

That no graduate members be admitted to this club after July 1st, '84, except upon election as provided by constitution.

That the secretary and treasurer should be two distinct offices.

That the president ex-officio, Mr. Farnam and Mr. Townsend be a financial committee to examine the treasurer's accounts of last year to make from them an estimate of the expenses of the current year and make a report of the financial condition of the club, and that the treasurer shall report once a term to the auditing committee, and that the time of this report shall be the last week of each college term.

That a vote of thanks be tendered to Mr. Catherwood for his present of a clock to the club and also that a vote of thanks be tendered to the *Record* board for their kindness in placing their exchanges on file in the club reading room.

Mr. Henry S. Brooks, '85, was elected treasurer.

### *S. S. S. Freshman Class Elections*

At a meeting of the freshman class of the Scientific School, class officers were elected as follows. President, Samuel E. Oakes; Vice President, William B. Hickox; Secretary and Treasurer, Haine S. Leonard.

### *Gamma Nu Elections.*

The society have elected the following officers: President, William L. Phelps; Vice President, Thomas Penny; Secretary, Arthur Perkins; Vice Secretary, Wilson Brooks; Treasurer, Frederic R. Whittlesey; Censor, William A. Setchell; Executive Committee, Thomas Penny, Robert Maxwell, Howard C. Tracy.

We have to record the death of Yew Fun Tan, of the class of '83, at Colebrook, Conn., on Tuesday, Nov. 13th; also Fred William Kellogg, '83, of Red Wing, Minn., at Nahant, Mass., on Monday, Nov. 19th.

### Items.

Prof. C. F. Johnson, Yale, '55, is at the head of the English Department in Trinity College.—Sixty freshmen have joined the Y. M. C. A. of the college.—Edward A. George, '85, and Ernest H. Hunter, '85, have received elections to *Δ. K. E.*—Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, of England, visited the college and addressed the students Oct. 26th.—Louis won the tennis racket in the senior class tournament.—Jonathan Barnes, John H. Booth, Charles E. Cushing, Walter F. Frear, and Philip P. Hubbard, all of '85, have received elections to Psi U.—At a recent meeting of the alumni of Western Massachusetts, President Porter defended Greek and Prof. Richards athletics.

## BOOK NOTICES.

*The Poems of Frederick Locker.* New York: White, Stokes & Allen. Price \$1.00. For sale by Judd.

In the absence of a distinctive poet of *vers de société* publishers must of necessity find it advisable to rehabilitate lyrics that wear so well as do those of Frederick Locker; and it is, alas! a notorious fact that for the reviewer, at least, republished poetry has of late radiated far more enjoyment than the utterances of the bards of to-day. It would, at present, be extremely difficult to point to any poet, either at home or abroad, who draws to any considerable degree upon the material which social affairs afford.

We now have the club, the ball room, and the theatre-going life—the life of enthusiastic seeking after amusement and pleasure, but, despite all the fanciful suggestiveness of present modes of pastime, the American life of elegant ease can boast of no such representative as the Dobson, the Praed, the Locker of social England. Bret Harte has often sketched the crude western character in a verse which does ample justice to its most interesting phases; and Dr. Holmes, with a pleasing intermixture of seriousness and

sarcasm, humor and pathos, has analyzed the typical Yankee of the New England village, fifty years ago, to the admiration of everyone; but that the impulsive wit of the former, by no means as yet too highly refined, or the acute irony of the latter could be easily adjusted to perform the rôle of jesting for the fashionable, recreating denizens of a metropolis is highly improbable.

The ability to do this is Locker's peculiar charm. He is not, perhaps, gifted with the imaginative grace, nor yet with that "grandeur of sadness" which are generally thought to reveal the poet, but in the rich and sportive fancy which this feature of poetry demands, he is certainly not deficient. He delights to saunter down Piccadilly, and sing gleefully of the ups and downs of its animate panorama, or even, perchance, to stroll along St. James's Street, or Pall Mall, with many a sly allusion and piquant thrust for the archly "discreet damsels" and "crops of dandies" that "bud and bloom." Or again he muses on "My Mistress's Boots" and dreams over "My Lady's Glove." He revels most in a promenade in the open air where bustling activity furnishes the most varied and shifting pictures; and withal it is for the joys of Vanity Fair that our poet confesses his overpowering weakness.

If we mistake not, a high niche in the temple of literary fame awaits the rhymers who shall glean in an American city as Locker has in London. The appearance of this edition is very attractive.

*The Wisdom of Goethe.* By John Stuart Blackie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

In a lengthy introductory essay on Goethe's character the many questions concerning his life as a man are ably discussed; some are blamed; others praised. Upon not a few a new light is cast. There is no mantle of charity—yet did Goethe need that?—thrown about some of the questionable details of his long life, but there is a masterly array of evidence which nearly convinces us that a change is almost sure to occur in the popular opinion of Germany's greatest mind. We say popular, for the critics—save a few of the English—are unanimous now in declaring with Napoleon "*Voilà un homme*" in private as well as literary life. However much the critics speak against the social life of the great German poet-thinker concerning his wisdom and genius, there always will be but one opinion. Professor Blackie believes, and rightly, we think, that in the present age there is no name whose utterances have a better chance to be generally accepted, whose words are better mental tonic. Accordingly we have selections from his numerous works, nearly all specially translated for the volume before us. These excerpts are arranged in convenient groups; e. g. "Life, Character and Morals," "Religion," "Politics," "Nature," "Art," "Women," etc., and at the end of the volume there is a list of citations with references to the texts. Of course, it was an impossibility to give extracts from all the works, nor was that to be desired, for it might have interfered with the admirable unity of the present book, but it seems to us that many passages full of the keenest wisdom ought certainly to be added. For instance, Faust is quoted from only five times in all, and but one of this number is from the play proper, which might well be termed the crystallization of Goethe's wisdom. Nothing, for



example, would have been more appropriate, under "Religion" than passage from scene XVI often wrongly termed "Goethe's Creed," concerning which Mr. Lewes has said: "Grander, deeper, holier thoughts are not to be found in poetry." The Second Part of Faust is not even referred to. Omissions such as these, however, although to be regretted, do not seriously affect the high aim or the excellent character of the work.

*American Commonwealths. Virginia: A History of the People.* By Esten Cooke. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The complaint in the preface of this work that the study of the Virginia people has been neglected is undoubtedly well founded. It is natural, of course, for a section to give preference to its own ancestors; but for a full understanding of our peculiar institutions and the underlying current of their principles, it is necessary to give every influence its weight in the balance of history. Even if the descendants of the good Puritans have not been over-zealous in tracing the influence of their own ancestry, they surely have not been eager to give justice to the study of that state and people which first declared that "all men were created equal." And those who have studied history in the east have often had occasion to remark upon the small recognition allotted to southern influence in our development.

"To trace the origin and development of Virginia society through its various phases until it assumed the aspect which it presents in the nineteenth century," has been the object of this book; and as the success of a book requires a purpose and the fulfilling of that purpose, this one is successful. The bibliography and original sources to which Mr. Cooke has had access have given him splendid opportunities for historic accuracy; and an interesting and informative style added to this has given everything the interest of an enterprising story. Mr. Cooke has departed from the results arrived at by the iconoclastic critics who have seen fit to discredit many of the early colonial stories, notably in the case of captain John Smith, whose adventures he in a great measure proves credible and whose character he defends. But it is fortunate that the author did not give at length the history of modern Virginia, for a few of his statements require the perspective of years before their accuracy could be allowed. This volume, based as it is upon the best authorities, will certainly be valuable to all students of history.

*Mercedes and Later Lyrics.* Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. For sale by Peck. Price, \$1.25.

We have nothing but praise for this beautiful little volume, one half of which is taken up by the tragedy "Mercedes," a prose poem, the scene of which is laid in sunny Andalusia, during the French invasions in 1810. The other half is a powerfully told drama founded on one of those stirring incidents of the Peninsular campaign which the Peninsular campaign was so full, but in and over all we have a tale of love, of passion and, then,—of death. The plot is interesting, the characterization excellent, the dramatic action vivid and sustained.

In the lyrics, Mr. Aldrich displays in a high degree the faculty, rare in these days, of epigrammatic brilliancy, poetic concentration, if we may allow the use of the expression. There are delightful little bits of delicate graceful humor or pleasing fancy on every page. The epilogue—At

score—is very tender and very pretty. The fact is to be regretted that the fields of Spanish literature, so rich in materials for the poet, have not been more touched. Mr. Aldrich shows us here that he feels the spirit of the people; it is to be hoped that he will interpret more for us.

*Modern French Readings.* Edited by William I. Knapp, Street Professor of Modern Languages in Yale College. Boston: Ginn, Heath & Co. Price \$1.50. For sale by Judd.

The flattering recognition which Professor Knapp's previous modern language text books have brought him will assuredly lose nothing through this tastefully published volume. It is wholly original in presenting the living French of to-day for classroom use, and, in the words of the preface, "furnishing the student with progressive materials for becoming acquainted with the current language of France under the influences that are giving it a new phase of development. To that end the selections have been made with reference to style and vocabulary, rather than to the history of the literature, so as to enable the reader to acquire experience in popular, social, every-day terms and idioms."

*American College Fraternities: A Descriptive Analysis of the Society System in the Colleges of the United States, with a detailed account of each Fraternity.* By William Raimond Baird. Second Revised Edition. New York: Frank Williams.

In this edition the entire work has undergone careful revision. Its novel peculiarity is a further elaboration of the discussion in defence of American College Fraternities, in which the author opposes the view of ex-president E. E. White, of Purdue University, and Messrs. H. L. Kellogg and E. E. Aiken. Statistics have been tabulated anew in such a form as to make the book very convenient for reference. It should occupy a place in the library of every fraternity man.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

*Purgatory and Paradise.* Translated by the Rev. Henry Francis Cary, M.A., from the original of Dante Alighieri and Illustrated with the Designs of M. Gustave Doré. New Edition, with Critical and Explanatory Notes. New York, London and Paris: Cassell & Co., Limited. Price \$6.00. For sale by Judd.

*Judith: A Chronicle of Old Virginia.* By Marion Harland. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Our Continent Publishing Co. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. Price \$1.50. For sale by Judd.

*A Great Treason: A Story of the War of Independence.* By Mary A. M. Hoppus. New York: Macmillan & Co. Price \$1.00. For sale by Judd.

*Arius, the Libyan: An Idyl of the Primitive Church.* New York: D. Appleton & Co.

*The English Grammar of William Cobbett,* carefully revised and annotated by Alfred Ayres. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

*Grey Hawk: Life and Adventures among the Red Indians.* Edited by James Macaulay, A.M., M.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Price \$1.50. For sale by Judd.

*The Jewel in the Lotus: A Novel.* By Mary Agnes Tinker. With Illustrations. By Thomas and Helen C. Hovenden. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Price \$1.50. For sale by Judd.

*Laura: An American Girl.* By Elizabeth E. Evans. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Price \$1.50. For sale by Judd.

*Felicitas: A Romance.* By Felix Dahn. From the German of Mary J. Safford. New York: William S. Gottsberger. For sale by Judd.

"*Her Seconds Part.*" *English as she is spoke; or, a Jest in Sober Earnest.* With an introduction by James Millington. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. For sale by Judd.

*The Oyster Epicure.* New York: White, Stokes & Allen. Price 30 cents. For sale by Judd.

*Taxation: A Plain Talk for Plain People.* By James H. Canfield. New York: Society for Political Education.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

Our western exchanges are an odd set, very odd. With their lofty names such as *Volante*, *Argonaut*, and *Occident*, and their soft shades of crimson, strawberry, Etruscan red, and mildewed peach, they make a marked contrast to our eastern papers. But not in this alone does their oddity lie, but in their contents. There is a certain pungent originality about them which startles while it fascinates. Evidently in sympathy with the modern French school, the realistic, they even outstrip their models. Strength is preferred to grace in expression and certainly they attain a telling forcibleness. Of this school the *Berkeleyan*, staggering under the motto, "Westward the course of empire takes its way," is the best example, and we will quote a bit or two to show by contrast how effete and distanced we of the East are. Mark the sweet purity of the inspiration which the lovely month of October has called forth:

## OCTOBER.

O ! lovely month thou com'st again  
 With plenteous showers of welcome rain.  
 With welcome rain to lay the dust  
 O'er which I've torn my hair and cussed.  
 Ah ! now can I with air benign  
 For two weeks wear the five cent shine  
 And on my cuffs no more will get  
 A dingy rim of dirt and sweat.  
 By deftly turning them I can  
 Outwit my Chinese laundry man.  
 My collar, too, which oft I've felt  
 In yellow wrinkles round me melt,  
 Will stand erect, nor resent to say :  
 " I'm getting old, I'm growing gray."  
 O blissful thought ! October dear,  
 You yank the bun of all the year !

How deep too must advice sink into the mind of the reader when worded with such eloquence as this : " When you see a vindictive man, do not disturb him. Let him root over your private affairs with his *cankered* tongue. Let him dip his poisoned pen into a well of bigotry, prejudice and perversity. Let him goad his relentless hate to madness and let him writhe out his malice to his heart's content. Smile serenely and pass him by. He is only a crawling reptile stinging himself to death. Let him fester in malice and go down to a gangrened grave." With what a subtle and delicate force is the habit and evil of drinking conveyed in these lines :

" A sultry clime,  
 A half a dime,  
 A student's thirsty throat.  
 \* \* \*  
 A hotter clime  
 Will scoop in time  
 A played-out whiskey bloat."

And could anything exceed the realistic power and truth of this gem :

#### ODE TO A PAIR OF PANTS.

The spots of grease ! The spots of grease !  
 Where gravy drippings lodgment made.  
 Where fell the pork on its release,  
 Where butter, soup, and coffee stayed.  
 Eternal dust adorns them yet:  
 I'll never get them clean, you bet,  
 Therefore I will donate them to charity.

We have quoted these from no spirit of emulation, for surrounded as we are by the repressing influences of civilization, such whisperings of originality are early crushed, but to show what man can do when unfettered by the bonds of society and good taste.

We clip the following :

#### A REMINISCENCE.

On a summer's day, a shady nook  
 Under a murmuring tree,  
 And far away from the fretful world,  
 Is a paradise for me.  
  
 And a modern dryad by, to read  
 In a voice so dreamy and sweet,  
 Some quaint old legend of times gone by,  
 As I listlessly lie at her feet.  
  
 And when, in the gathering shadows dim,  
 I build my castles in Spain,  
 And think of the days that now are gone,  
 I would it were summer again.

*Argo.*

Also this as a hint :

#### THE SENIOR.

BY A FRESHMAN.

I watch him pass along the walks,  
 And tremble at his stare ;  
 I mark the cane he proudly swings,  
 And his distingue air.

I wonder at the awful calm  
In which he smokes his pipe :  
In almost every living thing  
He is my prototype.

With features long, and lips compressed,  
Adown the chapel aisle  
He moves in silent majesty,  
A synonym for style ;  
And if I watch as many do,  
They say that I erewhile  
Will see his whiskers gently twitch,—  
Will see a Senior smile.

I wonder whether I shall reach  
The height from which he frowns,—  
The wonder and the majesty  
Of all our college towns.  
In adoration and in awe  
I run my daily race,  
And strive with earnest steps to climb  
To that exalted place.

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No. III.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED  
BY THE  
Students of Yale College.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS  
Cantabunt Scholæ, unanimesque Patres."

DECEMBER, 1883.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale College. This Magazine established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Forty-Ninth Volume with the number for October, 1883. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued monthly from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at Gulliver's. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, whether in regard to the editorial or the business management of the periodical, must be addressed to the EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, New Haven, Conn.

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No. 4.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '84.

REGINALD FOSTER,

HARRY M. PAINTER,

EDWARD C. GALE,

HARRY W. PROUTY,

HENRY M. WOLF.

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COLLEGE MEN IN BUSINESS.

THE day of graduation is accepted as the great diverging point in the life of the college man. In the earlier years of the course he may have thought little of any subsequent pursuit. Then the demands of the hour were too exacting, and tastes and opportunities too vague to admit of the choice of an occupation for life. But sooner or later the time will come when mental questionings of this kind can no longer be held in abeyance, and the specific, "What shall I do on quitting the halls of learning?" must be met and answered. On the one hand there are the many well-worn professions, of which theology, law, medicine, and journalism have hitherto claimed the largest proportion of the graduates from our colleges and higher schools. On the other hand are the various manufacturing and commercial industries, which, although at present less inviting to the college-bred are more typical of the world at large.

It has long been the popular notion among aspirants for university degrees, that no calling is becoming to the educated man which reduces him to the level of the ordinary,



philistine work-a-day world. Four years of liberal studies have scarcely prepared him to engage in the modest and dull routine of business, where little more than the technical art of methods and accounts, and a low order of intelligence for the best of a bargain are involved. He is now no creature of mere vulgar, common clay; for, inasmuch as his spirit has been touched with a vital spark from the altar of knowledge, his mind is capable of finer issues than before. Hence he must mount up higher than the masses; minister to higher social needs than the majority of his fellowmen; and perhaps improve the world a little. In fine, your collegian is no longer merely but changed by some subtle alchemy of books and espionage of instructors from the callow youth of preparatory days to a most remarkable being of a "special divine." To find a calling in full harmony with his new existence, he naturally turns to a profession, for here, he thinks, lies the secret of wealth and all distinction, and only awakes from his day-dreams, too late to reconsider the choice. Frequently the influence of friends, who are ambitious for his success, but misjudge his real ability, is more at fault than the judgment of the student himself. The idea of winning professional rank through the medium of high intellectual attainments is indeed very plausible and tempting, and few young men enter college whose parents do not hope to see them sooner or later occupying enviable positions in the pulpit, or at the bar, or in some other leading situation, no less difficult of access. It is well known that of all the professions law attracts by far the greater number of Yale men to-day. But facts are by no means far to seek which show that it is almost impossible for a young lawyer to maintain himself, however brilliant his abilities may be, without good antecedents; and the chances of reaching anything like legal prominence are, at the best, extremely doubtful.

In theology and medicine the strife is much the same; there is no new profession. Many there are, doubtless, who have the funds necessary to enable them to labor in unproductive fields long after leaving college, with

promise of fortune at middle age. Others may be rapidly advanced by the professional influence at their command. But most men need an avocation which is at the same time lucrative and progressive, and for such, it seems to me, there are far-reaching possibilities in the growing enterprise of our large mercantile centres. The fact that increasing numbers of Yale men are now pursuing well-defined and successful business careers is the strongest evidence in proof of this. Whereas many are languishing without employment in the professions, scarcely a single instance can be cited in which a graduate has failed of immediate success in business. In view of this, professors and alumni are often enthusiastic in recommending business to under-graduates who are meditating a more intellectual pursuit.

The wisdom of such a course becomes still more evident when the many aspects of a life of commercial activity are duly considered. There was a time long past, when the tradesman so-called, was held in disrepute, as one of the menial elements of society; when people even in this country, where men of all classes have always stood so nearly on a footing of equality, regarded him with distrust, as a kind of adventurer—a parasite on the body corporate. How different the state of the merchant of to-day! It is scarcely too much to say that his social relations with the world outside are now of the most agreeable that exist between men and men. Viewed from a material standpoint, he is supreme—the moneyed prince of our times. Where in public life do we hear of more eminent and influential men than those who have shown tact and ability in the acquisition of wealth in a commercial way. In politics, there is an imperative demand for men who are competent to deal with the economic questions of the day; whose material interests are identical with those of the people; and who are therefore largely qualified to adjust legislation to expanding industries. To meet this requirement, many business men have been called upon to act as law-makers, and serve in other positions of honor within the public gift.

Thus it is that the higher culture of the college become a great advantage to the business man, and attitude toward education is consequently more favorable at present than ever before. There are now few traces of the old-time opinion that much learning unfits a man for the rudimental duties of a salesman, clerk or agent in whatever department. On the contrary, Broadway merchants who have been close observers of college graduates affirm that they are more systematic in all little matters, more accurate in their knowledge of men and things, and more efficient in every respect than the less liberally trained.

The tendencies here at Yale are, on the whole, calculated to strengthen men in those positive moral qualities which are the essential factors in successful business life. Then, too, the democratic spirit of our enthusiasm; the perfect system in athletic, literary, and social organizations; the constant attrition of mind and mind, within as well as within the classroom—all indicate that the academic of to-day has little in common with the blooded ascetic of the campus fifty years ago, notwithstanding our proverbial conservatism. The student is now less remote from the activity of outer life than formerly, and less in advance of its refinement and culture. Therefore sooner he ceases to establish his ideals above it, to measure what he is to do hereafter by his aspirations rather than by what he has accomplished in the past, and more assured will be his success.

## INEZ.

*(A Legend of Madrid.)*

A hundred tapers lit the vaulted room  
Where the fair Inez lay robed for the tomb,  
And the grim portress silence kept the door,  
To ope for song and laughter nevermore.  
The muffled echoes of the watchman's feet  
Sounded in measured cadence from the street ;  
Anon his voice pitched in a hoarse "All's well,"  
Answering the hooting owl, unheeded fell,  
Nor broke the sleeper's rest who oft erewhile,  
Was wont to hear the challenge with a smile.

Beside her stood the artist all alone,  
Unheedful of the mournful night wind's moan,  
That gently through the latticed casement stole,  
Like the last requiem for a parted soul,  
And voiced a grief that lay too deep for tears,  
A love that scorned the manacle of years.

Long, long the living stood beside the dead,  
Careless as she of the long hours that fled :  
His tearless eyes light with a fevered light,  
Deep in their sockets burned unnatural bright,  
While jealously he watched the warm light fall  
In golden radiance on the brodered pall,  
Kissing the silent lips, and brow, and hair,  
As though it loved to linger gently there,  
And with its soft caresses strove in vain  
To woo the maiden back to life again.

From this dull apathy the artist woke :  
No sob or voice the breathless silence broke.  
The fire that sparkled in his hopeless eye,  
Blazed for a single moment bright and high,  
Then sank again, its fierce unnatural glare  
Quenched in an icy flood of cold despair.  
Pencil in hand, his canvas near he brought,—  
With reverent fingers at his picture wrought,  
And slowly, line by line, the long night through,  
Like an unfolding flower the fair face grew  
Till Inez lived,—with laughter as of old  
Mocking her other self so still and cold.

The tipling lights grew faint and, one by one,  
 Flared and went out, each as its work was done.  
 Inez slept on and by her side, at last  
 Her lover sat in silence wrapped, as fast.  
 Forth from the casement at the flush of morn  
 The drowsy watchman saw a shadow borne,  
 Grow indistinct and slowly fade away,  
 Dim in the rising mists of early day.  
 "It is a wraith" he said, and counted o'er  
 Full twenty *aves* on the beads he wore.

'Tis many a long day since the artist kept  
 His lonely vigil where fair Inez slept;  
 Yet oft his wand'ring spirit comes again,  
 Like some lone pilgrim to a sacred fane;  
 And oft the watchman sees, when morn is nigh,  
 A shadow floating from the window by;  
 And circled by some dim mysterious spell  
 Crosses himself the while he cries "all's well."

*Edward Wells, Jr.*

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## PARSON LOT.

A HIGH forehead, deeply seamed by constant and severe thought, shaggy brows and whiskers, thin, firmly closed lips, and clear, piercing eyes are the distinctive features of the rugged, stern, homely face whose portrait lies before me as I write. A face which can by no possibility be called handsome, but which is yet magnetic; which in its strange irregularity of feature contains no line of weakness; in short, the face of a man bound to influence those about him, and that mightily, either for good or evil, for upon one side or the other he must throw himself, body and soul. Neutrality, for a man possessed of the spirit which shines in every lineament of such a face as that, is a moral impossibility. Such is the portrait which Jeans has left us of the man whom we English readers of to-day call Charles Kingsley, but whom the workingmen of 1848 knew as Parson Lot. It is to the period of his life in which he worked and wrote under

that name, that I believe we owe our clearest proofs of Kingsley's true nobility of character; yet what he wrote and did during those few years has been most severely dealt with by his critics, and most apologized for by his friends. At the time of his death scarcely an obituary appeared without some half apologetic notice of his connection with the social troubles of 1848. We can afford to neglect the critics' opinion of a man—caviling is their trade—but that some who profess to admire Kingsley's life as a whole, should take exception to that particular portion of it in which I cannot but think he worked the hardest and most disinterestedly for his fellow men, is a fact which we cannot pass over in silence. There appear to me but two alternatives in passing judgment upon the work of Parson Lot. We must either decide that the work done by him for the London lower classes, was done in all love for them as his fellowmen, and in all Christian sympathy for their misfortunes, wrongs, and degradation, or we must own to ourselves that Kingsley was a hypocrite, working not for the good of those around him, but for his own selfish ends—notoriety and power over the people.

No doubt the severest of his critics would protest against such a construction being put upon his judgment of Parson Lot. But I can see no neutral ground and am driven into accepting one opinion or the other. Let us look for a moment at the character of the man and see in what way the peculiar circumstances by which his young manhood was surrounded would most naturally influence it.

We are told that Parson Lot was an enthusiast, and we are perfectly willing to admit it; but we are not willing to admit what the critics would evidently have us believe, that enthusiast is, or ought to be, a term which men should shun as a synonym of fanatic or bigot. Few words could better express the secret of the success of Kingsley's life work. Ingrained in his fiery nature there was a profound hatred and contempt for the modern theory that enthusiasm is ill-bred and that we should cul-

tivate a sublime indifference for all things human and divine; a theory, which if consistently followed out, would have us believe that the stagnant pool is better than the running stream, and that the man who wraps himself up in his selfishness and cares nothing for the lot of those about him, is the model after which we should pattern our lives.

To a man of Kingsley's enthusiastic and sympathetic nature silence was impossible in view of the sin and misery which he saw about him:—a degree of sin and misery of which we have scarcely a conception. The physical suffering of the laboring classes in some parts of England at the time of the Chartist movement may be paralleled in Ireland to-day; but the moral condition of the laborers in the agricultural districts, and to some extent in the cities, has so improved since that time, thanks to the self-denying labors of such men as Maurice, that we rejoice at our inability to point out a parallel at present among the same class. Kingsley had seen with his own eyes the degradation of the poor both in London and in the country, and felt as he went about among them that a change must soon come in their condition. He appreciated the influence which French revolutionists and agitators were exerting upon the crowded masses in cities, and understood to a greater degree than most men the activity to which minds long unaccustomed to think for themselves were being aroused by the propagandists of Socialism. Mighty forces were at work in the mighty mass of the laboring classes; forces which, if guided aright, might be the means of untold good to rich and poor alike; but which, if allowed to run riot or be enslaved by demagogues, might make London streets as red as those of Paris and institute an English reign of Terror.

Kingsley, upon entering the arena at this time as a pamphleteer and novelist, must have found himself in a peculiar position, the difficulties of which his critics, through carelessness or willfulness, seem to misjudge. He was a man of refinement and culture, to whom the good opinion of the cultivated and educated class of his coun-

trymen was of the highest importance. He would have naturally shrunk from writing or saying what could alienate that esteem. Yet he must have known that, while society continued to be what it was at that time, no surer way to forfeit the good will of the upper classes could have been found than the pursuit of the course of conduct upon which he was entering. But with Kingsley the question was not one of like or dislike. The time had come when the espousal of the people's cause had become a duty: he knew his own powers and felt himself responsible for a right use of them: the needs of those about him were patent: he felt that he could, in part at least, by tongue and pen supply those needs, and so threw himself into the conflict with all the ardor of his fiery nature. Yet he did not strive blindly. His eyes were not closed to the danger which confronted the champions of the people's cause, if they looked only to the end and cared nothing for the means. How strongly he felt this is shown by page after page of *Alton Locke*. It is this that separates him (and the separation is wide and clearly marked) from the vulgar demagogues among whom some would apparently like to number him. It is the distinction between the Reformer and the Revolutionist.

No portion of his life illustrates more clearly Kingsley's absolute fearlessness. The mere fact of his writing for the people and the people's cause at such a time is sufficient evidence that, however much he might desire the esteem of the upper classes, he did not fear their censure when in the discharge of his duty. But if the act of writing proves that he was no time-server, what he wrote clears him equally from the suspicion of demagogism.

When he tells the people through the mouth of Mac-kaye "That they're the slaves o' warse than priests and kings—the slaves o' ain lusts an' passions—the slaves o' every loud-tongued knave and mountebank that'll pamper them in their self-conceit," and tries to teach them "that the cause o' the people is the cause o' Him that made the people, an' wae to them that tak' the deevil's tools to do His wark wi'," it is not with the voice of one



striving after popular favor and applause. He speaks rather as a father, who loves the people and because he loves them does not spare their sins. His message to rich and poor alike is:—You have both sinned against each other and against yourselves. Repent, forgive and be forgiven, and live hereafter not as enemies, but as brothers, mutually helping and being helped. Then, and not until then, will Freedom, Equality, and Fraternity be exalted to their true place throughout the world.

The spirit of the above will have been misconceived if it is thought to be an apology for Parson Lot and what he did. It is rather a protest against the tendency fostered by our numerous reviews, to accept as final the critics' opinion of a man without an impartial and careful examination, not alone into *how* he wrote and worked, but, so far as may be, into the man's inner life, conscientiously weighing with ourselves his motives and his deeds. Especially is there danger in accepting the verdict of literary critics upon the life and work of a man like Kingsley. We would not attempt to palliate his faults as a writer, even in those works which it seems to us have done the most good. But we do protest against the sentence of visionary fanatic which some have tried to pass upon him for the work which he did in connection with the Chartists. His lot, like that of many a man whose ideal has been too lofty for the comprehension of those around him, was to be for a time misunderstood and misjudged. But we trust that such misapprehension will pass away and men will learn to weigh justly his failings and his virtues. Let prejudice yield this much and we have no fear for the result.

*Edward M. Chapman.*

## EUGENE ARAM.

The shadows close about me, and the cloud  
Of dark suspicion on each forehead lowers.  
What care I, who have found my life in proud  
And godlike knowledge, lofty thought that towers  
To worlds beyond the zenith of their ken ?  
Yet there's a doubt ; away, torment me not !  
Can I be wrong, and right the herd of men  
Who count my deed a black and awful blot  
That naught but death wipes out ! I am alone,  
Betrayed e'en by my dreams ; despite firm will,\*  
My thought, escaping reason's thrall, makes moan  
Within a mind's dark, fearsome chambers chill,  
And gropes to grasp its guides, rebellious dreams.  
Only the thread of reason, o'er my head,  
Sustains remorse's heavy sword that gleams,  
Eager to plunge a soul in torments dread.  
Yet that thread still may last. His brutal gold  
I took to aid the knowledge of mankind.  
I wronged him, say they ? But do they not hold  
That through death wisdom here denied we find ?  
'Tis false ! Can thrust of brute-blade make the fool  
More wise than all earth's sages ? Is the pain  
Of death of knowledge infinite the school  
That mightiest minds of ages sought in vain ?  
The rock of self-approval where I stand  
Is crumbling 'neath a flood of doubts ; ah me,  
In vain, for tokens of a safer strand,  
I strain my eyes across the sunless sea.  
Dread fate hangs grim above : soon will my name  
By pitying lips be breathed no more in prayer.  
Grant, O ye Powers, that my last flickering flame  
Of hope, die not in ashes of despair.

*C. W. Pierson:*

## THE CONCORD SAGE.

THE nineteenth century, though marked by its discoveries and inventions as the century of social progress, has developed among the people a lack of individuality and a willingness to be led by authority. Especially is this the case in our own country: for, although it is the American's boast that he has the right to speak his mind on all occasions, and granting that he does it, there is probably no country, equal to us in civilization, in which the minds of individuals are less likely to step out of their ordinary path. In our amusements and our work we go in great flocks. Is there need of machinery? One inventor will not suffice; the whole nation becomes inventors. Is there a discovery of gold? Then New England emigrates to California. Everything is entered upon with a crowd. The Tweed ring rob the city of New York and individuals submit until the people rise in a body. Unless the touch of elbows is felt very little is done. Naturally this lack of individuality places the standard of success on a money basis. To be worth a million dollars is every man's ambition. Gold is the slogan of the nation from Wall St. to San Francisco. Everything is sacrificed to this Moloch of trade. The best minds in the country, turning from politics and the arts, bow down before its altars. Even our national legislators represent business interests, rather than great principles. In the rush of trade the Muses are roughly jostled. Music, poetry and the productions of the fine arts, must usually bear the mark of foreign workmanship. Our writers still find their best field for labor in satisfying the passion of their countrymen for information concerning foreign customs. We wish to borrow from abroad a culture which we think we have not time to develop among ourselves; as one would borrow a suit of clothes, so as to be able to lay aside his home-spun with his work, and appear a little better than he really is. But at the root of all, fifty years ago, and probably also

at the present time, was the tendency towards materialism, if not professedly, at least in the common way of regarding every-day life. German literature, then, was not read outside of Germany, except by a few scholars, and the only philosophic works which found their way into this country, were materialistic in their influences. Such a philosophy is peculiarly adapted to be taken up by a people so eminently practical as ourselves; and moreover, the progress of scientific investigations and our French sympathies combined to aid any tendency in that direction. Religion was too seldom carried into life, and too seldom exerted any great influence over one's business; but its dogmas were believed more on authority than from faith, and it was conformed to more from force of custom than from conviction. Men were burdened by a dualism, a second self, which clung like the Old Man of the Sea upon Sinbad. The people needed a philosophy which might oppose materialism on its own ground, a philosophy to carry into their lives: they needed faith, a faith which would not oppose scientific facts, but see in them only further evidences of a divinely ordered universe. To this end, transcendentalism arose in New England. With the best literary men and leading thinkers in the country as its supporters, it seemed as if it must have a brilliant future before it; but in a few years, though having already attained a wide celebrity, it sank out of sight as a power with almost as great rapidity as it started up. The reasons for its failure do not concern us here, but it has at the present time, passed entirely away. Its prominent place in the history of American thought, is due chiefly to the fact that there was closely associated with it, one of the most remarkable men that this country has yet produced.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, whatever else he was, was a true man. Gentle, sympathetic, and of a most delicately constructed organization, he seems always animated by a spirit strong and sturdy, which at times could be as stern and inflexible as fate itself. With a deeply religious nature, which never separated religion from life, he com-

bined an independence of thought, which freed him from all dogma. Not since Milton can Puritanism show so lofty a mind, so keen to perceive the smallest particle, yet so far-visioned as to be able to see beyond all the bounds which tradition has drawn. His quiet life was never ruffled by storms within or without. When his convictions changed, so as to make it necessary for him to leave the communion of the Unitarian church, he went through no mental conflict. All change with him seemed to be the result of a continuous growth, which never jarred him. When he drew down upon himself a storm of hostile criticism, conscious of his own integrity, he bore it with the same calmness. He had the Puritan's indomitable will and fearless courage, which would speak its convictions be they never so unpopular. Yet he never entered into controversies. What he thought, he spoke, and would let the statement, when spoken, support itself. A true son of New England, he inherited a strong patriotism and love for American institutions. He recognized the unprecedented opportunities which this country possesses, to build up a State which shall be beyond anything yet experienced on the earth. But while he prophesied for it a great future, like Lessing in Germany, he saw that a nation's culture must be native, and that foreign standards must be overthrown, before progress can be made. No nation ever produced a great master-piece in literature, music, or the fine arts, unless it was the result and embodiment of a culture truly her own. The most glorious period of every nation's history, has always been the time when it was most truly itself. It is by staying at home, and working out her own destiny, free from foreign customs and prejudices, that America must attain her highest development. When, then, the transcendental movement started in New England, protesting against the rising power of materialism, and seeking to teach a doctrine of individuality, Emerson early became associated with it, and was, all through its brief course, one of its most powerful supporters.

Transcendentalism has been defined as not a system but

a point of view. Whether this is right or wrong in regard to the whole school, it defines Mr. Emerson's position with exactness. He lacked too much the logical faculty, to be called, strictly speaking, a member of any school. While he thought transcendently and was closely associated with the transcendental movement, he always seemed to speak as an individual to individuals, and never as the partisan of a school. He maintained that what was needed was not systems and dogmas, but freedom of thought and action, which would bring about genuineness in living. He took a stand-point which was his own, and reported his observations without submitting them to be tested by any body of doctrines

At a time when every man felt bound to support each position he chose to take by a syllogism, he had faith in truths which the materialist could not reach through logic; which could not be comprehended in a definition. It was the tyranny of definitions and arguments which he combated, forces which draw men from their proper places, and transplant them into strange and uncongenial soil. The harmony running through all his works, is an appeal to the individual man, to break the iron collar which holds him to the crowd, and to march through life as a unit, and not as one of a chained line of galley slaves. He believed that men are better than they seem. It is the pressure of systems and dogmas too narrow to permit their spirits to expand, which keeps them behind their proper places. Every individual has his own position to fill, and he can only fill it by being himself. Each faculty, if allowed to make itself heard, will demand for itself the highest development possible. No fetters should be placed upon it. It is impious to crush any possibility behind iron traditions. But one person is competent to interpret the still, small voice of a human soul; and that one is he whom it inhabits. Every act, every prayer, should be the genuine response of one's own nature to the all-governing law. The basis of all culture is truth, and truth is infinite. Human weakness demands formulas and rules, and would bring the infinite

down to finite comprehension. Thus life is a combat against boundaries. Don't be consistent, be true. "Consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds." "If the simple man plant himself indomitably on his instincts and then abide, the huge world will come around to him." It is by a renunciation of all not true, of everything foreign to his own being, that the individual moves in perfect harmony with the eternal unity of the universe. Emerson's advice to a young man is, "Room alone, and keep a journal." Every one should have opportunity for thought and uninterrupted intercourse with himself. Thought was his medicine to drive out the disease of conformity. Thought was more real to him than anything concrete. It is the sap which carries the elements to replace the parts chafed by traditions and customs, and to produce the spiritual growth. Thought keeps man from becoming other than himself.

Mr. Emerson contemplated the universe as a whole. He saw in all things and all movements only the parts and attributes of one grand unity. The acts of each and every man are prompted by the inspirations of the cosmic soul through his individual being. As each individual is different, the all-inspiring soul should be manifested differently in each one; yet there is unity behind it all. The growth of the plant, the flowing of the tide, the movement of the planets, the demonstrations of Archimedes and the deeds of Napoleon, are but the manifestations of the same universal spirit through different agents. Each thing is a part of this unity, but different from any other part, and must fulfill its own peculiar mission. There is no such thing as great or small, except in the limited vision of man.

"There is no great, and no small  
To the soul that maketh all.  
And where it cometh, all things are,  
And it cometh everywhere."

He could believe in no absolute evil. The man who suffers is "to take sides with the Deity who secured universal benefit by his pain." Each particle has its mission to fulfill, and all move by eternal law for the benefit

the whole. Out of the fulness of his heart he cries: "Let us build altars to the blessed Trinity, which holds Nature and souls in perfect solution, and compels every atom to serve an eternal end. Why should we fear to be crushed by savage elements, we who are made up of the same elements? Let us build to the beautiful Necessity?" His was a religion of faith—faith in his own soul, faith in the sublime order of the universe.

This peacefulness of mind seems to be communicated to the reader of his works, and it is here that we see the key-note of his influence. His calm assumption that we are in the best possible world, gives one no opportunity to object to his position, and without any effort on our own part, we seem to be raised above the dust and turmoil of a breathless struggle to a quiet atmosphere of purity and sincerity. No longer does life seem a yoke to be crawled under, in order to acquire future joys, but a fact in the order of nature to be happy in, and to be lived with all enthusiasm and hope. The hard unfeeling philosophy of Stuart Mill, earth-sprung and founded on the native rock, seems rude and confined, when compared with Emerson's sublime and comprehensive extent of vision. He found a soul in the cold matter of the universe, and, although he seeks not to confine it within the narrow limits of a definition, he infuses into his reader a belief in its reality. Yet there was a strong practical side to his nature, which kept him from flying up and never coming down again—a feat which many of his would-be imitators achieved. However high his flight he never lost his hold on the earth. If we see Plato in his pages, we also see sentiments that Lord Chesterfield might have uttered. If we read of the Over-soul on one line, on the next we see ideas of practical life, which the shrewdest business man could not improve upon. It is no sugary pabulum that Emerson gives his readers; no frothy idealism, beaten up to satisfy them for the time with the thought that they have found something. He always remained a man who knew that he lived in a real world, and who rejoiced in the fact. The equa-balance of these two sides of his



nature permitted him to venture with importuness where ordinary men would have gone over irrecoverably to one side or the other. In his most advanced transcendental thoughts, there is always a dignity and manliness which must command respect; and in his plainest language a refinement which makes the common-place insignificant no longer so.

The extent of Mr. Emerson's influence is difficult to determine. He left no system, founded no school, ranged his disciples in no organized body. After a life spent in teaching, he left but comparatively few Emersonians, yet his influence has been felt in almost every department of life. His position, free from all dogma, enabled him to reach people of very diverse philosophical opinions. His books have been read, with equal interest by the orthodox and by the heterodox, by the transcendentalists, and by the materialists. What transcendentalism failed to do, he partially succeeded in doing, in his own way. Although trade still draws off, into its barren channels, the best material of the country, and the absorbing interest of the people is still the money question, one who has watched the progress of the times, will doubt that there is an increasing mental activity and a growing desire among the people for higher education and for culture. Emerson's influence is not the least cause of this; but exactly how much ought to be attributed to him cannot be safely said at present. Like the great founder of a German national thought and literature, he has influenced students and thinkers more than the masses; like him, his influence will be more clearly seen half a century after his death. Whether an American Goethe and Schiller are to follow him, remains for the future to reveal. Emerson's influence depends upon the popularity of no school of philosophy. Even though materialism prevail, and to-day it seems as if that were probable, Emerson, the thinker and teacher, must remain an important factor in determining the bent of American thought. But there must live one generation, and still another, before his epitaph can be properly written.

*H. de F. Baldwin*

## POLITICAL INDIFFERENCE.

THE character of the political leaders of this generation is not like the courtly statesmanship of our earlier "kings among men." It has radically changed. Consequent upon this, the modes of government and the methods of administration have changed in kind, if not in name. Constantly do we see the present and so-called degenerate methods decried. Universally do we hear appeals for regeneracy and the elevation of our political standards and measures. In college especially, and among college-bred men almost unanimously, there is constant iteration of regrets for what is not.

The constitution of a country may be written and fixed. Its laws may be unexceptionably distinct. All outward signs may be perfect. But if there is aught lacking in the culture, the breadth of vision, the perfect development of its public men, those who are at the helm and direct the course of the State, there will surely be swayings from perfect accuracy, a constant veering towards extremes. The great body politic will seldom, and then only by chance, move forward as it should to a perfect and symmetrical future.

In the United States of to-day, a more plutocratic and proletarian class have supplanted those who, under the old régime, were the nation's leaders. The road to political preferment does not lie so much as formerly through the people's hearts, but more by their pockets. The college man is apt and quick to recognize this fact. He sees many popular leaders—some of whom hold high positions in the State—who fall far short of his chosen ideals. He notes instances where the baser succeeds and the purer succumbs. Sometimes, if ambitious, he despairs. Oftener, if desirous of obtaining like honors, he determines to use like means; to descend low, if needs be, very low, that he may rise at last. Nevertheless, to emulate what is wrong does not discourage it. To use like means does not better the means, but degrades the one who employs them.

Some, with more hope, believe in the supremacy of education. They have the conviction that, although a man who can neither read nor write may neutralize the vote, his influence can never be equal to theirs. They believe that the truly educated are the best fitted to survive; that nothing can destroy the right. A mere coincidence with this view will accomplish nothing. What is needed is that we college men enter the arena of public life. The strife is constant, the struggle severe; but the rewards are consummate and no feeling can be more glorious than that of toiling for the public welfare. It always seemed to me, that when the Roman knight rode into the gulf, his joy must have been exultant and his happiness complete. There is no necessity for absolute self-sacrifice in any one. It is not necessary to become a professional politician, or to run constantly for office. Indeed, the best results are obtained in the opposite way. The Committee of One Hundred in Philadelphia purified the local politics of that city, reduced taxation, and elevated the standard of political morality there. All were business men; none candidates for any office; but their power was all the more felt, and their influence acknowledged, for those reasons.

In England, educated men strive for the privilege of serving in Parliament without salary. To be a member of the Grand Inquest of a county is considered an honor. Here, the "educated" class shirk jury service, seldom attend primaries and often neglect even to vote. Consequently juries bring in faulty verdicts; the primaries are controlled by the worse elements of society; unworthy and corrupt men are elected to positions of trust and responsibility. Then some of these same men condemn our institutions; others blame universal suffrage and the jury system; many cavil at the "lower classes." Were they to survey the matter properly, they would find that most of the blame rests on their own shoulders. Each citizen has a right to suffrage, jury service, and other political privileges. It is his duty to perform them. He owes this obligation to the State. The "lower

classes," often denounced, perform their duties in this respect most scrupulously. They vote at every election, whether local or national; constantly attend primaries; are glad when they are summoned to serve as jurors. Our "educated" man, who is most honorable in all business dealings and most nice in all social relations, neglects too often his vital and all-important duties as a citizen.

Here in college we are moulding. The exuberancy of youth is vanishing; the responsibilities of citizenship are soon to be assumed. It behooves us fully to realize and consider our political duties. We have been favored so far above the many. More is and should be expected of us than from them. Shall we proudly perform our political duties, or neglect the most precious privileges of manhood?

I firmly believe in our free institutions. I hope for their perpetuity. Their immediate future rests with our generation. The thousands of young men in the colleges throughout our land control their destiny.

*W. M. Speer.*

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## AN OPEN LETTER.

*To the Students of America:*

THE students of Russia are many hundreds of miles in distance from you, but they think of your land and your freedom very often. The same aspirations for the world of books and for an education, animate them that animate you, but in their case, let me tell you, the obstacles to be overcome are vastly greater. Of the Slav people, I am told, you know but little, and but meager accounts reach you, I am also told, of the struggle going on over our vast Empire. The Universities are a peculiar battle-ground for this struggle. It is here that your Western ideas, and your philosophies, and above all, your example, touch our worn-out Slav institutions and our decayed faiths.

For these reasons you can well imagine the Universities are feared and detested by the present government. Though created by the royal power, for Russia has no other power, it is now more out of deference to the opinion of Europe that they are allowed to exist at all. Normally there is a University Senate and a Rector at the head. In reality the Universities are under the direct control of the Czar. It is he who rules us. It is upon his words that our privileges depend. With his will he can change the whole system and method of instruction. Not only this, but he places a military officer whom he calls Curator, in general charge over us, and through him directs the minutest details with an iron hand. The instructors' chairs are not indeed bought and sold, but given to absolutely ignorant members of the military who they were in Nicholas I's time. But the Professors, however learned or talented, under the restrictions of the Czar, are forced into mere educating machines to teach by rote the blessings of a military despotism. They have long since learned to hold their tongues not only upon the subject of the Government, but upon history, philosophy, economics, and nearly every other topic of higher learning. But recently a Professor so bold as to translate your English John Mill was forced to take a long Siberian exile. Only a few years ago, in the study of Roman history, the Roman Republic was required to be either entirely eliminated or else passed over with a general statement that, "after Tarquinius the Roman people became unruly and revolted against the local authorities. A time of hideous disturbance followed until Julius Cæsar appeared." In the interest of Russian "law and order," it was forbidden too at that time to paint Nero and Caligula in anything but rosy colors. Even now France in its Revolutionary period is a blot upon us; and as for Slav history as well might we search for truth there as for honesty in the Government service.

Bad as the effect of this armed suspicion is upon instruction given, upon the students themselves it is even more depressing. Not content with ticketing us off with

all Russia, indeed, by means of passports, the Government even forces on us the ignominy of a uniform which we are obliged to wear, under heavy penalties, at all times outside the University walls. We are treated as natural enemies and spies are set to watch us at every corner. No social position is given us. The army is the road to influence. We are permitted no discussion of local matters, much less matters of public or general interest, such as our magazines and papers teem with. We cannot meet or debate nor even for social purposes, for that is contrary to the military principles of the Czar. But a short time ago a few of us younger students organized a literary club. At not later than the second meeting the dreaded blue uniform of a "dvornik," police-spy, appeared at the door. It is needless to say the club was disbanded and one or two of our members expelled from the University. Think of that, free students of the West! Do you wonder that the Government is unpopular at the Russian Universities? Do you wonder that the power which grinds us down to the level of serfs of the Czar, with only smattering of learning to separate us from the toiling mass, is detested and secretly defied? This is the reason why the Universities are such excellent field for the socialist propoganda; why St. Petersburg and Moscow and Kiev and Odessa and other institutions are furnishing young men to the cause in a never failing supply. It is a right for free discussion and free thought, as well as for constitutional liberties. The "Nihilist" to-day is not necessarily an anarchist or a denier of everything, as I am told you consider him. He may not even believe as the most of us do, however, that the true remedy for Russian ills must extend to the social make-up, according to the new light of Louis Blanc and Lassalle. But he unites with us in the struggle for the abolition of Czarism. Between despotism and liberty, he chooses for liberty.

*Ivan Schouvaloff.*

UNIVERSITY ST. PETERSBURG.

## NOTABILIA.

As a matter of archæological research it may be of interest to the uninitiated to know whence arose the title of "Chi Delta Theta" in connection with the LIT. Chi Delta Theta was a flourishing secret society in its day, established here in 1821. It demanded as a condition of membership, recognized literary ability, much in the same way as its rival, Phi Beta Kappa, which still in a sense exists elsewhere, demanded high scholarship. After the foundation of the LIT. in 1836, the editors were always made members of the society. The real Chi Delta Theta, however, dying out about the year 1845, it was determined to perpetuate its memory by a transfer of its name and traditions to the successive editorial boards of the LIT. Of late St. Elihu hears that some of his young friends show a disposition to mock at the venerable character of his liberties. He would remind them, however, that youth does not always last, that its bloom and freshness must inevitably give way to maturity of years, and then perhaps they too will learn to know the derision of a rising generation.

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TEMPERANCE has been for a long time a vexed and almost hopeless problem at Yale. Our old conservatism is apparent even in this matter. The old customs we seem bound to keep up, good or bad. So that to-day we share the unenviable distinction along with Arkansas and a few other uncivilized communities, of bringing up the rear in all matters of temperance reform. It is scarcely to be doubted, however, that of late years there has been a marked decrease in the actual amount of drinking done at Yale. All this, too, without any formal crusade or even any formal declaration of an adverse sentiment here. Yet the college to-day by its very silence virtually sanctions the habits of its drinking men. So large an evil we firmly believe cannot go on without a single voice raised in open opposition, so far as we know, and not bring dis-

grace upon both the college and college men. We believe there is an opportunity and an urgent one for some sort of a total abstinence society here. It need not attempt any formal blue-ribbon crusade. Such a method is extremely repugnant to college men and would certainly fail. But it could at least crystallize and give voice to the anti-drinking sentiment already among us. It could arrange for addresses from eminent men, from medical authorities, and from others whose testimony on the subject of alcohol college men would respect and take to heart. The least that an organization of this kind could do would be to give underclassmen to understand that such a sentiment does really exist and that drinking is not necessarily a means toward college popularity or college honors. As it is, we are very much afraid the spectre of some such an opinion does really exist.

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A FRESH illustration has come to hand to prove that the narrow-minded and the intolerant are not all dead yet. It seems one of Yale's professors has published a book which did not accord quite exactly with the theological views belonging to the editor of a certain denominational paper. Whereupon the editor rises up in righteous indignation and warns parents from sending their sons to Yale. Carry this same warlike editor back several centuries and give him the power, and we venture to predict our professor would be burning at the stake and the college itself in danger of annihilation. As it is, were not the whole thing ridiculous, it would be a sorry comment on the growth of the spirit of toleration. Somebody has said that "men are able to comprehend the most subtle principles of the universe, but they cannot comprehend how another man can wipe his face in a way different from their own."

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THE establishing of the "loan library" in connection with the optional in political economy seems to us to mark an important change in the methods of college instruction. For by this means the danger of becoming a



"one-book man"—as Dr. Arnold of Rugby termed the study of an author and not a subject—is in a great measure averted. In other words, the student obtains a wider knowledge and hence an increasing breadth of view, learns to discern differences and weigh conflicting opinions. Then, too, the works of the leading authorities in economic science are placed in his hands and many references are given to the best monographs in periodical literature. Consequently an intimate acquaintance with the field of the subject is almost certain. All this tends toward the development of what many say, that our colleges utterly fail to accomplish—namely, the development of thought.



## PORTFOLIO.

—Somewhere I have read the legend that just when the king of gods and father of men had finished dividing the world among the peoples of earth, the poet waking up from a blissful dream, presented himself at the throne of Zeus and inquired for his share. But the portions had all been allotted; nothing, alas! remained for the dreamer, and so to console him Jupiter permitted the poet to make Olympus his home, to dwell with the gods and goddesses all, to share their joys and sorrows. And so, from that time to this, the poet has been supposed to live apart from the world in a clearer atmosphere, amid his glorious creations; but nowadays what a change! The bards are beginning to leave the fabled heights, they are seeking the work-a-day world, the bustle of business, the clang of the forge, the din of crowded cities, in a word, what Goethe terms "horrible realism." They are becoming representatives of an epoch in art, of a school in science or philosophy or a sect in religion. No longer do they soar on outstretched pinions in the empyrean like Horace's sweet Swan of Dirce. No longer do the white-robed priests of the muses idealize all things. Nature still speaks a varied language in most delightful accents; eye still meets eye; hearts still throb wildly, but Poetry,—alas! robbed of her former

charms—Poetry takes her place in the markets, she has become a stepping stone to the peerage, a convenient means for the inexact expression of scientific truth. Rosy-fingered Aurora no longer drives her milk-white steeds athwart the heavens. Phoebus, the day-god, has departed from the poet's sky, ruthlessly driven out by some common-place astronomical theory.

" There sinks the nebulous star we call the sun  
If that hypothesis of ours be sound."

(Imagine the weary Ida! Compare her with some of the less scientific creatures of the poets!) And Diana—what has become of her? Nothing but reflected brightness! Holy light, which Milton—poor, deluded man—hailed as the "offspring of heaven, first born" is no longer looked at through the eyes of the poet, but, separated into its component colors, through the spectroscope. Beauty—as in the Princess—recalls the Copernican system. Poor Arthur Hallam! Did he ever for a moment dream that his death would form a theme for geological theories and weather prognostications? And—but what changes have "the hard-grained muses of the cube and square" not brought about in the poet's mind?

—The use of the railroad as a means of pleasure traveling is a comparatively late discovery. It is only within the past ten years that we have found out at how little expenditure, both of time and money, a trip can be made by rail from the East to Niagara, the Northwest, Canada, the South, or California. Already, multitudes have seized the opportunity of visiting scenes hitherto beyond their reach. In fact, one sometimes finds the fear forced upon him that, in the enthusiasm of the discovery, a good horse is being ridden to death. Such a fear assuredly may cross the mind of him who contemplates family after family or—worse yet—one of the now popular "excursion parties," traveling literally at railroad speed over our continent. A few years ago, I was staying for a few days at a hotel in Quebec, and was awakened early one morning by a steady tramp of feet, a swish of women's garments, and the sound of frequent conversations, loud and agitated. On reaching the lower floor an hour or two later, I found it filled with a crowd of men and women, whose linen dusters contrasted unpleasantly with the cold drizzling rain falling outside. This regiment was but the third division of

an army, which had started from Boston. Their course might have been traced by the string of unfortunates left by the way at New York, Niagara, and Montreal. The survivors, a band of one hundred, were now on the ground to "do" Quebec. Ill-prepared, however, most of the warriors seemed. The men thronged the office, each seeking silent consolation from his cigar. The ladies made the dreary little parlor their headquarters, and eyed with envy the more fortunate sisters, who had secured possession of the sofas. Each woman, in turn, peeped in the glass, and gave ineffective dabs at her back hair. Certainly, lovely woman appears at a disadvantage as a member of a summer excursion party. The ugly dusters were begrimed with cinders. Heavy eyes and contracted brows showed weariness and neuralgia. While the men kept silence profound, the ladies would occasionally sigh with fatigue, and then wonder "where that hack is." Woman's spirit is unconquerable. Now and then, a cheerful little man swung through the room bringing comfort and the odor of guidebooks in the announcements that "the clouds are breaking" and "the house Wolfe died in is only a block away." Finally, the column was started, still under a leaden sky, and then sight-seeing, dinner, more sight-seeing, supper, bed, came in quick succession. Early the next morning, they were off again down the St. Lawrence. The old town, fascinating to every American's eye, faded in the distance; and the men and women, who had come from so far to see it, were carrying away the hazy remembrance of a queer old city with a long flight of steps *somewhere*, and a citadel, and the heights of Abraham; moreover, a very distinct recollection of "how awfully tired I was when I got to Quebec;" and that—that was all.

—"Truth, naked, unblushing truth, the first virtue of more serious history, must be the sole recommendation of this personal narrative." I am very sure that Gibbon says this, at the beginning of his account of himself, for the sake of the apology that every thinking man will make if he persists in displaying his *personnel* to the world, as he would avoid any of that odium which is included under the term "conceit." For I am sure that he saw the fallacy of such a statement, and paused, pen in hand, as became a great, judicious historian, to think how impossible it really was to keep reminiscence altogether free from that fancy, which comes to

the lumber room of the mind, as cobwebs will come in old, deserted rooms. Is the historian to be believed, then, when he says that he loved the interesting Mlle. Curchod, who was only a pastor's daughter, and no match for Edward Gibbon, as his father thought. Could he, if he really loved her, have left her so meekly, so filially and so unloverlike? This obscure *Suisse* becomes afterward Mme. Neckar, the wife of the great French financier. M. Neckar, when Gibbon spends many pleasant hours with this admirable woman, finds no reason for jealousy of his wife's old lover. There is no charm in a lover who could abandon one so coldly and meekly. Yes, I am sure that this episode has had its edges worn away by the years, and that truth, "naked, unblushing truth," is not in this autobiography. But where is this "naked, unblushing truth?" It comes to one almost appallingly that no fact stands out clearly a fact without embellishment, and that all report and every chronicle has a little touch that makes them akin to what some, in proud contemptuousness, like to term romance; as there has been,—I can not bring myself to believe it,—no person so matter-of-fact as to be quite free from fancy. The main fact is there indeed, but the little circumstance, the turn given the fact, varies: *quot historie, tot sententiæ*. When one arrives at this state (and, in view of all the evidence, how can it be avoided?) where is he to turn for the real truth? Was Queen Mary of Scotland a sweet, wronged creature, so beautiful and suffering, or was she wicked, wronging others maliciously, a fiend in the shape of a beautiful woman, as some of the old Calvinists thought her? Was Washington after all only a second rate general, winning military glory through the skill of his subordinates, or was he a great commander? Was Byron so dissolute as he was pictured? There is nothing to prevent the most fearful heresies, if this cynical view is taken. Is it after all only custom that leads us to think Homer a great poet or Shakespeare profound? If no one had told us, would we have discovered it for ourselves? Yes, did Gibbon really love Mlle. Curchod as he assures us he loved the "delicate subject of his early love?" But at this point something in old Sir Thomas Browne, vigorous and virile after the years since it was thought out, comes to mind, saying: Stop, thou fool, who would be clothed as a cynic. "To believe only possibilities is not faith, but mere philosophy," reads this passage

in the erudite *Religio Medici*. One must reach beyond matter of fact if he would find "this naked, unblushing' truth." He must remember that the imagination is often only magnified experience, that it is the province of romance to make bare fact endurable and really the truth. Then after all the grave historian of Rome may have been a most fervent lover—may have sighed and sighed for that fair *Suisse* who as Mme. Neckar was to become the mother of a more fascinating daughter,—she who is known to us as Mme. De Stael.

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### MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Our record this month extends from December 10th to Jan. 19th. New England's snows are deep around us, and nothing arouses interest except preparations for the Promenade and an occasional migration of the college to Lake Whitney.

#### *President's Reception.*

The President gave his first reception to the seniors on Monday evening, Dec. 10th. A very enjoyable evening was spent, as these opportunities for meeting the Faculty in a social way are appreciated by the students. The ushers were Mr. Amour, Mr. Hamill and Mr. Twombly, and from Sheff., Mr. Sheldon.

#### *Yale '87 vs. Harvard '87.*

In answer to a challenge from the freshmen, Harvard '87 declined to play off the tie in foot ball. Their reasons were the probability of being interrupted in their training by severe winter weather and the proximity of their semi-annual examinations.

#### *Concert at Amherst.*

The Glee Club sang in Amherst Wednesday evening, Dec. 12th. After a very successful concert, the club was given a supper by the Epsilon Pi Delta Society of the college. In the "wee, sma' hours" they drove into the Smith College grounds and serenaded the students.

*Gamma Nu Elections.*

The following officers were elected in Gamma Nu on Saturday evening, Dec. 15th: President, G. H. Vining; Vice President, L. K. Hyde; Secretary, H. C. Tracy; Vice Secretary, J. McCormick; Treasurer, D. W. C. Huntington; Censor, W. Brooks. The first editorial board of the *Oracle*, a paper to be read before the society each week, is: Editor-in-chief, W. L. Phelps; associate editors, S. Knight and C. Adams.

*Christmas Praise Service.*

An unusually fine praise service was held in the Chapel on Sunday evening, Dec. 16th. The singing of "The Heavenly Choir" by Mr. Jones, and the violin solo, "Cavatina," by Mr. Kellogg, need not be praised, since their work is always well done. The "Inflammatu8," from the "Stabat Mater," was very finely rendered by Mrs. Robertson, assisted by a double quartette. The service closed with a solo excellently sung by Mr. Tourtellot, S. S. S.

*The Glee Club Accident.*

One of the pleasantest and most successful winter trips of our club was suddenly interrupted by a terrible railroad accident at Charlestown, Ind. The club was on its way to Louisville, Ky., when a wild express train dashed into their special car just as they were about to move away from the station. Mr. Crehore and Mr. Otis Strong, both of the junior class, who were standing near the rear door of the car were very seriously injured. Mr. Crehore's leg was broken in several places, and he was otherwise badly bruised. Mr. Strong's leg was so crushed that it was necessary to amputate it just above the knee. Other members of the club were more or less injured, but none seriously, though some will bear the scars for life. Mr. Crehore and Mr. Strong are now doing well, and will probably recover. Dr. David Yandell, the most distinguished surgeon of the southwest, kindly offered his services, and the people of Louisville have done everything in their power for the comfort and pleasure even of the injured and delayed men. A large audience was assembling in Louisville, and arrangements had been made for a reception to the club by the Hon. Isaac Caldwell. The Louisville people have

also refused to receive back the money taken at the doors. A suit for \$2,000 against the railroad company has been instituted by the club on account of cancelled engagements, and individual suits will follow. Col. John Mason Brown of the class of '57, has charge of the interests of the club in the courts. The railroad company deposited \$500 with the managers of the club immediately after the accident, to defray the expenses of the injured men. The gratitude of the college is due the people of Louisville for their untiring kindness and to Dr. Yandell and Col. Brown who so kindly volunteered their services.

### *The College Yule Log.*

The Cabinet building was pretty thoroughly burned during the holidays, affording some little excitement to a few who were left shivering on the campus. There was delay in sounding the alarm, and the engines had trouble in obtaining water, owing to the snow and ice. The roof and walls remain, and the building will soon be ready for us again. The fire-escape topic now receives the vivifying spark again.

### *Challenge from University of Penn.*

The following interesting document has been received from the boat club of the University of Pennsylvania:

"In the spring of 1882 Yale University, then holding the best title to the intercollegiate championship in eight-oared shell rowing, was challenged by the University of Pennsylvania to an eight-oared shell race. This challenge was declined. In 1883 Harvard University, holding as above the championship, was in like manner challenged by the University of Pennsylvania to an eight-oared shell race, which challenge was also declined. A similar challenge sent recently from the University of Pennsylvania to Harvard University (the present champions) for an eight-oared shell race in 1884 having also been declined, the boat club of the University of Pennsylvania hereby challenges any and every of the aforementioned colleges and universities to row an eight-oared shell race, with coxswains, for the championship of American colleges, over any distance of water and at such time and place as may be mutually agreed upon. Failing to receive an affirmative answer to this general challenge within sixty days we propose to claim the championship of American colleges in eight-oared shell rowing, and will call upon public opinion to sustain us in this position."

*Foot Ball Captain.*

The foot ball eleven met on Monday evening, Jan. 14th, and elected Eugene L. Richards, of the class of '85, captain for the next season.

*Lit. Elections.*

The junior class met on Wednesday, Jan. 23d, to nominate their LIT. editors for the coming year. The informal ballot gave the following names to be voted upon by the formal ballot: H. de F. Baldwin, F. R. Shipman, H. L. Doggett, E. L. Richards, J. C. Bridgman, R. J. Pitkin, Wm. Jarvis, P. I. Welles. The formal ballot resulted in the selection of the following men as the nominees of the class: H. de F. Baldwin, H. L. Doggett, F. R. Shipman, E. L. Richards, R. J. Pitkin. Mr. Welles withdrew his name after the informal ballot. The senior board met immediately, but refused to elect the nominees of the class. A meeting of the junior class was called on Thursday, Jan. 24th, at which the class refused to make any further nominations. According to the provisions of the Constitution of Chi Delta Theta, the senior board then proceeded to the election of their successors. The ballot resulted as follows: H. de F. Baldwin, J. C. Bridgman, H. L. Doggett, F. R. Shipman, E. L. Richards. These men will constitute the LIT. board for the class of 1885.

*The Kent Laboratory*

Mr. A. E. Kent, of the class of '53, has added \$25,000 to his first gift of \$50,000 for a chemical laboratory.

*Junior Appointments.*

The following is the list of Junior Appointments for the class of 1885:

## PHILOSOPHICAL ORATIONS.

Barnes, Springfield, Mass.  
C. Bridgman, Cleveland, O.  
L. Doggett, Kansas City, Mo.  
A. George, Providence, R. I.  
N. Hidden, Cincinnati, O.  
W. Mallon, Cincinnati, O.  
L. Richards, New Haven.  
E. Vincent, New Haven.  
I. Welles, Fayetteville, N. Y.  
H. White, New Haven.  
O. Wiggins, Newburgh, N. Y. 11

## HIGH ORATIONS.

J. H. Booth, Vergennes, Vt.  
C. L. Carhart, Peekskill, N. Y.  
W. L. Cross, Gurleyville.  
J. D. Ferris, Chatham, N. J.  
W. F. Frear, Oakland, Cal.  
J. R. Joy, Groton, Mass.  
W. F. Morrison, Cincinnati, O.  
W. J. Worcester, Albany, N. Y. 8



## ORATIONS.

H. J. Boggis, Cleveland, O.  
 J. C. Flanders, Portland, Oregon.  
 F. W. Francis, Newington.  
 C. B. Hobbs, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 W. Jarvis, Louisville, Ky.  
 D. W. Mulvane, Topeka, Kansas.  
 A. Noyes, Wilmington, Mass.  
 R. J. Pitkin, Denver, Col.  
 G. A. Sanderson, Littleton, Mass.  
 F. R. Shipman, Hartford.  
 O. Strong, Auburn, N. Y.

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## DISSERTATIONS.

J. H. Briggs, Auburn, Me.  
 C. S. Buell, Madison.  
 L. F. Buell, Madison.  
 E. H. Chandler, Auburndale, Mass.  
 H. G. Chase, Lake View, Ill.  
 A. A. Crane, New Haven.  
 G. S. Dickinson, Worcester, Mass.  
 R. Ellis, Peekskill, N. Y.  
 W. A. Hawley, San Francisco, Cal.  
 G. T. Linsley, New Haven.  
 J. S. Pardee, New Haven.  
 J. W. Platner, Newark, N. J.  
 L. F. Robinson, Hartford.  
 J. C. Smith, Brookfield.  
 C. S. Wiley, Charleston, Ill.

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## FIRST DISPUTES.

C. B. Allen, St. Louis, Mo.  
 W. M. Carhart, Peekskill, N. Y.  
 W. W. Crehore, Cleveland, O.  
 C. E. Cushing, Bath, Me.  
 L. Foster, Plainfield, N. J.  
 H. R. Green, Reading, Pa.  
 C. E. Harris, New Haven.  
 R. Macdonough, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 W. Maxwell, Rockville.  
 D. Plessner, Holden, Mo.  
 O. W. Pratt, Salem.  
 G. F. Stacy, Stacyville, Iowa.

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## SECOND DISPUTES.

L. O. Baird, Chicago, Ill.  
 C. S. Dodge, New York City.  
 H. S. Gale, Minneapolis, Minn.  
 D. K. Heaton, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 E. F. Norton, Homer, N. Y.  
 M. D. Ormes, Tuscola, Mich.  
 L. P. Peet, West Haven.  
 W. T. G. Weymouth, Beaufort, S. C.

## FIRST COLLOQUIES.

H. de F. Baldwin, New York City.  
 F. Barnard, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.  
 H. B. Cosgrove, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 W. E. Eaton, Orange, N. J.  
 J. W. Gavin, New Haven.  
 W. G. Green, New Milford.  
 H. K. Harrison, Birdsboro, Pa.  
 C. R. Stiles, East Bloomfield, N. Y.  
 R. S. Storrs, Orange, N. J.  
 W. T. Tomlinson, Georgetown, Del.  
 J. H. Townsend, New Haven.  
 F. Van Allen, Ravenswood, Ill.  
 C. L. Way, Hartford.  
 G. H. Woodhull, Baiting Hollow, N. Y.

## SECOND COLLOQUIES.

E. R. Adee, Westchester, N. Y.  
 F. P. Bachele, Woodstock.  
 W. S. Case, Granby.  
 H. Fresenius, New Haven.  
 H. DeL. Leland, Utica, N. Y.  
 R. A. Sands, New York City.

## Items.

Prof. Richards represented Yale at the recent meeting of college faculties for discussing athletics.—Mr. Wilder, '80, responded to the toast, "Yale in the Present" at the Alumni dinner in St. Louis during the holidays.—The Beta Chapter of *Δ. K. E.* gave a dinner to Dr. Charles Waldstein of Cambridge, England, one of her founders, on Jan. 19th. Prof. Northrop and Prof. Lounsbury were present from Yale.—Mr. C. S. Lyman, '82 S.S.S., was married to M. Louise Burr, at Holyoke, Mass., Dec. 25th, 1883.—A second Glee Club is to be organized from which members will be drawn for the University Glee Club.—Mr. Floyd J. Bartlett, '82, was married to Miss Kitty Hayward, at Warsaw, N. Y., Dec. 25th, 1883.

## BOOK NOTICES.

*George Eliot: A Critical Study of her Life, Writings, and Philosophy.* By George Willis Cooke. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. Price, \$2.00. For sale by Judd.

The critics have paid high though unconscious tribute to the genius of George Eliot, while forbearing any immediate attempt to discuss her position among the great thinkers of her time and people, under the comprehensive title of a biography. Since the first appearance of "Adam Bede," her name has been the theme of essayists and reviewers, and the large number of published papers, some purely critical of her literary art, others philosophical, and still others of the reminiscent type, has very naturally extinguished the enthusiasm of many to bring out such a work as the study to which our attention is now directed. We regret to say that the author's purpose and method of interpreting and criticising the teachings of George Eliot, are in no sense attended with the results we had hoped to see. He has at the best produced little more than a labored compilation of testimony from the various memoirs and essays which we have mentioned, some of which is unsettled and incoherent, and especially that which bears upon her agnostic tendencies of belief. One of the first literary journals of the day dismissed Mathilde Blind's recent biography with a very piteous sneer at her feeble strivings after a solution of George Eliot's scattered theories; but Miss Blind has been more just to criticism, to George Eliot, and to herself than Mr. Cooke, in his utter dependence upon the reviews. The admirers of George Eliot may reasonably demand of her biographer something more than mere lifeless mosaic, constructed from such ephemeral publications. Mr. Cooke, it is true, tells us a great deal about his subject; he has evidently collected all the information at hand. George Eliot was a disciple of Comte, a positivist in philosophy, and he writes discursively of all the indications which show the early influence of this system upon her speculative mental processes. He often returns to this system, for it moulded the entire tenor of her writings no less than it did her philosophy. This is all very well, but it is neither new nor satisfactory. It is in the main superficial. Just what are the reasons of things and what results may be deduced, are questions which do not seem to have been suggested in the mind of the author. To the reader who has not thought for himself, George Eliot's vision of life must still remain problematic. Her mind was intensely analytic, and, although she repeatedly urged her distaste for criticism and analysis, it was the inherent principle by which she lived. "For years," she somewhere says, "I wrote reviews because I knew too little of humanity." But she carried criticism into her study of men. It was her avenue to ideas, and the means she had of absorbing all personalities. Where can a more brilliant and incisive piece of critical writing be found than her contribution to the *Westminster Review* on "German Wit: Heinrich Heine?" Or again, take that trenchant and caustic satire, "Worldliness and other-Worldliness: the Poet Young," published in the same magazine. Such power of dissecting the phenomena of other

minds was not altogether inspired, but rather induced by the vital habit of thought to which she had committed herself.

Throughout, the author is unable to adjust his fragments so as to give work real texture and strength. It lacks that personal equation which is his own admiration for this, the greatest of Englishwomen should supply. It is only at the close, in treating of her method in the novel and her limitations of thought, that he reaches anything like independence.

*Arius the Libyan: An Idyl of the Primitive Church.* New York: Appleton & Co. For sale by Judd.

The author of this little book—whoever he may be; we can predicate nothing of him except that he is an ardent Arian—in choosing for his subject, the life and times of this great man, whose fame as an Arch-heretic is nearly co-extensive with Christianity, has plowed a field almost entirely untilled by writers of his class.

Kingsley alone apparently, among recent writers of merit, has appreciated what a Thesaurus of material for the romantic theologian and philosopher is furnished by the records of the four centuries immediately succeeding Christ. An age about which we know so little, but would know so much. To the readers of "Hypatia," then we would heartily recommend "Arius."

Hypatia and Arius were both characters of whom we know just enough to command our interest and pique our curiosity. Kingsley has grouped them around the former what he could learn and fancy concerning the life, his manners, and philosophy of the Greeks, Jews, and Christians who inhabited the great city of Alexandria, while the author of "Arius," in a more modest way, has tried to do the same for the inhabitants of the Christian colonies which bordered the North African coast. The same, we said—yet with a difference; for where "Hypatia" is philosophical and Neo-Platonic, "Arius" is theological and Arian, if we may be pardoned the seeming platitude.

Let no one suppose, however, that any striking parallel exists between the two. We have ventured to couple them because we believe that they should be read with reference to each other, as the only two books of a popular character, which set before us, in an interesting form, the history of an important epoch in philosophical and theological thought.

The first part of the book is occupied with the early life of Arius, and is necessarily in a great part the fruit of the writer's own imagination. The reason of this very fact we conceive that from a purely artistic point of view it is superior to the latter portion of the work, where the author in his consideration of the events which culminated in the great council of Nicea, is obliged to deal with stubborn facts of history to deal with, and is therefore compelled to write somewhat more circumspectly though less gracefully. The style is always vigorous and generally smooth. A too frequent repetition of certain words and phrases, however, lays it open here and there to the charge of crudeness. Judging indeed merely from the style and plot of the work, we venture to make the prophecy that the writer, when his name shall appear, will be found to be a man of large learning and no little skill in the use of language, but heretofore untried in the field of the historical novel.

There is much in the theological portions of the work which will ex-

violent opposition, especially the author's communistic sentiments and such statements as that, "civilization itself is the author of all crime except murder and lust." But in spite of all the hard things that professional critics may say, we believe that few will read the book candidly and thoughtfully without growing both in mental and moral stature.

*Development of English Literature and Language.* By Alfred H. Welsh, A.M.  
In two volumes. Third Edition. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

Although there has been no lack of books published of late years on English Literature, it has been a matter to be wondered at that among them all there has been no really good comprehensive treatise on this subject as a whole for popular use. Chambers and similar compilers are getting antiquated, Taine is fragmentary and more for scholars' use, while others have dwelt with particular epochs or aspects of the subject, without attempting a complete and systematic account of the whole. Mr. Welsh has had this latter aim in view and has succeeded remarkably well. We cannot well see how for a thorough and painstaking narrative of the development of our literature, for the use of the average Philistine, his work can be much improved upon. Starting with Beowulf he carries us down to Emerson and Arnold. American literature he incorporates with the strictly English, evidently as a true Westerner, regarding America in the realm of letters at least, as one with the mother country. Mr. Welsh also evidently believes that literature has not developed apart from the other forms in which civilization manifests itself. He has introduced very frequently notes and descriptions of the customs, habits of life, and modes of thought of the particular periods he has in hand, making his pages very interesting reading. Special attention, too, has been given to scientific theories and to all the systems of philosophy which at various times have held sway. Mr. Welsh shows too much self-confidence, perhaps, in volunteering to decide between historic schools of thought and in settling a number of great questions. But in the main his estimates both of sects and men are fair and just. The work we think will become a standard one for popular instruction.

*History of Prussia to the Accession of Frederic the Great.* Herbert Tuttle.  
Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. For sale by Peck. Price \$2.25.

The volume before us is a very important contribution to historical literature. Starting with the earliest accounts of Brandenburg, Professor Tuttle traces the development of Prussia through the various stages of her existence down to the accession of the Great Frederic in 1740. It is a work in which the usual course of treatment is somewhat altered, for, instead of being a mere succession of "houses" and kings and wars and treaties, we have—what may appear strange in a history of early Prussia—excellent descriptions of the people. There is the impression of thorough and careful study throughout and in every particular the work seems to come under the class of "scientific history." But let it not be understood that the accuracy detracts from its charms as a popular work. To those who are acquainted with "German Political Leader," or the various papers on German affairs by the same author, which have appeared in the magazines, it will be sufficient to know that there is a similar mode of treatment here. The analysis is admirable, the descriptions picturesque, the criticism keen, and the entire work is interesting.

*Laura: An American Girl.* By Elizabeth E. Evans. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. Price \$1.50 For sale by Judd.

The author of this work has introduced a new feature into the most effeminate novel of which it is a type, in the portrayal of her own strange religious belief. She is evidently an agnostic, and it is doubtless with purpose of enlarging upon her obscure dogmatic tendencies that she has drawn the three most prominent female characters of the story, representing as many phases of religious belief: the freethinker who is the heroine, the High Church devotee, and the Puritanical country girl. Aside from this feature the work is crude, the characterization being carried to an extent not met with in real life. Many details having no direct bearing upon the plot and action are delineated to an unwarrantable degree.

*Rossmoyne.* By the author of "Phyllis," "Molly Bawn," "Portia," Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Price \$1.00 For sale by Judd.

"Rossmoyne" is a book that an insatiable novel-reader might enjoy reading in a hammock, on a hot summer day. It has a few good descriptions of scenery, but otherwise it is throughout intolerably weak.

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## EDITOR'S TABLE.

After bidding our brother exchanges a hearty Happy New Year, we propose, as January is the appropriate month for settlement, to pay the interest which has been accumulating on our bond of endurance for the past year, in criticism payable at sight and certified by the LIT. But to show that there is neither fear nor favoritism lurking behind this discharge of "deferred interest," and lest any should say "why don't you take a fellow of your size for a fellow?" we shall select first the heaviest of our visitors, the *Nassau Lit.* The *Nassau Lit.* is the distinctively literary organ of Princeton, and with the exception of the standing item of interest that "Princeton plays football with more spirit than Yale," which is put in merely to aid the circulation, keeps within its own sphere. The December number opens with a prize essay, "The Effect of the Law of Effect as the Basis of Criticism." An ably written as well as interesting article claiming suggestiveness to the mind of the reader as the true test of literature. And although the theory presented has more of the fancy than the idea about it, yet it is at least a pretty one, as voiced in the conclusion which we quote:

"This law of effect must be the basis of criticism, for the mind is like a Aeolian harp of many strings. Winds play upon it, some in grand harmony, some in gentle murmurs, some strike only a few chords, others sweep over deep strains. So the thoughts presented in literature find response in the chords of the soul." Another article on "Skepticism and Literature" brings us the fruits of some reading and considerable misunderstanding of both the work and their authors, by a somewhat confused and illogical pessimist, who comes finally to the conclusion that "the world may be described as agnostic."

oes not know and does not want to know." We observe in its criticism of our own LIT. that the *Nassau Lit.* recommends to us a story as an improvement. We had thought of this and the theory is a good one, but in view of the very mild stories in this issue of our friendly monitor we object to the practice. We too could—but

"What's done we partly may compute,  
But know not what's resisted."

The *Princetonian*, read after the *Lit.*, seems a trifle coarse perhaps by contrast, and the Prospectus of the different college papers for the coming year lacks the wit to sustain the idea, the only one found in this issue.

The *Brunonian* seems to have only one fault, and that is that it is unutterably stupid. In fact, from cover to cover, within and without, it is *dull Brown*. For instance, this number is chiefly filled with a long editorial on the subject of the "use of a horse," containing all the standard jokes and padded with a few entirely harmless moralizations of equal age. Add to this an account of sugar boiling, which reads like an instructive article in the Boys' and Girls' department of the "Youth's Companion," but which is really a story, and the paper lies before you.

After wading through half of one of the two old compositions which together proved a true *pièce de resistance*, of the *Vassar Misc.*, we gave up the attempt and were content to fall back on the sketches in "De temporibus," which though decidedly feminine in their lack of coherence and rather eclectic than original, yet shine by contrast.

We were rather amused at receiving the *Argo* stamped cheerily on the outside, "Holiday Number," which brought us back to the picture which was belled "this is a horse." However, the number was a good one and contained quite a clever set of stories. We clip the following:

#### RETROSPECTION.

There's a lake among the hills, upon whose calm and peaceful bosom  
The golden-colored sunlight with a deep reflection shines,  
Undisturbed by any ripple, save when stirred by fitful breezes,  
That seem to be comingling with the moaning of the pines.

The years, unwatched, unheeded, have crept slowly by and vanished  
Since with thoughtless steps I turned away and left the lake behind;  
Yet whatever change the world has wrought, has never wholly banished  
The tenderness of memories that still linger in my mind.

For I think of all the early friends, that once in joy and gladness  
With the music of their voices wake the echoes of the spot;  
And the very thought is trained, half in peace and half in sadness,  
With the vision of the lake and all its beauties unforget. Ex.

## A DISTINCTION.

As we wandered one day by the seashore,  
While the wavelets broke at our feet,  
She picked up a sea-shell and asked me,  
In a voice inexpressibly sweet ;  
To listen awhile to its murmurs,  
And the meaning to try and repeat.

I took from her hand the sea-shell,  
And put it up to my ear,  
And answered "Amid its low murmurs,  
There is one sad, sweet song that I hear ;  
It sings it can never be happy,  
Unless its loved ocean is near."

If taken away from the ocean,  
'Twill murmur the livelong day ;  
And lonely, 'twill sigh for the wavelets  
It kissed and caressed in their play.  
Oh, love, my heart is a sea-shell  
That murmurs when you are away.

But she answered, her blue eyes dancing,  
You have read the meaning amiss ;  
If you call me the sea, I'm a wavelet,  
Can't you guess the reason of this ?  
Why, it isn't the sea, but the wavelet,  
That the shell is accustomed to kiss.

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No. V.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



*“Dum mens grata manu, comen laudabile VALERIA  
Catalani Soboles, amantique PATRES.”*

FEBRUARY, 1884.

NEW HAVEN.

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MDCCLXXXIV.



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**THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.**—Conducted by the Students of Yale College. This Magazine established February, 1835, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Forty-Ninth Volume with the number for October, 1883. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the *Notabilia* college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the *Memorabilia* it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the *Book Notices* and *Editors' Table*, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued monthly from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at Gulliver's. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, whether in regard to the editorial or the business management of the periodical, must be addressed to the **EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE**, New Haven, Conn.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '84.

REGINALD FOSTER,

HARRY M. PAINTER,

EDWARD C. GALE,

HARRY W. PROUTY,

HENRY M. WOLF.

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A EULOGY.

IT is with a mingled feeling of homesickness, desolation and actual pain, that we come back to places haunted by the memory of the past where now the stranger's step is heard, and the voices of one's own merry companions ring no more. One sees the old landmarks, the places he knew so well, now swept away or changed. The ever-hurrying wave of progress has swelled over them, stripping them of every vestige of their former glory.

So I remember a home of my youth. It was an old house—two hundred years or more since the first brick was laid—set in among great, wide-spreading elms, whose embracing arms were a shelter in summer and winter alike. It had witnessed the terrors of foreign invasion, and gazed down grimly on the march of the enemy's troops. Hurrying feet for so many years had worn its door-stone all but through. Its blinds were mostly at the convenience of the wind, and occasionally one had a perverse habit of clinging in the wrong place with a perseverance worthy of a better cause. But usually they

exercised themselves quite unrestrainedly, and alike regardless of the morals of the inmates, refused to be restrained. It was not precisely what would be called a trustworthy building. One could not repose that implicit confidence in it which was necessary for perfect peace of mind.

In the heavy storms of a New England winter on a sea coast, it would utter strange creakings and groanings as if all the sprites of the old place were holding high carnival; a species of gratuitous entertainment which, after a while, became quite indispensable. True, now that I think about it, I remember, too, that the bricks had an uncomfortable habit of blowing down the chimney occasionally—mere playfulness however, though it did interfere with the draught somewhat. And speaking of the draught reminds me quite forcibly of a strange fault in the breathing apparatus of the house, a sort of automatic tendency to pulmonary complaints, superinduced doubtless by two hundred years of exposure to inclemencies of the weather. However that may be, whenever the wind came into a certain quarter—which was more than frequently the case—the current of air which I depended for the vivifying influence for my fire, persisted most pertinaciously in flowing from the top of the chimney down and out at the door of my room. The general effect upon the occupants of the room cannot be better imagined than described. These little eccentricities of the house however, were not so troublesome as might be supposed. But I frequently had experiences there which brought me anything but pleasure at the time, and which dispel somewhat the haze of romance which years have thrown about my life there. Even a lover as I am of the old patriarch, must acknowledge that there is something unpleasant in experiencing such an awful uncertainty in the simple act of sitting down. Civilized society usually makes this one of the most satisfactory things a person can do. But in that house there was altogether too much doubt about the probability of maintaining one's equilibrium just at the perilous moment when the will in a measure loses control of the limbs.

chair or table which could stand on all four legs at once in any part of the room would have commanded a fabulous price. Such works of the fairies were rare. The number of angles, slopes, unconformable strata, folds, syncline and anticline, in thirteen square feet of that floor, was marvelous. It made life interesting and exciting; it stimulated the ingenuity to overcome these difficulties, but the complete absence of stability in every article of furniture tended more or less to destroy one's faith in the permanent equilibrium of the universe. Naturally, rocking chairs were sedulously avoided. The possibilities within their reach approximated too nearly to the infinite. The only redeeming feature about these distinctive characteristics of the house was the fact that its well-known propensities proved too much for even the brazen courage of the mighty army of book agents, headed by the ever-recurring, omnipresent Guizot man. The phrenologist was the only one zealous enough for the welfare of his fellow man to venture his life therein. Nor was it safe for everyone to be found in the house. Blood-curdling tales of capture and long confinement, of torture and release after wholesome warning, were once rife. The means of defense against intruders were motley and unique. A burly negro beggar was met on the stairway one night immediately preceding several stray coal scuttles, groping his way down as fast as possible murmuring, "Oh Lord! Oh good Lord! just once let me out o' this!" Time seemed not to hang very heavily on his hands just then, and he was never afterwards seen begging for old clothes.

The inmates lived in a charmingly primitive state of community of interests and property. What belonged to one belonged to all. No one ever went hungry, none ever went without a fire while food or fuel were in the house. As happy, open-hearted a party they were as ever enjoyed youth. But alas, now all is changed! The decree went forth and nothing was left but to obey. The blinds were hung straight, endowed with new fasteners and adorned with a fresh covering of green. Even they

have lost their freedom and former graceful *abandon*. The window sashes and casings are newly painted. No door stones supplant the ones which our fathers trod. Even the roof has taken to itself a coat of respectable brown paint. No longer do the stairways afford one unlimited opportunities to cripple himself for life. No more is the dark, echoing cavern just beneath the eaves the refuge of the hunted fugitive from a hard-hearted, unrelenting justice. Even the rats have submitted to an honorable fate. Their playful chippering and scurrying no longer soothes the weary sleeper. They, at least, cannot endure the innovations. Some have sought the "happy hunting grounds;" some have gone to "pastures new and meadows green." There is no more need then to hang one's shoes upon a nail at night as in the good old days of yore. In short, South Middle has "put away childish things," which means that she has lost her individuality. She is now no better than anyone else. Her once pre-eminent position as the oldest building on the campus and the home of the merry sophomore, is known no more. Nevertheless again will the freshmen see in her a bottomless pit of unknown horrors, nor to the junior will she be the happiest spot upon the college green. Now all night her rooms are quiet, like "banquet hall deserted." The once incompressible trunk and coal scuttle never bound down the stairways with a merry leap and clatter. The belated student meets neither obstacle nor friendly welcome. The spirit of South Middle silently mourns and seeks consolation in trying to uphold the dignity which a ripe old age confers. Alas, South Middle! thou who hast suckled thousands of men of a sunny race upon thy bosom! Alas, thou refuge of the hunted, thou home of the careless, happy heart! Thou art gone, alas! South Middle, thou art no more.

## MINNETONKA.

In Minnesota's woodland depths embraced,  
Like mammoth dewdrops glistening on a bank of green,  
A group of lakelets, round with verdure girt,  
Lies rippling, twinkling, in the sunlight's golden sheen.

Sing not to me of Como's charms, nor yet  
Geneva, where, surrounded by her rock-bound steeps,  
The storied Chillon frowns upon the wave,  
And down the towering Alps the sparkling streamlet leaps.

More dear by far, than all of these, to me,  
Through memory of many happy summer days,  
Upon its wave or in its leafy groves,  
Is Minnetonka with its shadowy, winding bays.

Here all is calm and soothing to the mind,  
The gently-undulating hills lure on the eye,  
Receding, with a deeper azure veiled,  
Until, at last, they softly blend into the sky.

*J. G. Holliday.*

## DINAH MORRIS.

THE author of *Adam Bede* showed more than the average courage of authors when she wrote this story. One might reasonably suppose that, writing as authors presumably do, to suit the popular taste, she would have pandered to that taste. It is with a good deal of surprise, therefore, that we find our novelist giving to a world, which had always looked to astounding adventure and excitement as food for its entertainment, a book whose hero is a black-haired village carpenter, and heroine a shouting Methodist with colorless face and pale red hair. Yet such was the author's bold originality. Does Dinah Morris seem an unnatural character? For aught we can say we meet such at every street corner. That was a rough face that passed us just then. It was furrowed with deep lines whose cause we know

full well. But for anything we may say, the owner that face may have borne his toil, his affliction, his anguish with saint-like patience. It is a mistake to call Dinah an unnatural or a rare character. We should come nearer the truth did we say that the small angle of the world which encloses our every-day life does not constantly produce such natures. But the world has a large horizon and our life a short radius. Were we to ignore our own existence and study the common life of common people, we should find men and women who are but a little lower than the angels."

What shall we say then of Dinah Morris, the woman and the preacher? The artlessness of her nature could not fail to strike us at once. It is not too much to say that the society of to-day hardly tends to produce simplicity in our women. People do not say what they mean now-a-days. It is not considered polite. It is a mark of poor breeding to wear the feelings on the sleeve. Yet here comes our little Methodist with never a wish which she would conceal and never a thought which she would not divide with her fellow women. Her ingenuousness is like a sweet perfume which no man can describe, but which every man calls exquisite as soon as he has inhaled its aroma. This absence of affectation coupled too with a vivid imagination, an imagination which, though it discloses to her the hideousness of sin, is yet tempered by a tender woman's sympathy. Moreover, without once hinting that wrong is not wrong, she finds in her judgment of Hester's sin room for charity rather than stern condemnation. The lesson which the sin taught her was not how the poor child differed from the rest of the world, but how the rest of the world resembled her in that every woman in it might fall lower than she did.

This keen imagination, reacting upon the delicate sympathy, produced in Dinah an insight which, for want of a better term, we may style divination. Like a fine-tuned instrument she produces no jarring discord. Of such delicate texture and so finely strung is each wi-

that it conspires with its neighbor to produce a strain which seems to run on the same key with the mind of the tired listener. When poor Hetty is lying in her dungeon and Dinah comes to visit her, this intuitive tact produces an almost magical effect. A single word of censure would have hardened the prisoner's heart. But that word remains unspoken. While we stand at that prison door awe-struck at the keen woman's instinct, we find another quality. It is unselfish devotion. Unselfishness though a cardinal virtue is not superabundant in every-day life. Who discovers it? and when? and where? So rare a blossom is it in the human heart, that we may learn a great deal from the little Quaker as we see her with the sacred message of the divine love on her lips, and the sacred words of divine command in her heart. What one among us has so pure and lofty an ideal that he can overlook the sublime self-forgetfulness of a woman of whom the simple country folk used to say "It is easier to be good when she's around?" Pure self-abnegation even when it is the result of conscious effort is sublime, but when it is the fruit of unconscious, spontaneous benignity it is angelic. When she followed Hetty to the scaffold "Dinah did not know that the crowd were looking at her with reverend awe." No, it was not hers to know it. The supreme virtues are the unconscious virtues. They know not their own fascination.

Her early life, spent as it was amid the quiet solitude of the tiny English village, gave her a very precious gift. It was a faculty of seeing good in evil.

"Sermons in stones,  
Books in the running brooks,  
And good in everything."

The dark side of things had no fascination for her. She found her ideals in the natural beauty around her. The hills, the fields, the trees, the flowers, had articulate voices to her. The hills in their massive repose, the fields with their waving grain, the flowers with their



lingering perfumes, all taught her to look up and told her in turn of the strength and the omnipotence of the power which created them. She was like the herdsman of whom Wordsworth sings.

"In the mountains did he *feel* his faith  
There littleness was not; the least of things  
Seemed infinite, and there his spirit shaped  
Her prospects, nor did he believe—he *saw*."

A character like this is appreciated more readily when it is placed side by side with other natures with which it sympathizes. She is with poor Lisbeth Bede holding the tired hand, wiping away the tears, listening without a remonstrance to the petty, querulous complaints. She is with shrewd, calculating Mrs. Poyser, bearing without a word the invectives against herself and her religion. All through the story she is side by side with Hetty. Hetty with never a thought beyond her earrings and her pretty neck and her bit of "real" lace. Dinah with her plain Quaker's cap and pale lustreless face, never for a minute conscious of the fact that she was after all a pretty woman. Hetty soon fast asleep and dreaming of the wood and the handsome Captain. Dinah on her knees with her God. Hetty in prison, treading alone the bitter, bitter path of shame and remorse. Dinah knocking at the prison door with her message of infinite love.

Perhaps one of the best methods of judging a person's character is to note what the aggregate of his fellow men say of him. Adam Bede in a chance remark gives an idea about Dinah that is worth preserving. He says, "She's one as makes everything seem right she says and does." Old Lisbeth declares "She'd make it easier as dyin' she speaks so gentle, and she looks like the angel in Adam's bible a' sittin' on the big stone by the grave." Bartle, the woman hater, in a voice which sounds as if his throat were full of knots, says, "If there's women to make trouble in the world, it's but fair there should be women to be comforters under it." Arthur Donnithorne, hardly daring to lift his head for shame, says

brokenly, "Give my watch to Dinah, I should like to think of her as wearing it." Little Totty with her subtle baby's instinct comes to her to be comforted, and the poor dog Gyp turns from his broken-hearted master to Dinah and begs humbly to be noticed. She seems like a veritable fountain of life to which humanity comes for what it needs.

It is in the closing pages of the story, however, that Dinah Morris reaches an ideal perfection. All through the last few chapters the question has been trembling on our lips, "Will her consciousness of duty to humanity unfit her for the still more sacred duty of the wife and the mother?" The struggle is one of painful intensity. Desirous only to find her duty, tormented with doubt, at last she discerns the true woman's office. Which one of us can study her character without feeling that she has rounded it out into a fuller, truer, nobler perfection, when, recognizing her dependence on the strong manly nature which has come to claim her, she meets Adam Bede at the threshold and quietly says, "Come in, Adam, and rest. It has been a hard day for thee?"

*E. J. Phelps.*

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## POETRY AND THE IMAGINATION.

WE sometimes hear it said that poetry has long been retiring, step by step, into the background of life; and that the time must come when it shall reach the vanishing point. Those who make this confident assertion, make it with a voice full of regret: and well they may; for pitiable indeed were our lot if we must lose the guide, companion, solace of so many centuries. But, for my part, I cannot find in the tendencies of modern poetry any indication that we need fear its future. There can very well be change without decay. Poetry now may be less imaginative than it once was, but it is still

poetry ; and we must be careful not to mistake for decay of Poetry that which is only decay of the Imagination. All this, however, we shall see farther on.

It has often been remarked that in primitive times when men lived what we now term a barbarous life, the power of the Imagination was all but unlimited. It was with the primitive man as it is to-day with a little child. Who has not, in childhood, idled hours away building castles in the air, or shuddered in the dark from fear of his own mind's creations? Now the child awake is the dreaming man ; but is what the wide-awake, the most thoughtful man was when life itself was young. Homer, if a Homer ever lived, was such an one. In an age like this of ours he could not be : but think of him as he was. A poor, wild Ionian, he stood, perhaps where his feet were lapped by the ripples of the mystic sea, with his head bared to the mystic stars. He could understand, however, nothing of what he saw. Only, watching the ocean he might be reminded of Time "rolling illimitable" by with little lives in its tide ; and the stars, if he glanced above, might seem to smile on his soul like gleams from the casements of some palace of Powers unknown. He could look and wonder, but he could never know.

And Homer was only foremost of a host of such ; he was only one of an age of men that looked with eyes that saw. It is not strange that when they pondered the many mysteries of life and time, which no modern enlightenment can quite penetrate, imagination was born of their wonder. When Homer sang his immortal songs singing as his fancy prompted him, he was but voicing the spirit of his time.

But in later ages imaginative geniuses have been few and far apart. One man portrays with his pen a paradise and a heaven though he can see with his eyes not even this earth ; while another links together harmonies that are all but divine, though unable himself ever to hear them ; but these are exceptions. Taking it all in all, Fancy has been all the time asserting herself above Fancy ; and Imagination is bound with the fetters of Science. The

world is becoming sceptic, critic; all that is, is; has cause and effect; is bound by certain fixed and irrefragable laws. And Philosophy hopes sometime to understand all those laws, and by its understanding of them to explain to us all natural or spiritual phenomena hitherto inexplicable.

We should expect to find that such a change in the thought of the world had manifested itself in all that the world is doing; and we do find that it has. Our moral laws, for men or nations, are stricter than were those of our progenitors; we labor with more energy than they did; we tend to care not at all for beauty, but altogether for accuracy. And our poetry, too, is affected. For whereas it was once careless and impetuous, it is now tending to become exact and analytical. But the minds of men who cannot follow the thought of the age fail to understand its poetry, the poetic expression of its thought. And so, as I said before, we hear a despondent wail arising round about us, that Poetry will soon be gone.

We may, perhaps, grant that a certain kind must go; the time may come when the genius of the matter-of-fact world shall no longer feel any regard for sensitive imaginations; it will not then be a matter of regret that such are no longer to be found. For such, perhaps, may be the case. It seems a plausible assertion that lyric poetry is even now on the decline; there is little originality in it; the most beautiful fragments of to-day are little more than repetitions of what older lyrists have sung; even our Tennyson has, in some of his most beautiful passages, done no more than to fit out the old melodies of Theocritus with a new harmony. This poetry is said to be already waning; it may altogether vanish; and such imaginative natures as those of Shelley and some of his contemporaries, may never be found again. I should like to believe that only such were in the mind of the writer who said that "He who in an enlightened and literary society aspires to be a great poet, must first become a little child," and that a poet must, as a matter of course, be suffering from some form of insanity.

We yield, then, so far as to say that poetry, as it lived in the olden times, perhaps may no longer live. But mankind has since then come nearer to maturity. To write as the ancients wrote, it may be necessary to think ourselves back into the spirits of the ancients; to be a certain sort of a poet, perhaps one "must first become a little child:" but in general no such metamorphosis is needed. Rather, the poet must be a great Able-man; for now the star of a new kind of poetry is in the ascendant. If we can judge from its present tendencies, poetry, we say, will hereafter be created not from the passions, but from mind. A poetry of waking, not that of dreamy sleep, will be for us to reflect upon in future. We must not lament the change. There is, to be sure, a vast difference between the ennobling thought of a Tennyson and the more idle imaginings of the Greek and Hindoo bards; but the change is for the better. As well lament the supplanting of the crude melodies that then accompanied the poets, by the united choric and orchestral harmonies of the Wagner of to-day!

Poetry, then, will still last, though changed; though Imagination forsake it, still it will live, and live a higher life. It is the offspring of man's communion with Nature, and we can know of no time when that union shall be dissolved. For what we now know is but a grain in the sands, compared with what we have yet to learn; is but a pebble in a desert waste which, perhaps, we can never traverse; which stretches before us infinitely far, and infinitely far behind.

"For we are Ancients of the earth,  
And in the morning of the times."

*C. M. Lewis.*

## LOST.

Summer returns once more to men,  
But never again to me ;  
For the wintry frost of love long lost,  
In the place where my heart should be,  
Is hardened, never to thaw again,  
Like ice in a polar sea.

I wooed my fair with an arbutue wreath  
In the time when zephyrs blow ;  
Her love was true when the summer dew  
Was cooling the sunset glow :  
But now is her head fast bound in death  
In a wood where the wild winds go.

Summer returns once more to men,  
Yet nevermore to me ;  
But a thorny vine will round me twine  
Where blossoms used to be,—  
Growing from roots of bitter pain  
To bitterer memory.

*C. M. Lewis.*

## PEN AND INK SKETCHES.

*To the Editors of the LIT :*

I N looking over my old college books the other day, I came across certain landmarks of my college days, roughly sketched here and there in divers odd places, some illustrating the 'Law of Love,' some illustrating tough passages of 'Psychology,' while still others were hob-nobbing with the Ichthyosaurus and the Brachiopod, showing clearly that my artistic tendencies would out even in the midst of scientific research. At best they were but life studies in the rough, done on the spur of the moment, under the energizing influence of a lecture on Psychology. Many of them are faded and hardly recognizable, but the spirit of curiosity moves me to send you a few in order to find if there are any copies of them extant in college to-day, or whether, in each case,

"Nature formed but one such man  
And broke the die."

The first sketch is that of Piosity. He has the air of being good. As you look at him you see it instantly, you cannot mistake it, yet a strange sensation comes over you. At last you have found

"A creature *quite* too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food."

For this goodness of his has the same effect on you that a magnet has on the similar pole of a compass, and you begin to feel bad, and the nearer you come the worse you feel. He is a very porcupine of good. This peculiar phenomena which Psychology calls the "concept of perversity," Piosity evidently expects, for there is, at such times, a lurking look of pity on his face as if he was almost sorry for our sake that he was quite so good but couldn't help it. O'erspreading this, however, and fairly glistening in every line of his face, is that look of calm complacency which belongs alone to conscious goodness and superiority. Happy mortal to whom it is no trouble to be good, is only effort to do wrong, and though he may occasionally make this effort for variety's sake, yet usually he is content with the knowledge that he possesses in himself that goal of human ambition, that *sum-mum bonum* of human happiness; no effort, complete satisfaction. And his motto is

"The world has nothing to bestow,  
From our own selves our joys must flow."

The next study is that of Jocosus, whose expression is an odd mixture of smile and anxiety, the smile being for the coming joke, while the anxiety is fear lest we should not see the point of the joke or appreciate how much work he had put on it, though the latter fear is needless since the labor is generally evident enough. Jocosus is a college wit whose number, according to the Pythagorean theory, would be 11,000,000; one good joke, repeated and many naughts. However, the lack of quality is made up in quantity, and he is fairly bubbling over with puns, gags, and stories which he himself enjoys to a delightful degree. To get the laugh on someone is his highest ambition, but

he draws the line on himself, that, he will tell you, is "pilin' it on Ossa."

Then there is New, who reminds one of a breezy autumn day in the country, when the raw, blustering wind blows over the still green fields. His great feature is an activity positively refreshing to behold. Always ready and willing to do anything nobody asks him to do, ever busy and bustling over other people's business, New is the very image of a fine bumble bee. He is liberal to ostentation with his advice, and always greets you with a hearty clap on the back or poke in the side, so frank and jolly is he. If he should chance to hurt you pray don't mention it for it is only his way and he means *so* well. Then, that laugh, so deceptive, apparently only noisy, really whole-souled and cheery, which, with the clap on the back, warms the "very cockles of your heart" toward him. In short, he is one of those who are "born for the universe," and will go through life "spreading like a green bay tree." - I wonder what Dr. Johnson meant when he spoke of an "unclubable man?"

Woodbee, the paradox, is another curious specimen of purely college growth. At first sight you will probably decide that he must be very wicked; he has such a *blasé*, dissipated air about him and wears such a knowing look on his face as if he were on intimate terms with the "flesh and the Devil." Then too, his daily walk down Chapel street with that peculiar gait of his, half slouch, half swagger, with the omnipresent cigaretté, is so expressive of wickedness. Nevertheless, as you soon see, he is not so bad as he looks or would like to be. In reality Woodbee is quite harmless, when nobody is about, and between ourselves, doesn't enjoy "bumming" at all and does very little of it, one glass of beer being to him a racket, two a carouse, thanks to his vivid imagination. But being by nature rather a nonentity, he craves notice and seeks to gain it in this way. He has his little circle of admirers whose nearest approach to dissipation consists of listening to his accounts of "last night," and who are filled with awe and admiration at his daring to be so



wicked. Hence he is happy in the impression he far  
 he makes on the world, blissfully ignorant that of t  
 who see him half despise, half laugh at him. Let no  
 however, disillusionize him, since he has his use in  
 world, teaching us by example that "We are never m  
 so ridiculous by the qualities we have as by those we  
 tend to have." Thus we see

"Nothing useless is or low,  
 Each thing in its place is best ;  
 And what seems but idle show,  
 Strengthens and supports the rest."

*A Graduate of '5*

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## NIGHT.

Come night ! Come silent night !  
 In robes of shadows, dim, while graceful round  
 Thy placid brow a diadem is bound,  
 Of stars all purely bright.

Come for the gloomy West,  
 Already waits its portals to unfold,  
 That in his couch of purple and of gold,  
 The sun may sink to rest.

Come and awake the gale,  
 Which all day long has slumbered in the sea,  
 And send it o'er the billows, cool and free,  
 To swell the Fisher's sail.

Come let full many a gem,  
 Gathered in rich and radiant clusters fall  
 Athwart the white-robed lilies tall,  
 A diadem for them.

Then hasten, dark-browed Night,  
 Revive the fading flower and drooping vine,  
 And let soft sleep, that sweetest gift of thine,  
 On tear-stained lids alight.

For this be ever blest  
 The hour when the day folds up her golden wings  
 That night with rustling robes advancing, brings  
 To weary bosoms rest.

—Edwin T. Ho

## A PICTURE OF AN ISLAND.

MANY centuries ago, when the Roman conqueror stood upon the chalky shores of old France, and gazed far over the Channel towards the barbarian land, he could see the same rocky outline rising blue and indistinct from the sea that greets the eyes of the traveler to-day who visits the Cape de la Hogue. Little would he have thought on nearer approach of planting the imperial eagles on these small and insignificant islands—the modern Guernsey, Sark, and Jersey—nor of the invaluable service they might sometime render in guarding the El Dorado of his dreams. But small and sea-girt though they are, they have proved strong bulwarks to England against the Continental foe, ever since the bold Normans conquered the rude and uncouth Celts who first inhabited them.

Guernsey, the largest of these, is the most romantic in the peculiar character of its people, its local features, and traditions. Here the most luxuriant vegetation adorns the picturesque hills and vales of the gently undulating surface. Birds of rare plumage sing sweetly from the ivy-garlanded trees, and flowers in great profusion bloom constantly in the soft, mellow atmosphere, almost tropic in its clearness. Everything speaks of the richest gifts of nature. The coast, high and rugged, protrudes in narrow necks far out into the dark green water of the sea, affording a secure shelter to the daring fishermen, who have long been the principal inhabitants. Far back aristocratic families of Norman descent established themselves here in quiet exclusiveness, and numerous old castles and manor-houses, well advanced in process of decay, are still to be seen nestled away in bowers of trees and vines.

Frequently, distinguished knights and ladies from the courts of distant lands used to make this island their temporary home, and once the present Queen of England, who rules over it, deigned to visit its only impor-

tant city, St. Peter's Port, which rises in antique towers and narrow streets close to the sea-shore. Here, too, Victor Hugo, the greatest of living poets, once passed seven long, bitter years of proscription from his native France,—the penalty of his resistance to the *coup d'état* under President Bonaparte in 1851. Here, in isolation and solitude, he contemplated nature and wrote those tender lyrics, his "Memoirs of a Soul," and "Les Misérables." Many proud Republicans who had been his adherents in the struggle for justice against the usurper, accompanied him in his exile, and among them Pierre Garnier, who had been scarcely less prominent in the movement than the poet himself. No relative remained to the patriotic Pierre to console him in the bitter grief of banishment, save a young and beautiful daughter, Lisette, whose sad and romantic life in her island home is still related to those who visit Guernsey.

In earlier days of wealth and happiness, the story goes, before the factious differences growing out of the issues of the Restoration, had confused all social classes, uniting enemies and dividing friends, Lisette had learned to love a young Frenchman of noble birth and position, François Laffitte. But gradually as time passed and their attachment grew stronger, the *coup d'état* arising with its ruinous fortunes, changed the political faith of Lisette's family, cruelly banishing her father from his beloved France, and separating her from her lover.

Then came many weary months of solitude and longing to the heavily-stricken victims of Napoleon. What sorrow—what rage must they have felt at the impending tyranny of the would-be King! Here indeed, they were powerless, almost within sight of their struggling country.

The sea might fetter Hugo's voice, but it could not silence his pen. What exquisite vengeance he takes in that outburst of indignation for his oppressor in "Napoleon le Petit"!

And the fair Lisette, how did she bear the double burden of exile and disappointed love?

In the peaceful island where life might otherwise have

been "like a fairy tale" there was little to lighten her sorrow. She could wander alone through the fragrant fields exuberant with everything beautiful and glad, or listen to the music of the roaring waves, but alas! her grief became no less poignant.

After the lapse of almost a year of exile an English vessel anchored one evening just off St. Peter's Port, and a young stranger was rowed to the landing with several persons who were accustomed to spend a few months yearly in Guernsey. Nothing was known of his identity by those who accompanied him, except that his appearance indicated that he was from France; but then, there was little in a stranger's presence to excite remark among the simple denizens of this ancient *entrepôt* of the island. It was François Laffitte, who had left home and friends in search of her whom he hoped some time to claim as his wife. Several days were spent in fruitless inquiry after her father Pierre, for he had assumed a new name in his exile and was rarely seen among the islanders. At last, while wandering aimlessly one day near the old church of Câtel, in the picturesque district of Rohais, François chanced upon a novel arbor naturally formed of embowering trees, not far distant from the lane by which he had approached, and in it he saw a young girl standing half screened by a tapestry of myrtles, fuchsias, and roses. What was his surprise and joy on drawing near to find that the maiden was his long lost Lisette. The lovers here renewed their vows of affection, strengthened by separation and misfortune, and resolved to leave the island secretly when the first opportunity for escape should be presented.

Soon another ship on its way to France touched at Guernsey, and François made preparation for the clandestine voyage. A fishing-boat was brought to the little cove near Pierre's cottage, and under the shadow of night the lovers were to go on board the vessel in which François had taken passage for Lisette and himself. But, while anxiously waiting for the day to pass which was to be his last on the island, he happened to overhear the

conversation of a company of exiled French soldiers in the old market of St. Peter's Port. They were recounting their wrongs and lamenting the fate of their party and country, and among those who were hotly traduced François heard his father mentioned as one of the abettors of Napoleon and his government. In the anger of the moment he hurried before them to deny some exaggerated charge and stood revealed as one of the enemy. Perceiving too late his fatal error, he turned and fled before the swiftly pursuing soldiers whose wrath he could not possibly elude, and plunging fearlessly into the waters of the harbor, swam far out, out toward the ship of promise wherein his hopes were founded, and was never seen again.

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Poor little Lisette watched long in the rustling arbor that night for her lover's return, and many days thereafter she would steal quietly forth from her father at evening, hoping against hope that François still lived and would soon come again to take her from the island to be his bride. But at length the reality of his death became too evident for doubting, and, gradually yielding to the desolation of her heart, she sank rapidly in health and did not long survive him.



#### NOTABILIA.

ST. ELIHU really felt quite youthful again when rumors of a Phi Beta Kappa revival reached his ears. It carried him back to the days when those letters had a magic sound for all hard-working students, when the freshman glanced from the revered key on the senior's watch-chain up to the face, marked in the observer's eyes, at least, with the lines of genius, and wondered that one small head could hold all he undoubtedly knew. St. Elihu hopes sincerely that the Yale chapter of so old

a society, running back to Jefferson's time and William and Mary, and so famous a one, may be revived. It could not be more at Yale than it is elsewhere, a scholarship honor; to be limited here, St. Elihu understands, to philosophical and high oration men. Anything more of a public appearance than some sort of an initiation gathering, perhaps, and an oration or poem at commencement, would be out of the question.

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THIS is a time of seriousness for the senior. That disturbed, far-away look in his eyes, is an effort to decide which avenue, after graduation, he shall take to eminence and wealth. His ponderous intellect, hitherto unruffled except by tennis or whist, now contemplates a profession. It is curious to see what an attraction the study of law has for college men. Last year about a third of the senior class signified their intention of going into the law, and this year we suppose the proportion will hold about the same. There is something glittering about the profession which seems to be very taking. Though perhaps the average of the profession is no higher nor so high as that of other pursuits, its possibilities of reputation and wealth seem to be so great that only about two-thirds of an average class, it seems, can withstand its seductions. Then the profession is semi-literary, with considerable dustle of importance where it has any importance at all, combative, gamy, and has for a considerable element in its success that quality of "smartness" we Americans are accused of over-valuing. With all this luring on the American youth, it is not to be wondered at that the land is being flooded with lawyers. The nation, of course, cannot directly suffer in any economic sense by an over-supply of legal lights, supposing this to be the case. People will employ whom they wish and to the extent they wish, and let the rest go. It is a case of the old struggle for the "survival of the fittest." Only, the process of being starved out of the profession will be a little unpleasant for those who from lack either of ability or backing or a certain staying quality, have not the good fortune to be the fittest to survive.

AN old but ever new subject to the "boom" editor of the college press, is the opening of the smaller library on Sunday afternoons. If the Faculty, or that portion of it who have such matters in charge, have any arguments or prejudices against such an action, or have ever given the matter any consideration, or have ever even known that the subject was mentioned at all outside the charmed Eleusynian circle, information of it has failed to reach the student body. So long as the reading room is opened on Sunday afternoons and access had to all the various magazines and papers, there can be no possible excuse for keeping the library closed. None of the ordinary business of the librarian need be transacted, but access given to the illustrated works and the books on the shelves. A little deed of kindness like this on the part of the powers over us, would not only square them up to the line of consistency, but throw a little sunlight on the thorny path of knowledge we are supposed to be treading.

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THE startling set of resolutions gotten up by the inter-collegiate committee representing the various Faculties, has succeeded at least in stirring up a discussion of the whole subject of college athletics. Were these resolutions likely to go into actual effect, however, even at one college, they would have considerable more of vital interest to students. Yet the committee, in several points, it seems to us, have hit upon needed reforms. On the question of playing with professionals, for instance, we must differ with what we suppose is the general sentiment of Yale. A strongly marked line, we believe, should separate the amateur from the professional. Setting aside the question of contaminating influences, for the mere sentiment of the thing, we believe no amateur team of any kind should play with professionals even for practice. If we mistake not, this is the feeling of the English Universities. As to the whole work of the committee, however, ours is the same criticism common to nearly all the college press. The resolutions are far too sweeping, too meddlesome, and too minute. If put

to the test, they will result in a coddling of student athletics, as Prof. Richards has shown, which will be very far from leaving a more "intellectual cast" on low-stand men inclined toward the unintellectual.

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THE *Record* calls upon us to unite with it in taking up the war cry of reform in the campus walks. This we cannot conscientiously do. The constitution of Chi Delta Theta does not warrant any such action on our part. The LIT. was founded in 1836 and is consequently the oldest college periodical in existence, but this is the first time in its history that it has been called upon to support a measure which threatens to subvert the entire policy of the Yale campus-walk system. This insult to the past, such as we cannot but regard the action of the *Record*, comes especially ill-timed in these days, when college athletics are accused of inefficiency in reaching the student mass, when perseverance and patience under trial are well nigh lost virtues, when the wicked notoriously refuse to stand in slippery places. But so it is. Some men have no respect for honored tradition, no veneration for antiquity. We suppose the *Record*, had it been with Cæsar as he crossed the Rubicon, would have suggested wet feet to the noble Roman. Or it might have urged Washington to build a suspension bridge, instead of crossing the Delaware by boat. Will iconoclasm never cease?



## PORTFOLIO.

—I look forward with considerable interest to the publication of Mr. Arnold's impressions of America; for never have we had a visitor better fitted for the task of social criticism. Not even Tocqueville can be excepted; for, although the quality of his work has not yet been surpassed, he was still a young man, scarcely twenty-seven, when he finished his studies here. But Mr. Arnold's training as a university man, his careful study of the Continent, especially when commissioner of education; his breadth of view; his keen critical sensibilities—these, added to his long experience as a man of letters, are indeed rare qualifications. To be sure, one cannot expect a "Democracy in America" brought down to the latest dates; for our society has grown in complexity since the '30's. But we have every reason to suppose that Mr. Arnold's opinions, whatever they may be, will prove very important contributions to the criticisms of our national life. America is being drawn closer and closer to England every day, it is said; yet paradoxical as it may seem, England is almost as far removed from us as it was in the early days of *Punch*, when an American was portrayed, and he is, at times, to-day for that matter, as an odd combination of angularities, inquisitiveness and vulgar habits. Thus it happens that the majority of Englishmen, and especially members of the upper class, instead of having the most correct views of America, retain in a great measure the ideas which, before the war, were scattered broadcast by Blackwood's, the *Quarterlies* and the numerous works of travel of our self-appointed critics. Nor have all of our old-time critics passed away. Only the other day there appeared in one of the reviews comments, compared with which Mr. Trollope's observations are "soft Lydian airs," and the question was asked in all earnestness whether the discovery of America by Columbus has been of advantage or loss to the so-called civilized peoples of the old world. Face to face with criticisms such as these,—can we rightly term such strictures as these, critical?—one cannot but call to mind the statements that the elder Weller made to Samivel when proposing his famous scheme for the escape of Mr. Pickwick from prison: After Mrs. Bardell's death, "let him come back and write a book about the 'Merrikens as'll pay all his

expenses and more, if he blows 'em up enough." Or, on the other hand, Tocqueville's shrewd observation: The criterion of what is honorable, or of merit, or just, is to be found in the degree of favor or opposition to English interests. But from Mr. Arnold we have reason to expect much; and although his opinions about America, judging from what he has already said, may not prove especially pleasing, yet undoubtedly they will point out to us many peculiarities and faults in our social life and possibly change the current of criticisms abroad.

—It is impossible to read the opening pages of "Our Mutual Friend," without being deeply impressed by the vivid and fascinating picture of that twilight scene on the Thames. The author's conception could not have been more clearly conveyed to our minds, had painted canvas instead of printed page been the medium of expression. One can stand long before a fine painting and each moment discover in it new beauties. In like manner this description may be read many times with enjoyment, so replete is it with charms. You have stood upon a bridge at dusk and, as you looked over the edge, have shuddered at the thought of the suicides, which the black, hurrying stream beneath you may have witnessed and then hidden forever. Such a feeling of awe creeps over one under the chilling influence of this vivid sketch and the mind is at once brought into sympathy with the dark spirit of the scene. You remember the picture. An autumn evening is drawing on and the twinkling lights on London Bridge are striving to mock the misty darkness, which has settled over the river. The dark, impetuous current, now whirling into eddies, now split into an arrow-head by an anchored barge, now shooting between the piers of the bridge, is pictured with a clearness and force which belong not to art but to nature itself. It is the same deep, rushing river that was ever hurrying on to the great sea the soul of poor little Paul. There is a minuteness of detail, which is rarely found in a written sketch. The bridge-piers and wharves, the floating log, the mooring chain and rope all have their place and by skillful grouping give the picture an admirable completeness. The center of this dark and vivid scene is a frail and slimy boat, rowed by a slender girl and steered by a grim old man. In his description of the old man, Dickens is at his best.

The grizzled hair, the sunburnt face, the uncovered head, the brown arms and the bare breast make a living picture. The look of horror on the girl's face and her father's hungry glance at every ripple make us shudder, we know not why. They are manifestly on the lookout for some dreadful prey which is to come floating with the current. The veil of mystery thrown over them makes the scene all the more awful. At last we see them rowing homeward with a ghastly something in tow, and then we understand the look of horror on the poor girl's face. Surely the thunder, lightning and witches of Macbeth form a scene no more weird than this, but with all the horror there is in the picture a strange fascination and lurid vividness which make it a most interesting study.

—There is, I think, even to us of the cold North, a charm about the mystic life of Buddha, and certainly a wonderful attraction in the character of Prince Gautama himself as is pictured to us in song and story. Stripped of the tatters in which the superstition and ignorance of twenty-five centuries have clothed him, he stands forth a man, unique in ancient history, a reformer pure in life, glorified by the brightness of a great love. The sadness that sounds like a monody through the whole beautiful harmony of his life, and his pity, almost divine, for the sorrow of his fellow men, insensibly attract one. When the veil of youth dropped from his eyes and he saw earth's woe and death, his heart swelled with a great compassion, then the greatness of his mission opened before him. There is no monkish fanaticism that drives him into the embrace of poverty and meditation. One can see him under some tree wrapped in contemplation, with the mystic syllable on his lips hourly drawing nearer to the emotionless, stirless rest of Nirvana, till he is lost forever in its pulseless bosom. Is it wonderful that a character and life such as his should have received the admiration of so many centuries? Is it wonderful that hearts yearning for something to love and worship should have enthroned such a man as God, and that he still sits garlanded with the flowers of the ages? He held out little hope or joy to them in life,—enough for their simple faith, if, at its close, they might be absorbed forever into His eternal being. And is it a folly when the Brahmin looks for happiness in the dreamless silence of Nirvana? Who knows?

## MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

As the manipulator of the time-honored shears of the Memorabilia department looks over his budget for the February number, very little of importance meets his eye. The college is still in its winter sleep. Our record this month extends from Jan. 20th to Feb. 20th. Worthy of record and especial notice is the institution of a

*New Course of Lectures.*

Mr. Tighe has arranged a series of lectures which cannot fail of appreciation from the whole college. As will be seen the subjects are of contemporaneous interest, and will be discussed by men whose opinions command attention. "Protective Taxes," Prof. Sumner; "Futures and Corners," Mr. Hadley; "The Use of the College Library," Prof. Dexter. Other lectures, the subjects of which have not yet been announced, will follow.

*Sophomore Composition Prizes.*

The Sophomore composition prizes have been announced as follows:

First Prizes — William Adams Brown, New York City.  
Charlton Miner Lewis, New York City.  
Charles Albert Moore, Columbus, O.  
Frank Gardner Moore, Columbus, O.  
Edward Johnson Phelps, Andover, Mass.  
Charles Wheeler Pierson, Florida, N. Y.

Second Prizes—Charles Jared Griggs, Waterbury, Ct.  
John Christopher Schwab, New York City.  
Arthur Leffingwell Shipman, Hartford, Ct.  
Frank Edward Wing, Conway, Mass.  
Evans Woolen, Indianapolis, Ind.

Third Prizes — George Edwin Eliot, Jr., Clinton, Ct.  
Arthur Goebel, Covington, Ky.  
Chauncey William Goodrich, New Haven, Ct.  
Edward Broadbent Morgan, Denver, Col.  
Edward Winthrop Reid, Lakeville, Ct.

*Penikeese.*

The opera *Penikeese* was repeated by Prof. Shepard on the evenings of January 28th, 29th, 30th. The following was the cast of characters: *Milicent*, Mrs. Graziella Robertson; *Annette*, Miss Lizzie Gaffney; *Miss Tea-Caddy*, Miss Adela Phelps; *Dr. McBosh*, J. B. Woodward, '83; *Binger*, Charles Bonney; *Lee Ward*, Ericsson F. Bushnell; *Mung Yew Chun*, H. G. Chase, '85.

*The College Buildings.*

During the holidays the sanitary system of the buildings on the campus was investigated by C. F. Chandler, Ph.D., of the School of Mines in Columbia College, Dr. C. A. Lindsley, M.A. of the Yale Medical School, and Prof. Wm. H. Brewer, Ph.D. of the Sheffield Scientific School. The committee in the report declared the apparatus to be the best known and the ventilating arrangements complete.

## '85 LIT. Officers.

The LIT. board of '85 have assigned the departments of the magazine as follows; H. de F. Baldwin, the chairman of the board, will have charge of the *Notabilia*; E. L. Richards, Jr., the Editor's Table; H. L. Doggett, the *Portfolio*; F. R. Shipman, the *Book Notices*, and J. C. Bridgman, the financial editor, will guard the interests of the *Memorabilia*.

*The Day of Prayer.*

Thursday, Jan. 31st, being day of prayer for colleges, services were held in the College Chapel in the afternoon. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. William Taylor, of New York. In the morning the seniors were addressed by Rev. Mr. Nichols, the assistant rector of Trinity Church; the juniors by Prof. Knapp; the sophomores by Prof. Richards, and the freshmen by Prof. Northrop.

*Senior Class Meeting.*

The senior class met on Friday, Feb. 1st, for the election of committees and the transaction of business. The following committees were elected:

Promenade committee, W. B. Bristow, Frederick Connell, E. P. Cottle, L. M. Daggett, H. E. Hand, C. P. Phelps, G. W. Patterson, C. M. Walker, C. A. Watrous.

Class Supper Committee, J. M. Dawson, J. G. Holliday, W. H. Hyndman, H. R. Wagner, H. A. Worcester.

Class Day Committee, R. H. Lyman, W. T. Nichols, W. L. Strong, F. D. Trowbridge, H. W. Wolcott.

Class Cup Committee, H. B. Cromwell, S. W. Hopkins, Jr., E. A. Merritt.

Ivy Committee, F. O. Ayres, Frank Strong, D. A. Walker.

Class Secretary, J. T. Swift.

C. W. Copeland was appointed to collect \$100 to free the class from a debt contracted for the class nine.

On motion of Mr. Swift it was voted to deposit a class album in the Linonia Library.

Mr. Speer then read the following resolution to the class :

WHEREAS, The present senior society system creates a social aristocracy, exercises an undue influence in college politics, fosters a truckling and cowering disposition among the lower classes, creates dissensions and enmities in every class, alienates the affections of the graduates from the college, stifles the full expression of college sentiment by its control of the college press.

*Resolved*, That we believe this system detrimental to the best interest of Yale College and injurious to ourselves. That we request the college press to publish this resolution of the senior class. That the chairman and two others, to be appointed by him, be a committee of three to lay this resolution before the president, faculty and members of the corporation.

The final vote resulted in a defeat of the resolution. The Promenade Committee have elected Mr. C. M. Walker chairman, and Mr. E. P. Cottle floor manager.

### *Glee Club Concert.*

Despite the obstacles which the Glee Club had to contend with in the absence of the injured members, an unusually good concert was given in the evening before the Promenade. The club was under the direction of Mr. Knowlton, '83, who spared no labor to make the concert a success. One or two new songs were introduced, and encores were frequent. One of the features of the evening was the swinging of a freshman flag across the proscenium arch during the concert.

### *Freshman Class Deacons.*

The freshmen have elected the following permanent deacons: DeW. C. Huntington, Thomas Penney and W. P. Taylor.

*Glee Club Damages.*

The Ohio and Mississippi Railroad Company has settled with the Glee Club for \$1,200. Beside this, Mr. Bowen receives \$1,000, and Mr. Sanford and Mr. Cutler \$200 each.

*Junior Promenade.*

The Junior Promenade of '85 was in every way a success. In many respects it was far superior to any previous Promenade, and in none was it inferior. Everything seems working together to make this one of the most delightful events of the year, not only to the Juniors themselves but to the whole college.

*University Club Reception.*

A reception was held in the rooms of the University Club on the afternoon of Tuesday, February 12th. It was a very pleasant occasion, serving too, to break the ice somewhat before the Promenade.

The following gentlemen composed the committee: F. Bowen, '84, H. E. Hand, '84, H. B. Anderson, '85, W. Catherwood, '85, W. T. G. Weymouth, '85, A. A. Noye, '84, S. S. Hawley, '84, S.

*News Editors.*

The board of *News* editors for the year 1884-85 was announced Monday, February 18th. The new board will assume control Monday, March 3d.

HENRY BURRALL ANDERSON, '85, New York, N. Y.

WILSON CATHERWOOD, '85, Philadelphia, Penn.

SIDNEY MORSE COLGATE, '85, Orange, N. J.

LAMBERT FOSTER, '85, Plainfield, N. J.

RICHARD SALTER STORRS, '85, Orange, N. J.

JAMES ALWARD SEYMOUR, '85 S., Auburn, N. Y.

PORTER BEARDSLEY, '86, Auburn, N. Y.

GEORGE RUDOLPH MOSLE, '86, New York, N. Y.

EDWARD WRIGHT PEET, '86, West Haven, Conn.

NATHAN EDWARD AYER, '86, S., Bangor, Me.

WILLIAM JESSUP HAND, '87, Scranton, Penn.

The board have elected Mr. Lambert Foster, '85, chairman. Mr. Wilson Catherwood, '85, will serve as financial editor.

Mr. Storrs will have charge of the "Log," and Mr. Colgate of athletic matters.

### *President's Reception.*

The President gave his second reception to the Seniors on Monday evening, February 18th. There was a large attendance, and a very pleasant evening was spent. The ushers were, Mr. Lambert, Mr. Sanford, and Mr. Watrous, and Mr. Blake from Sheff.

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It is our duty to record the death of Wilmer Earl Walker of the junior class. He died at El Paso, where he had gone for his health on Jan. 12th. The following resolutions have been adopted by the class:

WHEREAS, Death has removed from our midst our beloved friend Wilmer Earl Walker, we, his classmates, would testify our appreciation of his many estimable qualities and his generous nature; and would signify our deep sorrow at our loss and extend our heartfelt sympathy to his parents in their great bereavement.

L. B. GLEASON,	} Committee.
W. S. CASE,	
E. H. HUNTER.	

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It is our duty to record the death of Prof. S. Wells Williams, professor of the Chinese language and literature, at his home in New Haven, on Saturday, February 16th.

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### *Items.*

Charles E. Cushing, '85, and L. A. Mansfield, '85, have received elections to D. K. E.—Prof. Richards has an article in the February number of the Popular Science Monthly on "College Athletics."—Eben Hale Wells, '81, died at his home in Chicago, Jan. 19th.—W. L. Strong, '84, and M. D. Ormes, '85, were delegates to the Y. M. C. A. meeting at Rutgers, Jan. 26th.—H. Fresenius, '85, has received an election to Psi U.—The freshmen carry no bangers to chapel this year.—Prof. Northrop has been elected to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Prof. Norton on the advisory board of the Church of Christ in Yale College.—Rev. Dr. Twombly, '54, occupied the College pulpit Sunday, Feb. 10th.



## BOOK NOTICES.

*A Roundabout Journey.* By Charles Dudley Warner. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.50.

The appreciative reader of works of travel would scarcely hesitate to rank Mr. Warner's writings at par with Bayard Taylor's admirable sketches of continental life. Certainly, in point of style and purity of expression the author has fairly outdone himself in this admirable record of a trip through the countries immediately surrounding the Mediterranean, and we frankly confess that with the exception, possibly, of Mr. Stephenson, we have read no author with such increasing delight. Mr. Warner has taken care to tell us of places and scenes that usually escape the traveler who seeks amusement and recreation only. He collects many romantic legends of classical days, current among the peoples he has seen in those most picturesque and romantic of countries which skirt the northern and southern shores of the most classic of seas. He tells the love tale of Petrarch and Laura, which he has learned it from the inhabitants of Vaculuse, where the poet lived and sung, with all those semi-mythical incidents which are the soul of traditional story. "La Belle Maguelonne" is doubtless the most touching, beautiful chapter in the book. The play of fancy—of light and shade throughout the story is very poetical and entertaining. One would scarcely suppose that the region of North Africa could be invested with so much of interest, even to the observing traveler, as is indicated in the notes which describe the journey from Malta to the Spanish coast. Perhaps the most interesting part of the book is the description of Wagner's Parsifal at Baireuth, which could only have come from the pen of one who is an enthusiast for music. Much of the contents of the volume have appeared from time to time in the *Century*, and it will all bear a second reading, and we feel safe in declaring "A Roundabout Journey" a masterpiece of its kind.

*By-ways of Nature and Life.* By Clarence Deming. London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Of the many recent contributions to literature on popular living subjects by the Messrs. Putnam, covering especially in "Topics of the Time," the broad fields of Letters, Biography, Science, and Art, we have seen not more instructive and readable than the present work. As the title suggests, it comprises a series of sketches very diverse in subject-matter and related to scenes and incidents unusual in books of travel and history.

Beginning abroad the author presents some interesting features of London Bowery life rather in the humanitarian light than otherwise. He pictures the shops, the theatres and the streets as affording the most varied spectacles of the English lower classes, and touches up their mode and means of existence with true journalistic pith and brevity. After a glimpse of the "Zoo" and the British Gun Foundry, and a few humorous paragraphs on London Fog, the reader is introduced to the interior counties and to Radicalism as evinced in the peculiarities of election day customs and enthusiasm.

Then follow numerous short chapters ranging in substance all the way from social questions in Cuban government to facts of Natural History, Geology, and Science. In all his more abstruse descriptions Mr. Deming

never obscure and unintelligible. He employs little technical language and is everywhere entertaining. We note a pleasant memorial to the "Old College Ball Ground," in which he compares the base ball of to-day with the game of several years ago at Hamilton Park.

*The Works of Virgil.* With Variorum and other Notes and Comparative Readings. By John Augustine Wilstach. In two Volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$5.00.

The author classes all those who have contributed anything to the literature on the Roman poet, as "The Virgilians," and proceeds to discuss the various readings, notes, and criticisms germane to his subject. This department of the work is very elaborate. His own notes and mythological references are conveniently arranged at the bottom of each page of the text. The character of his verse in general cannot win very great admiration from those who have studied the various English metrical translations. The constant inversion of sentences is, assuredly, not poetical when carried to the extent of license which Mr. Wilstach assumes. We note many newly coined words, some of which are felicitous, others are not.

*The Columbiad, Vol. XXI.* By the Junior Class of Columbia College.

The present number of the *Columbiad* surpasses all the college annuals we have seen, in artistic design and workmanship. The cartoons are almost without exception, very good, and the typography is excellent. The binding is scarcely substantial enough to sustain the work as a reference book. It is greatly to be regretted that Yale is so much behind the times in her publications of this character, when journalism in general receives so much attention here.

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## EDITOR'S TABLE.

"Welcome ever smiles,  
And farewell goes out sighing."

Such are the notes struck by our exchanges. Those which are the last issues of the old boards of editors are full of advice, warnings and farewells. Those over which the new boards have assumed control are full of promise, hope and welcome. Their difference is but a year. Eighty-four's year of editorial supremacy is almost rounded, but she has a right to be proud of her work as there seems to have been under her hands a steady and noticeable improvement in college literature. But there is a bit of advice which we would give to the incoming editors, which is, to remember that the college press is not a mutual admiration society, and that a free, though fair, criticism of each other is not only good, but necessary as a stimulus to improvement. When an exchange is dull and heavy, do not say that it "maintains its usual high standard of excellence" for fear that it will retaliate. This is the one great fault which lays the college press open to ridicule from the outside world, and justly. Of course this does not mean that you may criticise the *LIT.*, which is

"Choice word and measured phrase above the reach  
Of ordinary men."

The *News* for the past year has easily kept its lead over the other college dailies in spite of its criticisms of the *LIT.*, and what it has lacked in news it has made up with much energy in advertisements. Sometimes to prevent sheep

from getting over fences they make them drag a heavy log behind them. There is an analogy between this practice and the *News*, which probably accounts for the latter being "on the fence" in regard to most of the discussions of the past year.

The *Courant* has been uniformly good during the past year and has well filled its sphere as a bright and entertaining bi-weekly. Its poetry has been unusually clever.

Though since the consolidation of the *Crimson* with the *Harvard Herald*, has been sometimes a question whether Yale needs two bi-weeklies; yet the *Record* of this year has been a manifest improvement over that of last year. Its editorials still have hankerings for retrospect and a tendency to discuss last month's questions.

The *Acta Columbiana* of this month is by far the best issue of the year, and it contains the end of "To New London by Saddle," a story which has exhausted the vocabulary of college slang as it has its readers, and hence stops for want of material. Of course this number could contain nothing else.

The new *Advocate* board promise well from their first number, from which we clip the following:

#### THE ROSE UPON THE ROCK.

Though hard and rough your pathway lie,  
Though dull your lot and commonplace,  
With hope's own patience labor on, and try  
To charm it into grace.

And sure the ivy's reddening leaves  
Look yet more beautiful against  
The cold, dark stone of towers to which it cleaves;  
And rare the joy dispensed.

One summer afternoon I crossed  
A rocky ridge beside a bay;  
Beneath its topmost layer the winter's frost  
Had eaten in its way.

\* \* \* \* \*

A few months since again I chanced  
To visit the remembered spot,—  
I passed the rock, across it thoughtless glanced,—  
But found I knew it not.

Through all those days each aimless gust,  
All breezes that to seaward blow,  
Had in that hollow laid a little dust  
In which the grass might grow.

And last of all had come the seeds  
And taken root in that poor soil  
Where they were set,—ah, never call them weeds—  
With granite for a foil.

And there, all lovingly entwined,  
The feathery grasses waved, a few  
Soft little mouse-ears nodded in the wind,  
And there the wild vine grew.

And in the cliff a rose had sprung  
And put forth many a lovely bloom  
And, sweeter for the sea-wind, round it flung  
Refreshing, faint perfume.

I tenderly uprooted it  
And bore it to a garden fair;  
Its faith and good endeavor made it fit  
To bloom in beauty there.

Anthony  
44 S.M.

VOL. XLIX.

NO. VI.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED  
BY THE  
Students of Yale College.



"Dum nova gratia manet, nomen laudisque YALENSIS  
Constanti SCHOLAE unanisque PATER."

MARCH, 1884.

NEW HAVEN:  
PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.  
*On Sale at Gulliver's.*  
J. P. MORGAN & TAYLOR, PRINTERS.  
MCCCXXXIV.

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**THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.**—Conducted by the Students of Yale College. This Magazine established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Forty-Ninth Volume with the number for October, 1885. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchange receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued monthly from October to June, inclusive; six numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at *Guliver's*. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, whether in regard to the editorial or the business management of the periodical, must be addressed to the EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, New Haven, Conn.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XLIX.

MARCH, 1884.

No. 6.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '84.

REGINALD FOSTER,

HARRY M. PAINTER,

EDWARD C. GALE,

HARRY W. PROUTY,

HENRY M. WOLF.

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ABOUT COLLEGE LITERATURE.

AS we pause for a moment before giving our places to the Fiftieth Editorial Board of the LIT., it is impossible not to indulge ourselves in a glance backward over the short path we have just come, and still further back over the long and somewhat devious road that journalism has traveled here at Yale. And although we can scarcely repress a smile at the ambitious hopes that were once entertained: that the LIT. might "become in place of an humble College Magazine an organ of taste for the continent," yet it is impossible not to add our feeble expressions in praise of the wise foresight of those who in laying the foundations of the present system have builded so well; for without our student periodicals we cannot imagine to what wretched straits the unrequired work in literary lines might not have been reduced, especially in these later days when the glories of Linonia and Brothers in Unity are nothing but matters of college tradition.

But our thought in retrospect is not for the purpose of treating of what might have been; on the contrary, it is to discuss what exists; to take down the many neglected

and dusty files of our publications in order to find out if possible of what the bulk of college prose—we shall not touch the verse—really consists. We say “bulk,” because there are not a few articles which afford interesting reading even after many years; lively and well-written and full of thought, with many traces of sly humor and a certain suggestiveness that convinces one that the student a score of years ago, and even two, at times used to feel his blood flow quicker, his heart beat faster, in short that he was more of this world than some of us are disposed to think. We do not wish to include in this generalization these articles, which are unmistakably far above the ordinary; for then it would not be possible to gauge the average literary culture of the students as shown in their productions.

It is a wearisome and profitless task, this laboring through number on number all of a nearly similar nature. The tedium calls to mind Boswell’s Johnson after both the surly doctor and the tattling Scotchman have been talking to the extent of half a dozen volumes or more; for now we are advised, now praised, now scolded, next follow common-place abstractions on common-place subjects. Here we come across some paragraphs that smack of the old reviews or encyclopedias, further on are the same threadbare quotations from the classics, the same references to the poets. There is little light in all this darkness. Rare is it, indeed, when we meet with an extract not an old friend, something that bears proof of study and reading away from the well-trodden paths.

Soon the rise of the popular magazines is noticeable; for the traces of their influence are unmistakable, and especially so in recent years. Again after journalism differentiated and the bi-weeklies came in we see striking changes. The tone of the *LIT.* grew more and more serious. Now and then, however, we have some contributions that are lively, and at times positively flippant, and that, too, in the presence of grave traditions. Verily, how St. Elihu must have opened his eyes!

But the most noticeable feature of the average college

article is its want of "enthusiasm," its mechanical treatment, its lack of purpose. Nor can it be wondered at; for men write as a rule not so much because they have something to say but because they have to say something. A certain number of columns, a certain number of pages must be filled. That is imperative. The campus-world expects its entire allowance, even at those seasons of the year when college duties make it almost next to impossible for any one to devote time to writing. In such circumstances, what is to be done? Reflection is entirely out of the question. An ounce of ideas, and sometimes less, are made to cover pounds of paper; and who could take time to be careful in his choice of words, to weed out unhappy expressions, in short to prune his style of the inevitable errors! And so careless, slovenly habits of composition gain a place; and the college paper instead of being a source of benefit often really tends to intensify one's faults and becomes thereby a source of injury.

If this inexact, inelegant writing ended with those immediately concerned, the injury to our college literary work would not be so great as it at times is; but inasmuch as articles written in this manner often serve as models for not a few, it is safe to say that the injury is more general than would appear at first sight. Nearly every one who has contributed to the bi-weeklies or the LIT. knows that the articles which are published from time to time have, in a great measure, influenced the character of his own work. That, to be sure, is but natural. An aspirant for college literary honors imitates what he knows to be popular, especially in light work. And if the tone of the college press is not jolly enough to suit his particular fancy, he has recourse to the pages of some professional publication of acknowledged reputation. His copying tends to repress his originality for a time only, and it is difficult to see what injury is done. Indeed the contrary may be asserted; for it generally happens that he improves his humor. But in contributions of a more serious character imitation is even more plainly marked. It is a strange fact, that few write on subjects in which they



are personally interested, or intimately acquainted. The files of the magazines or of the reviews inspire the majority of so-called literary articles. The prize essays and orations serve as standards for no inconsiderable number not in matters of thought but in choice of subject, exordium, arrangement of ideas, peroration.

In other words, it may be said that the most of us follow false models, for instead of "walking by the beam of light" we can possibly get, we walk by that which we can get with the least labor, scarcely stopping to find out if it is in reality "true light." An artist goes to Rome or Paris in order that he may study the master-works of the Vatican or Louvre, but the most of us, with everything necessary at our elbow, resolutely shut our eyes.

But after reading all this some one may say: The college paper is then more of an evil than a good. Not so, for the college paper does not stand in only this one relation to the students. The faults, for such we cannot help considering them, which we have endeavored to point out in our so-called college literature concern only the average contribution; there are, as has already been shown, contributions of quite another character. And there are other relations which exist between the college press and the college public; relations which are intimately connected with the ever-increasing phases of student life; and in these it is where the influences for good lie. For the college press endeavors to voice the best college sentiment and thus, beyond a doubt, tends to elevate the character of student-life; it arouses to activity in many ways the energies of some for whom the curriculum has but few charms; it gives a medium to the painstaking student who is desirous of increasing his facility as a writer and of developing his powers as a thinker. No one would claim that the college press can make any literary men. Even the college with all the aid of its periodicals, its societies, its attention given to literary work in the class-room, its contests, its prizes, has not succeeded in sending forth among its thousands of graduates many who have taken rank as literary men of the highest order.

## MEMORY.

I looked abroad into the silent night,  
Where whirled the distant worlds, and lo, a star  
Dropped from the zenith like the falling car  
Of Phaëthon, and vanished. But the light  
Born of its rapid course, a headlong flight,  
Fills all the upper air, then dies afar.  
E'en so the days, from out the calendar  
Of Time, drop forth, and as they fall bedight  
The large expanse of years, a burning train  
Of brilliant, fading memories. Solemnly  
They fall, yet silently. They wax and wane.  
Fulfill the moment and the yet to be ;  
For though the moments pass, its deeds remain,  
Eternal memories of Eternity.

*Chauncey Rea Burr.*

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STUDENT LIFE IN CHINA.

THE two nations on the opposite shores of the Pacific—the one, a hoary empire, the most conservative on the surface of the earth, and the other, a youthful republic, that stands at the forefront in the onward progress of civilization—seem to be as widely different in matters of religion, customs and social organization as they are removed in geographical position. Education also partakes of that general antipodal character. Here, institutions of learning are scattered broadcast over the land, and facilities are being daily multiplied for those who desire to pursue a liberal course of study ; there, notwithstanding the high estimation in which learning is held, scarcely a single college of respectable standing can be found throughout the length and breadth of the country, and a student is compelled to follow the same path that has been worn smooth by thousands before him.

We shall probably observe in regard to the student-life in these two countries more points of contrast than of re-

semblance. From the very outset, the contrariety of Chinese ways becomes manifest. As soon as a boy is old enough to be initiated into the rudiments of Chinese learning, ethical and philosophical questions become his daily food. The very first lesson his immature intellect has to master is a question which has taxed to the utmost the polemical power of theologians of every age and clime, — the doctrine of original sin ! We know how to sympathize with that poor little fellow, who, on the very threshold of learning, is thrust into the labyrinth of metaphysics. There is, however, no other alternative for him. Stimuli are not infrequently employed to increase his mental effort ; among them may be mentioned the ferrule. The efficacy of that instrument in arousing latent energy has been so well established that without it a Chinese pedagogue would regard his school paraphernalia as incomplete.

This preliminary training serves as a stepping stone to the *Analects of Confucius* and of *Mencius*, and the *Five Classics*. The subject matter of these volumes has no great interest to a Chinese student ; his daily duty only requires him to memorize the allotted portion. But since these books play such an important part in Chinese education it may not be out of place here to give them a passing notice. The *Analects of Confucius* and of *Mencius* are a collection of the sayings of these philosophers. Of the *Five Classics*, the *Book of Changes* is the most obscure and contains much that is mysterious. It is a book of divination. Chinese scholars of the present day do not seem to make any attempt to explain the difficult passages. The *Book of Rites* has an entirely different character. As its name implies, it treats of ceremonies. Every human action, however insignificant, finds a place somewhere in its pages. The *Book of Odes* gives us a good idea of the ancient poetry of China. The natural flow of feeling in some of the ballads presents a striking contrast to the pedantic and stereotyped character of the Chinese poetry of the present day. By far the most interesting are the *Book of Histories*, and the *Spring and Autumn Annals*.

Some portions of these books are as fascinating as the romantic stories of King Arthur and his Knights, and others as thrilling as the exploits of Alexander the Great. Chinese students, however, do not entertain this opinion.

Time, of course, is absolutely necessary in order to learn all this by rote, and four or five years are generally spent for this purpose. The mass of unintelligible matter thus memorized, however, would be of no practical service, if the meaning should remain unexplained. To this task, then, the teacher, hitherto comparatively passive,—active perhaps only in the use of his ferrule,—in due time applies his energy. Hearty coöperation on the part of his hearers can not be expected. But oral examinations afterwards, with frequent applications of ferrule on cranium, act as wholesome restraints upon their inattention. All this, however, is only a preparatory stage. Skill in composition and versification is the end sought. Thought holds a very subordinate place; form only is of a paramount importance. In fact, a student has no greater labor than to pour his words, according to the subject, into a mould already prepared. After a certain amount of dexterity in this art of casting compositions is acquired, his student life is practically at an end.

In looking into the peculiarities of Chinese student life, we may possibly be disappointed in finding that feature lacking which figures so prominently here—I mean physical culture. This branch of education, if not actually despised, is at least entirely neglected by Chinese students. The drooping and emaciated form is the unmistakable sign of literary professions. We find also that the different modes of relaxation which give variety to college life here, are all denied to the students in China. No athletic sports divert their attention from their customary task; no evening songs stay the lingering steps of passers by; no social gatherings draw interested crowds from distant cities. Year in and year out the same daily routine is performed. There is no Sabbath even to ripple the monotonous flow of time. If there is any enjoyment for a Chinese student, it must be sought for in his

studies; but that is the place where enjoyment is least likely to be found.

Such a training can not but bring forth abnormal intellects. The mind, instead of being allowed to soar high in imagination, is stretched upon a Procrustean bed. Originality is carefully rooted out, and servile imitation takes its place. This fact is but too painfully apparent on every page of Chinese literature. Among the Chinese literati, criticism has become almost a lost art, and reason and argument has a greater weight than the one formerly used by the Pythagoreans, "The master says so." In this country the Bible has been so closely scrutinized by both friends and foes that scarcely a single particle has not undergone the sifting process. Not so have the books of Confucius been dealt with. Such an attitude would have been looked upon, in the eye of the literary class, as nothing less than a sacrilege. The literary models which have been accumulated through past ages have practically suppressed every attempt of invention.

Far removed, indeed, is this course of study, from practical life. All those branches of knowledge which even an American school-boy would be ashamed not to have at least a smattering of, Chinese students do not trouble themselves about. Geography and arithmetic, not to say higher mathematics, have no place in the curriculum. They are just as ignorant of the shape of the earth to-day, as Europe was in the days of Columbus. It would be a difficult matter, indeed, to find one that could locate the position of England. Arithmetic is relegated entirely to business men who have occasion for its use. Modern sciences are to Chinese students a universal blank. Truly it would seem that the end of Chinese education is ignorance.

The present system of education in China must not be supposed to have originated from mere national conservatism. Conservatism alone cannot explain satisfactorily why the same curriculum should be so strictly carried out from one end of the country to the other. There is no law, moreover, that prescribes this singular uniformity. The system of competitive examinations, however

affords an adequate explanation. In this country, many are the openings to enterprising young men who are seeking social position. Not so is the case in China. Social position there follows only political distinction; and the only avenue to political distinction lies through these examinations. The requirements for these examinations, then, must determine the course of study which an aspirant after political honors should take. Moreover, sharp competition drives every candidate to employ the utmost exertion of his powers in mastering the particular subjects required. A general neglect of liberal culture is the inevitable result.

These examinations, as they are conducted at the present time, do not furnish a true test for official competency. However effete this system of competitive examinations may now be, it has left its lasting impressions upon the government and history of the Chinese people. It has saved China from the evils of castes, which are, at the present day, a curse to India and the most formidable obstacle to her progress; for a humble scholar may, by a few leaps, become the most prominent man in the empire. A democratic element is thus introduced into the council-chambers of the most ancient as well as the most conservative of all existing monarchies. Those who are high in official station need not feel that they owe their advancement either to imperial favor alone or to the caprice of a fickle populace. Moreover, such an impetus has been given to education that without any compulsory law, without even a public school system, everyone, however poor, is willing to make some sacrifice to obtain a little knowledge of books.

The effectiveness of this system of competitive examinations for promoting education can not very well be questioned. It serves, at the same time, as a flood-gate which determines the direction in which the mental energy of the Chinese people should be spent. If properly conducted, it can certainly turn the channel of thought from that barren region of imitation to more fruitful fields of research.

*Yung Kwai.*

## ASLEEP.

Soft cushioned in a fleecy sky  
 The stars half hide their light ;  
 The moon, afloat in a silver sea,  
 Moves through the silent night.

He rests ; blow, breezes, over the deep,  
 Waft perfumes on the air ;  
 Kiss down his eyelids, kindly sleep,  
 And slumber, every care.

He sleeps ; beneath the dreaming sky,  
 Careless of storm or star ;  
 He recks not how the surging sea  
 Is angrily rising afar.

Sleep ? Sleep ? Nay, nay, nor sleep nor wake,  
 Here is nor pulse nor breath ;  
 The muttering leaves that the storm-winds shake,  
 Murmur not "Sleep" but "Death."

Oh howl, howl, blasts of the wintry wind,  
 And skies, come weep with me ;  
 There is no hope, no help, no friend,  
 No comfort but misery.

C. M. Lewis.



## IN KING CHARLES' TIMES.

## THE MSS.

HE was a clergyman who believed the colonists of '76 traitors, and was so aggressive in his views that his parishioners who had no endurance for a Tory, either in or out of the pulpit, requested his resignation. They subjected him to such a social ostracism that he avoided *ennui* by writing sermons, verses, political pamphlets and I know what not. His descendants have

always taken great interest in a certain package among his yellowed papers, which was done up with a red string. "I often thought," he had written on the outside, "when I was a very young man about town in London, years before I took orders and came to America, that if I could make men and women seem painted, with the expressions clearly put on, the action suggested by the lifeless figures, as in some of the works of the masters which I have seen, that I would tell an adventure of a certain ancestor of mine, a courtier of Charles I., as the account is preserved in the traditions of our family." The attempt was made plainly enough, as the writing on the papers inside showed.

## I.

In southern Surrey, on the king's highway that leads into the west, is the Inn of the Fox, which has had for its sign a red fox painted on a green board since Bluebeard Henry's time. So being so old an inn you can be sure that many a queer traveler had found refreshment under the swinging fox, but none more odd than in the years of the disturbances between our martyred King Charles and his Parliament. The host, William Rolfe, had grown so old and stout with, I dare say, breathing the odor of strong ale, that he was deemed too decrepit to be called into action either for King or for Parliament. His politics changed with his guests, though at heart he felt awed by the rigid Puritanical dogmas. A Puritan could drink his ale with less brawling than a Royalist. Then, his own cousin, John Rolfe of Chester, had had his ears clipped by order of the King's judges.

One evening at the time when King Charles was a fugitive before Parliamentary armies, this elderly man was standing in his doorway watching a most strange reddening of the sky. Strange, for it followed both the sunset and the twilight. It might be the northern lights, or more probably it was a portent—blood in the sky—a sign of the Almighty's wrath at the disorders of the time. The trees of the great forest to the west stood defined against



this red lighted sky in crooked lines. But in the east, it was dark as night, as the darkness of an irreligious soul. When, at this very moment, there came, like an apparition out of the darkness, a horse with mud-covered flanks, whose rider leaped down suddenly on the stone of the threshold, the host could not help being startled. He could not help regarding this visitor suspiciously, eyeing him from odd corners, noticing his every motion. He was a middle sized young man wrapped in a dark cloak. His fine face was worn and haggard. His buckskin boots had gashes like sword cuts. He seemed a man who had known hard usage. But there was that something about him which showed the fineness of spirit that the makers of our language called the gentle man. He turned about from pacing to and fro before the fire, querying, in a commanding tone, whether Sir John Payton was a magistrate of that county, "By the grace of God and Parliament." Then the old man trembled for fear of having given the wrong answer. The tired face of the traveler opened with a half smile. "Ah, my friend, you go with the crowd," he said. The innkeeper rubbed his hands together, and then leaped back fearfully, and deftly for so fat a man. There had come like an echo, but a gruff echo for so pleasant a voice, "With the crowd, eh!" The door swung open, letting in a flood of moonlight which seemed ghastly by contrast with the light inside. A stout, brawny fellow, in the uniform of the armies of Parliament, stood in the foreground of this yellow light, with the wooded hills rising into a dark lined background. "The omen," gasped the host.

The intruder leaned forward on his musket, "Ah, ha! You look strangely like a royalist."

There was a silence for a moment. The young gentleman seemed to have forgotten the new comer. That person shuffled his musket forward a pace.

"You're not Charles Stuart, but you're one of those of Jericho, I wager. You were at Naseby, Sir James Merton." This time the gentleman turned suddenly on his heel, his hand on his sword. But the trooper, quicker

than he, gave a low sharp whistle. The doorway was filled with a dozen as ill looking fellows as one can well fancy, with pikes and muskets. There was the clash of crossed swords, a sudden clap from behind, and the first guest of the Fox was sprawling on the floor, disarmed. Two men seized him by each shoulder, but he made no struggle against the inevitable. The host came slowly from his corner, where he had been watching the fray breathlessly. He made a low bow. "I knew not that he was a traitor, gentlemen of the Parliament," he said.

They swore that he must pay for his ignorance in good ale. He scrambled about until they swung around his tankards, each foaming with ale, while they bawled out a song with the chorus, "Out of Jericho, ho—o—o—"

The flare from the burning logs showed the pale, resolute face of the prisoner, the deep scar on the cheek of one of his captors, the smooth, smiling face of a mere boy, the trembling host, half hid in the shadows, all that odd crew, old and young, gesticulating wildly over their song, the low oaken ceiling of the room. All at once the leader of the song swung his hand high above his head. The singers stiffened into statuesque attitudes, and the melody sunk into silence. There was a scrambling through the doorway. The captive was bound tightly on a stout horse. The man with a scar, his face, now leering from the ale, showing his feeling of importance, took hold of the bridle. There was a disordered mounting, a sudden scamper, and the cavalcade faded like a dream into the shadows. The sound of the horses' feet, growing fainter, was gone altogether.

But it was no dream for the inn-keeper. He rubbed his hands together sadly. He shambled across the floor. He looked at his ale vats, now so much more empty. "And not a farthing for it!" he sighed.

The hum of crickets came shrilly through the doorway, as if there was no such thing as human noisiness. \* \*

[Here some sheets are torn away. Perhaps the clerical story-teller was dissatisfied with his narrative as it was measured by his ideals.]

## II.

The houses in London city elbowed each other in King Charles' time. The low stone eaves almost met. There were more than a few places in this narrow street where a nimble fellow could have leaped across from roof to roof. As you walk below, the sky above is a faint blue line. The last tradesman had put up his last shutter, and an occasional passer hurried by, his footsteps sounding fainter and fainter. At the other end of the long narrow thoroughfare, the sound of footsteps would, mayhap, be taken up again growing more distinct and then fading in turn. The slow, pacing watchman came slowly along and shouted his first "all's well!" and was gone into the shadows. A few of the stars in the head of the Bear twinkled with a summer softness in the rift of the sky above. The houses rose like great ghosts on each side at which one could well shudder, for mayhap a sturdy ruffian might start from behind that projection to deal you a blow or to ask for your purses. Before the watchman shouts his next "all's well!" he is in front of a high stone building with little battlements defined against the sky. He stops and doffs his hat, leaning for an instant on his pike. For here is the town house of that good soldier of the Commonwealth, Sir John Payton. "All's well!" he shouts. The echoes take it up, softening the phrase into "swell." The watchman has gone again into the shadows. The frowning stone front seems to frown the more in the silence. There is all at once a break, a faint sound of melody coming from the distance, but coming nearer:

"' Busk thee, busk thee, my bonny, bonny bride.' "

And they went no further than this line. They were singing right merrily, these carousers. They came up in a disordered mass of forms:

"' Busk thee, busk thee, my bonny, bonny bride.' "

"They will think on's cavaliers, fellows," said a merry voice.

"Cavaliers, eh? What care we for that, if we are but jolly."

"Busk thee, busk thee, my bonny, bonny bride."

Then these sounds were gone. It was stillness itself again. City streets in those days gave out different sounds from those of to-day. Then there was the tramp of horses, slow and deliberate, in the distance. The walk was changed into a canter and they drew up before the great dwelling of the Paytons. There was a sudden parley. Then some one dismounted, and raised the knocker which gave out a hoarse clang. There was after a moment the sound of footsteps within, the gleam of light through the crack, and two sturdy lackeys stood in the light that came through the opened doorway. Yes, Sir John was there. The prisoner had been caught in his county. There were papers about him. The gleam from the opened door lit up the cavalcade. The prisoner was taken from his horse, and stood for a moment in the open hall. The door closed, shutting out the narrow street. The man with the scar put his hand firmly on the prisoner's shoulder. The leader whispered something in the guard's ear, and then followed the lackeys down through the hall, out through a door, and then their footsteps sounded no more. The man with the scar on his face rolled his eyes sleepily. The light from the candle on the table fell about the room in a little circle. It was a long hall with a few stiff chairs. The frames on the wall enclosed the faces of the prisoner's relatives. He could tell each one of those faces, though it was too dark to see them with the physical eye. Vandyck had painted some of them when his uncle Sir John was a faithful supporter of the King before the trouble with Parliament had become so fearful. The trouble had divided the family, as it had so many other families, his uncle a Round-head, his father a Cavalier, in the parlance of the period. The candle gave a flicker. Then his cousin, little Lady Alice. He had not seen her for years. He smiled to himself at the remembrance. Then his face grew grave.

They had his papers, but if he were only free he could get to Dover in some way. Ah, if he were only free. Prince Charles' escape from the kingdom, perhaps, depended on his freedom. If—that fellow with the scar was actually napping after the hard riding. If his hands were only free. Then his eyes fell on the candle flickering on the table. The fellow was actually asleep. He stepped forward, one, two steps. He was at the table. He leaned toward the wick, burning his wrists; but the thong fell apart at last. The trooper at the instant opened his eyes sleepily, then wider, with an affrighted stare. But quicker than thought there came a quick blow—a thud. The young man glanced about fearfully. Then he tied the man's wrists with his own thongs. As the trooper moved uneasily he pushed a gag into his mouth. Then he moved toward the door. Ah! it was fastened. The latch fell back with a clatter in the stillness. He started, and his eyes fell on the trooper, now his prisoner. The man's eyes were open and staring. "Ah, old mate," he said, shaking his fist defiantly. There came from some far away corridor the sound of footsteps. They were returning for him. He stole down the long hall, through a little door, up some steps, through a labyrinth of rooms it seemed to him. All at once from far behind him there was a cry, the sound of footsteps. His escape was discovered. Where should he turn? In front of him, from a low doorway, suddenly was a swish of a gown, and a light touch was on his shoulder. "Turn in here or they will find you." The hands pushed him through the doorway into a little chamber all fixed with red hangings. His heart beat faster. It was Lady Alice's chamber. Outside the footsteps, the voices gruff and querulous; then the clear cut tones that he remembered very well: "I saw him. He leaped here through this window, onto the roof below and into the street." The voices withdrew, and the footsteps died away. A few seconds (they seemed like hours), the arras was pushed aside. "You must go quickly," she said softly. "Matthew will see to it, cousin." A wizened

old man, halting and bent, peered over the lady's shoulder with a nod that seemed to say, "Yes, I will see to it." "Cousin," said the young man. But he said no more. He saw the scene as if it were a picture. First of all his cousin, straight and lithe, the red and white of her coming and going with excitement, as if she were a great deal out of doors. A long gown fell gracefully about her, and the puffs of her hair, as was the fashion with the ladies of the time, and the high stomacher, framed her fair, sweet face, with the alert, anxious look in her eyes. She leaned with one hand on a little desk. He took the other into his hand and pressed it. Then he followed the wizened old servitor, behind the arras, through some corridors, that he wist not of, for he was thinking of lady Alice. Nor did he seem to remember changing his worn suit for the livery of the Paytons. All at once, he was in the street, seemingly a young servitor of the Paytons. The stars in the narrow rift of sky between the housetops were fading. Now, he must be alert, acute, for his mission's sake. The troopers coming back from their search, gloomy and downcast, did not fancy that the tall servitor of the Paytons who doffed his hat to them was their fugitive. \* \* \*

[Here the *Mss.* ends. I would wish that the clerical story-teller had carried his narrative further.]

*Clinton Ross.*

## THE SEEKER AFTER SILENCE.

He sought the fair maid Silence, up and down,  
Following through crowded mart and busy town,  
But all in vain.  
He sought her by the sea ; along the sands  
The boist'rous water laughed and clapped its hands,  
Mocking his pain.

At the first flush of morn he went a-field,—  
The lark was up and Silence lay concealed.  
Where e'er he walked  
Her brawling sister, Echo, ever near,  
Counting his foot-falls in the seeker's ear  
Behind him stalked.

Stretched 'neath the trees he heard his heart's slow beat,  
With measured cadence, like the tramp of feet ;  
No silence there.—  
Above, a bird hid in the leafy hood,  
Gossiped a hundred secrets of the wood  
Forth to the air.

One day came Silence, softly to his side,  
And kissed his lips and said : " I am thy bride,  
Thy search is o'er."  
At her embrace his heart ceased. They were wed,  
But sleep in a chill, narrow, bridal bed  
For evermore.

Edward Wells, jr.

## THE MAN ABOUT COLLEGE.

YOU may perhaps remember that when Mrs. Feathery Flake had assembled at a charming dinner a company composed exclusively of illustrious *savants* in the hope of an accompanying feast of reason and a display of mental fireworks, she was greatly disappointed in the event by reason of the intellectual inhospitality of the guests, who found no level unroughened by acrid contradictions. John Stuart Mill advised, "know something of everything and everything of something." And I am

inclined to think that he who is regarded as the model student is neglectful of the former section of the motto, while I know that college life is relieved from a state of awful grind by the presence of those who, as Elia says, are not "entirely ignorant of anything." I am heartily glad that our tables are not surrounded by pedantry. However, I do not wish to sketch the "superficially omniscient" character but intend to introduce an old though unclassified friend under a vague name which is recognized more in English Universities than in our own.

Old!—for what set does not know the president of the eating-club senate? Vague!—yet appropriate, though I would not have you confound it with "the man about town" or "the loungeur in society." Distant equally from the dig and prodigal, distinct from the popular and not to be mentioned in the same breath with the unpopular man, yet a definite type in the student world, he is conspicuous by a delightful unobtrusiveness,—this man about college, whose necktie betokens ease and whose whole appearance denotes a quiet sociability. The popular man belongs to his class, chums with your enemy and is everybody's friend, but the man about college has a lesser orbit and is confined to his club and crowd. Acquainted with the many he is intimate of a *coterie*.

You all know a man who never seems to have anything to do, a heedless scholar, an *habitué* of the theatre, and a retailer of small-talk, who, possessed of a pleasing voice, leads the singing at the club or on the campus when the night is song-inspiring and whom you cannot censure if you try. Indeed one to whom it is possible to pay more compliments and less praise than to any other in our midst. Why he comes to college is easily explained. His father was college-bred; it is the thing to do, and he does not mind having a liberal education. He shows a woeful lack of ambition and is the despair of indulgent professors, but he is the embodiment of social sympathy and occupies the grassy slopes apart from the cold, commanding summits and the wild though attractive precipices of the collegiate steep. The man pursuing his own interests



has no time to think of yours, and presents a cold front to your advances, nor has the fast man the desire to enter into the serious side of your life. Here then this man has his place in the body collegiate. He is, fortunately, as liberal in his ideas as in his studies; can talk on as many subjects as a reporter, and intelligently, on all; does a number of things with fair skill, excels in no games, although you have a suspicion that he could if he tried, (luckily he does not), and neither demands nor deserves success. He is, in fine, simply the man *about* college.

I have limited him to a circle of friends because he is not what is known as a prominent man. He neither aspires to the councils of legislation nor desires scholastic eminence and professional glory. But in sociability he is the most attractive of his fellows. He is something of a cheerful philosopher and his point of view enables him to see a very comfortable side of life. He has an attractive store of knowledge of a kind unknown to other men, derived from observation and experience. Neither is his stock of conversation merely laughing-gas, nor in his nature is there any part of the mordant trinity of envy, jealousy and scurrility. He is, too, an engaging listener, so that he both invites and gives confidence. He is your best friend. To parody Byron, he not only has

"The art of drawing people out,  
Without *his* knowing what he is about,"

but he also discourses of himself, while he lets you parade your views of life and humanity, your secret aspirations and your petty cares to your great relief. A thousand times he hath borne me on his back out of the slough of despond to this firmer shore, where I find placid periods of contentment. When sad and sour he has led me from the current of my reflections into heart-easing side streams. He is strung with fine sensibilities and can both cheer and sympathize. O best of words! A sympathetic exchange of ideas is a necessity for the undergraduate, however much some may try to conceal the desire by an affected brusqueness. This is the very poetry of our impressionable existence, and the man about college is our

opportunity. He knows the coolest walks and the fairest scenes, the most interesting people and the queerest characters. He dabbles in sailing, the amusement most suggestive for reflection, and he persuades you to his haunts out of yourself. To him alone do you unbosom yourself, and with him you are always satisfied, for selfishness is foreign to his nature. Such, then, is his sphere of usefulness. Call him idle if you will. I would not have him changed, and I shudder to think what effect the monotonous routine would have if his contrast did not distract our weary minds. It is he that forms the basis of college friendship and fellowship that seems so picturesque to the outside world. His fun, wit and sympathy are absolutely essential to the success of universities. When, in the days to come, you look back on the days here, this Yorick will first occur to your pleased recollection.

It was decidedly late the other night, for conversation had been prolonged regardless of the chiming quarters, when I bade my visitor "*Schlafen Sie wohl!*" and asked him the old question "why don't you *do* something?" "Why, my dear fellow, he replied, I warrant you I take more pleasure in my life than you do in yours. It never occurs to me to ask if life is worth living. And for me my knowledge is better than an exact acquaintance with the curriculum. I may be a rolling stone, but in my rambling course, you must acknowledge that with my polish I have also contrived to gather a fair quantity of tenacious moss. Fame is a bauble that shines with reflected light, and to me its intrinsic value is not self-evident. I prefer business for support and a few trusty friends for enjoyment. Good night!"

And I doubt not but that this careless fellow, whose flattery is always flattering and whose criticism is frank, earnest and good-natured, although distinguished in neither letters nor science, will have one of the happiest of homes. He is indeed more than a subject for descriptive negation. Respect? No. Admiration? Impossible. Regard and affection? Need I make reply?

H. L. Doggett.

## NOTABILIA.

"THE evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones." The present LIT. board have been resolved, however, that not all their good shall be interred with their respective collegiate bones. While *Fliegende Blätter* and the other papers endure, they hope to remain green in the college memory. In the flush of their benevolence, too, they had resolved to act on the suggestion of the *News* and complete their gift of *Fliegende Blätter* by the addition of a small German dictionary, appropriately chained, in order that the college might the more readily penetrate the mazy recesses of a joke from the "Fatherland." But prudence on second thought, forbade. Such an action from the LIT. might be construed as sanctifying all the illegal aids which it is to be feared students sometimes use in translating from a foreign tongue. The conveyances traveling up and down the "royal road to knowledge" are plentiful and alluring enough without this dangerous precedent from the LIT. So may the college take the will for the deed, and grapple as well as it can, single-handed, with the perils of *Fliegende Blätter* repartee.

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If the newspaper reports are to be trusted, Princeton cannot be said to be enjoying that season of happiness and Arcadian simplicity which President McCosh would have the outside world believe. No doubt there has been considerable exaggeration mixed in with the charges of the students, but there seems to be at the bottom of the whole trouble, some ground for student dissatisfaction toward the policy of the college government. Other Faculties, and among them perhaps our own, may see at Princeton their own policy of a paternal government carried further along toward its logical and necessary extreme. The Princeton Faculty in their capacity as parent *pro tem.* have only acted as a careful, conscientious

parent would under the same circumstances, and if the students, often men grown, revolt at this parental discipline, it certainly is no fault of the Faculty. The truth is, there is no half-way position when a college Faculty assumes to itself the functions of a parent. Either it must go as far and farther than has the Princeton Faculty in exercising guardianship over the students, or it can, as Yale in effect has done, while nominally *in loco parentis*, tacitly resign its parental duties.

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As the *News* has it, there were a number of "surprises" in the list of junior ex. appointments this year. Just what a "surprise" means the *News* did not state, but presumably it is meant to express in this case, the success of a man who has not figured before among the prize-men. Now this affords an excellent text for a few remarks the LIT. has been wanting to make for some time, on the general subject of literary prizes. As a rule, at Yale these prizes are nearly all at the disposal of one professor. However fair and impartial he may try to be, he is only human and cannot help getting into ruts of a number of kinds. He is bound to have a particular development of literary culture or a particular taste in literary matters, which, if appealed to when competition is close, is very apt to cast the balances one way or the other. It would be less unfortunate were it not the fact that the prizes he bestows virtually seemed to set off, by a gulf which is very wide and deep to college men, the prize-writers from the non prize-writers, and seems to stamp the former universally as Carlyles or Emersons, while the latter are relegated to an obscurity their mediocrity is supposed to deserve. If this is putting it too strong, at any rate we believe we are justified in saying that the prevailing college opinion reveres the prize man at the expense of the others; that writers who are unlucky enough to be on the wrong side of this prize-line arbitrarily fixed in sophomore year by one professor, do not receive common justice. Hence if such writers develop or a new prize-line is established by another pro-

fessor or set of professors, with new individualities, literary and others, the college experiences the phenomenon of a "surprise." What the LIT. pleads for, then, is a broader judgment respecting the literary ability of college men, based not altogether as it seems to be at present, on the prizes awarded in sophomore and other years.

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A VERY pleasant harbinger of the better times coming at Yale, in an educational sense, is the new method of senior instruction. It certainly marks the opening of what we believe is a broader, more liberal view of a college education. Yet the lash of the recitation and marking book has been held over us so long, and human nature, ever since Adam went to college, has been so frail, it must be confessed it has been difficult to accommodate ourselves to this new lecture system of the German universities. The temptation has been very strong with most of us, under the spirit of our undergraduate years, to shirk on all possible occasions. But we trust the spirit of scholarship is not wholly wanting in us, or that what there was has not been entirely crushed out. We do not believe it is so. We know that men, especially in studies to their liking, are beginning to put fully as much time as formerly on these studies and what time they do put now, certainly adds far more of manliness in scholarship than it could have done under the former system. The spirit of original research, the feeling that there is some knowledge and some discipline to be sought for their own sake without the pressure of a "stern inquisition" bearing down upon us, has begun to dawn upon our benighted minds. Recitations and marks we leave behind us in a few months, and it ought to be time now that we begin to accustom ourselves, if ever, to the only stimulus that can be permanent with us, the stimulus of ourselves.

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THE change, too, in this senior year, is in part corroborative of rumors that are rife respecting the "broader view" mentioned above, which it is not unlikely Yale may take. It is an almost open secret that certain funda-

mental changes are seriously discussed with reference to the curriculum of the first two years here. It certainly is a "consummation devoutly to be wished." It is to be hoped that no mistaken conservatism will succeed in blocking the path of a needed reform. It is our firm belief that nothing, not even "malarial fevers" nor "Yale brutality," nor any other imaginary evil, can, in the future, hurt the college so much as an obstinate conservatism,—meaning a blindness to modern needs. A curriculum that is forced along by public opinion, almost at the point of the bayonet, can never expect to command the full support of that opinion.

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## PORTFOLIO.

—I cannot include myself in that general class termed theatre-goers, because I have so often found the quality of the playing so worthless and the stage-setting so poor that more than once have I felt myself half tempted never again to enter a theatre and to place myself on the side of those who religiously oppose the stage and its surroundings. How often have I seen Queen Anne drawing-rooms in Julius Caesar or Mephistopheles beautiful with forked tail and cloven hoof enveloped in a sulphurous haze! Why, the plain sign-boards of the theatres before the time of the famous Globe on the banks of the Thames could not fail to give one better ideas. Those rude devices at least did not fill the mind with false scenes; the imagination could take hold of the words of the actor and fill in the true colors. Now tragedy has become travesty indeed! With Mr. Henry Irving, however, all this was changed. There was an attention to details, to little things, the results of which were surprising in the extreme. The critics tell us that absolutely or relatively considered Mr. Irving is not a great actor. However true that may be, he is nevertheless a great artist. I am glad of that, for I feel inclined to think that Mr. Irving has done the American stage a far greater service by being more of a painstaking manager and excellent artist than he could have done were he the consummation of all that is

necessary to make the perfect actor. We have seen for once what it is to have symmetry of design and action on the stage, harmony of colors, natural and almost perfect grouping of figures, real perspective throughout. There were series of life-scenes—veritable master-pieces—not painted, not mechanical, but living and real. Truly, some of the old masters must have draped those players, so like did they seem to the persons who look down on us from the paintings of years ago! Had Mr. Irving been only a player or even the greatest of players what would he have left behind? Certainly nothing more than the impression of genius, however great. Now, in addition to this impression, there is the after-thought that peoples the mind with beautiful pictures. Besides, it is not altogether improbable that his visit to America may give an appreciable impulse to the development of the proper study of what is best in the drama and scenic art with its accessories; while at the same time it may deal a telling blow at that coarse realism in which the stage and the theatre-going public seem to delight so much.

—If there is one best chapter in "*Bracebridge Hall*,"—a book which is all delightful—that chapter is on "*Falconry*." As he reads, one can almost see the gallant captain and the lovely Julia, as they ride side by side along the stately avenue, arched by the interlacing branches of the massive oaks, and the hale old Squire, his face beaming with pleasure at the sight of youth and love. At the side rides the irascible old hunter with the hooded hawk on his leathery fist; the weazened little parson is in the rear, his spindle-like legs beating an accompaniment on his horse's ribs as he discourses most learnedly on the ancient and noble pastime of Falconry.

Let us turn to a far less pleasing picture,—a modern one,—the falconry of the present day. The scene is laid in a modern newspaper office; the hunter, the editor of a daily; his hawks, the corps of reporters starting in the pursuit of their various game. Here we have all kinds of falcons, from the noble gerfalcon to the worthless kestrel—from the one who follows his lawful prize, the legitimate news of the day, to the last in the list, who seizes upon the scandal, the gossip, the police-court talk, the last tale of crime. No longer in the open, free air of the fields, dotted with blossoms of various hue, does the hunt take place. No game is so insignificant as to warrant immunity from assault. On the street-corner, overhearing conversation public and private, at the key-hole,

behind portières, lurks the modern hawk for his prey. Yet the game struck down by his prowess is not the same after our falcon's handling. Torn by his ruthless talons, changed in color and appearance, it is presented to his master's patrons, by whom all is devoured as worthy of their consumption. Sad it is that such sport should be tolerated, however great is our boasted liberty of the press. It is even more galling with the thought that the American public could easily put an end to the falcon's attacks, were they to take a firm stand upon their rights. But we are so unsympathetic, so used to the sight of woe that, so long as our own family skeleton hangs undisturbed in its closet, we are more than content that the privacy of others should be invaded, and their most cherished secrets exposed to the gaze of the gaping crowd.

—In North Andover is one of the oldest houses in New England. Its queer old-fashioned shape,—having two stories in front, but sloping to one in the rear,—its size, its massive timbers and immense chimney running up through the middle, all attest its age, better even than the "1667" painted on a window high up under the ridge. In the field across the road is a grave-yard, set apart when the house was built, where now only a few scattered and crumbling stones remain to mark the resting places of many whom the old house long sheltered. And, near at hand, is a monstrous stump, the grave-stone of an elm which was planted under the shadow of the house, and at last had to be cut down lest its dead branches should fall and crush it. In a country where most of the houses wear a spick-and-span look, the two hundred years of this one,—old when Bunker Hill was fought,—inspire in us a sort of awe. But it is not the venerableness of the house which is most interesting about it; for here is the birth-place of our national poetry. In this old house lived Anne Bradstreet, the first writer in America who showed anything of a true poetic soul. She was one of the humbler poets, it is true, and had most of the faults common to writers of her time. One cannot, like an early Harvard president, speak of himself as "weltering in delight," nor as "rapt to an exstasie" after having "drunk the nectar of her lines." She relied for her inspiration too much on her books; and the masters she followed were not of the best, for, thorough Puritan as she was, in her mind such men as Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Shirley, were godless persons, and "sons of Belial." But when she leaves



her books, and goes out into the beautiful scenery around her home, then something of the true poet shines out. She finds a new and lovely world. Like a bird released from long imprisonment, she utters a few tremulous notes that show how sweet her song would have been had she wandered more from her booky cage out into the world of her own heart and nature. And nature never made a fitter home for a poet. She could have roamed in the grand, still forests, long since hewn down; she could have sat on the banks of the lovely Merrimac, not yet fettered by dams and compelled to do the work and carry away the filth of scores of mills; from the hills just behind her home she could have gazed upon miles of intermingled forest and plain, and seen far to the north the snowy mountains of New Hampshire. But though the loveliness around Anne Bradstreet did not give her the highest inspiration, and even though she is sometimes dull, yet an hour among her verses, with their old-fashioned s's and queer spelling, is passed neither unprofitably nor unpleasantly.

—The art of printing is not such an unmixed blessing after all. Old John Gutenberg when he first set up his wooden blocks little thought that he was then devising a means to preserve all the mistaken notions, the follies, the mental unbalances of men, for their successors to bemoan or to smile at. Let me read you a clinching sentence ending up an article in one of the earlier issues of the *LIT.*, back in the forties somewhere. "And while a hundred dangers are threatening our matchless government and the world is looking on with interest for the result of the experiment, year by year our colleges are sending forth a host of trusty champions to defend our faith, our institutions, and our liberty, against Socialism, *Abolitionism*, *Radicalism*, and the thousand and one other isms which, thank God, find but slim foothold and few converts within our college walls." We wonder where that contributor is who thus supposedly voiced college sentiment, and where too the sentiment itself is to-day, except as it is embalmed for us in this musty old volume. Can it be that our vehement assertions and fondly-hugged beliefs will ever become antiquated like this and utterly gone except as some rude, contemptuous explorer comes upon them crystallized into print by Gutenberg's art! Ah! John Gutenberg, you have caused much mischief with all your good. You have builded not better but more than you knew.

## MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Our record this month extends from Feb. 22d to March 20th. With this number the Senior board bids St. Elihu a tearful farewell.

*Gamma Nu.*

The following officers have been elected in Gamma Nu:—President, C. H. Ludington; Vice-President, F. S. Pickett; Secretary, Thomas Penney; Vice-Secretary, F. S. Woodward; Treasurer, C. W. Holly; Censor, F. C. Howe; Board of Editors of the *Oracle*—Editor-in-chief, T. W. Porter; Associate Editors, S. E. Cobb, W. A. Setchell.

*S. S. S. Committees for '85.*

The president of the class of '85 S. S. S. has appointed committees as follows:—Picture Committee, Wm. A. McDowell, George W. Norton, Jr., Daniel T. Pratt; Statisticians, James A. Atwood, Arthur C. Coates, Murray Shipley, Jr., William Van S. Thorne, Edward S. Wilson.

*Meeting of the Y. U. B. C.*

A meeting of the Y. U. B. C. was held on Wednesday evening, Feb. 29th, for the purpose of considering amendments to the constitution. Article III, Sec. 2, as amended, reads:

"The executive committee (who shall consist of one graduate to be selected by the graduate advisory committee, the coach of the crew and, ex-officio, the captain of the university crew,) shall aid and advise the captain in the proper selection and training of the representative university crew. The graduate member shall be chairman of the committee."

The words "or harbor" are inserted after "Saltonstall" in Sec. 5, Article III. The words "President and Vice-President" are struck out from Sec. 8, Article III, and the words "Executive Committee" inserted.

*The "News" Supper.*

The *News* Supper was held at Barkentin's on Friday evening, February 29th. Mr. Bromley, '81; Messrs. Gale, H. Sanford, Taylor and Wilder, '84; Mr. Bridgman, '85; and M. Sheldon, '84 S., were present as guests of the retiring board. A list of the new board of editors will be found in the *Memorabilia* of February.

*S. S. S. Committees for '84.*

The S. S. S. seniors have elected the following committees: Supper Committee, Charles P. Farquhar, Clarence W. Sheldon, Elmore A. Willets; Graduating Committee, Albert Lucas, William A. Nichols, Russell Sargent; Class Cup Committee, Lawrence V. Benét, Edson Keith, Jr., Walter A. Sadler; Triennial Committee, Edward Blake, William B. Coit, Samuel B. Hawley.

*Phi Beta Kappa.*

The Connecticut Alpha of the Phi Beta Kappa society has been reorganized with the following officers:—President, Theodore D. Woolsey, D.D. LL.D.; Vice-President, Prof. A. Newton; Cor. Secretary, Prof. Tracy Peck; Treasurer, M. J. S. Smith. The following men have been elected from the senior class:

Frederic Sturges Allen, Bridgeport, Ct.  
Frank Oliver Ayres, Oakham, Mass.  
Charles Edwin Bedell, Montclair, N. J.  
George Reddington Blodgett, Bucksport, Me.  
Wilbur Franklin Booth, Easton, Ct.  
Robert Munro Boyd, Jr., Montclair, N. J.  
Charles Eugene Carr, New Haven, Ct.  
Edward Mortimer Chapman, Old Saybrook, Ct.  
Edward Chenery Gale, Minneapolis, Minn.  
Gustave Frederick Gruener, New Haven, Ct.  
James Smith Havens, Weedsport, N. Y.  
Roderick Whittelsey Hine, Lebanon, Ct.  
Frederic Scheetz Jones, Monroe City, Mo.  
David Kinlay, Jr., Andover, Mass.  
Edward Ashton Lawrence, Chicago, Ill.

Charles Abernethy Mead, Darien, Ct.  
William Theophilus Nichols, Cincinnati, O.  
John Ira Souther, Worcester, Mass.  
Selden Palmer Spencer, Erie, Pa.  
Sydney Stein, Chicago, Ill.  
Henry Bancroft Twombly, Boston, Mass.  
Dean Augustus Walker, Auburndale, Mass.  
Henry Milton Wolf, Chicago, Ill.  
Mr. Kinlay has declined an election.

### *Winter Athletic Games.*

The final contests in the Winter Athletic Games were held in the Gym. on Wednesday, March 12th. The custom of "Ladies' Day" was observed. Trial heats were held on the preceding Saturday and Wednesday, but owing to lack of space we are unable to report them. The following is the result of the finals:

#### EVENTS.

1. Tug-of-War (600 lbs.), '85 *vs.* S. S. S.,—R. C. Colt, B. K. Heaton, R. S. Storrs, G. E. Vincent—H. Farrington, J. A. Atwood, J. E. Hill, E. A. Meredith. Won by '85;  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches.
  2. Horizontal Bar—L. W. Bond, '86, S. S. S.,—G. E. Potts, '86, S. S. S. Won by Bond.
  3. Running High Jump—W. A. Brown, '86,—W. H. Ludington, '86. Won by Brown; 5 ft.  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in.
  4. Final Feather-Weight Sparring—W. R. Crawford, '86,—R. H. Wyeth, '87. Won by Wyeth.
  5. Light-Weight Sparring—J. E. Warnock, '86, S. S. S.,—N. M. Goodlett, '86. Won by Goodlett.
  6. Rope Climbing—G. O. Fellows, '86,—H. L. Mitchell, '85, S. S. S. Won by Fellows; time, 7 sec.
  7. Heavy-Weight Sparring—Wyllys Terry, '85,—W. N. Goodwin, '87. Won by Terry.
  8. Parallel Bars—J. A. Atwood, '85, S. S. S.,—E. L. Burke, '87. Won by Burke.
  9. Club Swinging—J. A. Atwood, '85, S. S. S.,—A. L. Fellows, '86. Won by Atwood.
- Referee—H. H. Knapp, '82.  
Judges—R. W. Hamill, '84, H. C. McDowell, '84.  
Timer—N. G. Williams, '84.

*Organ Recitals.*

The college will be favored with two organ recitals under the direction of Dr. Stöckel. Following is the program with dates:

*March 26, 1884.*

- 1.—OVERTURE, for Organ, . . . . . *Morandi.*  
Miss N. F. Baldwin.
- 2.—OFFERTOIRE, in G, . . . . . *Battiste.*  
Richard T. Percy.
- 3.—SUMMER NIGHT, . . . . . *Buck.*  
Double Quartette.
- 4.—OFFERTOIRE, in F, . . . . . *Battiste.*  
Chas. Cushing.
- 5.—OFFERTOIRE, in D, . . . . . *Battiste.*  
Joseph D. Rice.
- 6.—PREISLIED, from "The Meister Singers," . . . . . *R. Wagner.*  
M. Steinert.
- 7.—FANTASIA AND FUGA, . . . . . *E. F. Richter.*  
Harry P. Earle.
- 8.—COMMUNION, in E Minor, . . . . . *Battiste.*  
Wm. S. Wheeler.
- 9.—BILL OF FARE, . . . . . *Zöllner.*  
Double Quartette.
- 10.—COMMUNION in G, . . . . . *Battiste.*  
Joseph D. Rice.
- 11.—STORM CHORUS AND FUGA, . . . . . *Haydn.*  
Wm. S. Wheeler.
- 12.—SEMIRAMIDE, "Overture," . . . . . *Rossini.*  
Duet, Harry P. Earle and G. J. Stöckel.

*April 2, 1884.*

- 1.—NATIONAL AIR, with variations, . . . . . *Rinck.*  
Joseph D. Rice.
- 2.—ALLEGRETTO, 8th Symphonie, . . . . . *Beethoven.*  
Wm. S. Wheeler.
- 3.—IMAGE OF THE ROSE, . . . . . *Reichardt.*  
Mr. D. A. Jones and Double Quartette.
- 4.—TRÄUMEREI, . . . . . *Schuman.*  
Richard T. Percy.
- 5.—FANTASIA AND FUGA, . . . . . *Händel—Guilmant.*  
Miss N. F. Baldwin.
- 6.—BARCAROLLE, . . . . . *Fischer.*  
M. Steinert.
- 7.—OFFERTOIRE, in A, . . . . . *Battiste.*  
Chas. Cushing.
- 8.—FUGA, in G Minor, . . . . . *Bach.*  
Joseph D. Rice.
- 9.—MARCH, . . . . . *Becker.*  
Double Quartette.
- 10.—THE MARVELOUS WORK, . . . . . *Haydn.*  
Richard T. Percy.
- 11.—WM. TELL, "Overture," . . . . . *Rossini.*  
Harry P. Earle.

*Navy Benefit.*

The show for the benefit of the Navy was given Friday and Saturday evenings, March 21st and 22d, with Saturday matinee. Judging from the size of the audiences the entertainment must have been a success financially as it surely was theatrically, though as yet no report of the profits has been published. Following is the programme:

## MINSTRELS.

S. W. Hopkins, Jr.,

F. D. Bowen,

F. B. Brandegee,

E. McClellan,

D. A. Jones,

J. L. Adler,

J. Beadle,

E. I. Sanford, Jr.,

*C. M. Hinkle,**E. L. Richards, Jr.,*

H. E. Hand,

A. P. Wilder,

W. H. Jessup, Jr.,

L. D. Tourtellot,

G. S. Woodward,

W. P. Brandegee,

C. W. Cutler,

*E. A. Schultz, Jr.,**C. E. Botsford.*

1.—Overture—Beggar Student.

2.—End Song—"Sound dat Banjo" . . . E. A. Schultz, Jr.

3.—Cradle Song . . . . . D. A. Jones.

4.—End Song—"Mary's gone wid a Coon" . . . C. E. Botsford.

5.—"My Southern Sunny Home" . . . W. H. Jessup, Jr.

6.—End Song—"In other Respects" . . . E. L. Richards, Jr.

7.—The Evening Gun . . . . . L. D. Tourtellot.

8.—End Song—"Put on de Golden Shoes" . . . C. M. Hinkle.

9.—Finale—Coonville Guards.

## THE YALE BANJO CLUB.

R. A. Sands,

J. P. Waring,

L. C. Ryce,

C. M. Hinkle,

E. A. Hine,

C. A. Watrous,

S. W. Hopkins, Jr.,

H. H. Higbee,

C. E. Austin.

## CLOG DANCING.

C. E. Holmes and C. E. Botsford.

## "THE BAKER'S DAUGHTER."

## CAST.

Hairoil Rottenpledge,	C. M. Walker,
Demijohn Straightabove,	H. G. Chase,
Lawrence Eastriver,	E. A. Merritt,
Mr. Cabbage,	G. W. Judson,
Cemetery Green,	C. W. Copeland,
Henry Clay Flips,	C. E. Botsford,
Count of no Account,	N. G. Williams,
A. B. C. Mountvillain,	S. W. Hopkins,
Doctor Whichdaughter,	A. C. Wait,
Lily Ann,	J. M. Dawson,
Bridget McAllen Green,	C. T. Mathew,
Mrs. Nanny Toothcomb,	W. A. Taylor,
Cantilie,	W. H. Hyndman,
The Beauty,	P. E. Jenks,

## COMMITTEE.

A. V. Armour,	E. A. Merritt,
S. W. Hopkins, Jr.,	C. M. Walker,
P. E. Jenks,	N. G. Williams,
D. A. Jones.	

*For a New Dormitory.*

Mrs. Francis C. Lawrance, of New York City, has given the College \$50,000 to found a new dormitory.

It is our duty to record the death of Oliver Dyer, Jr., of the class of '86. He died in New Haven from injuries received in the Gymnasium. The Sophomore class have adopted the following resolutions:

Inasmuch as death has suddenly taken from us our classmate, Oliver Dyer, Jr.,

We, his friends and comrades, would express our deepest sympathy with his bereaved relatives and friends in their loss.

Also, we would testify our admiration for him who, by his brilliant intellect and scholarly tastes, gave promise of so bright a future.

CALVIN DICKEY,	} Committee.
EDWARD J. PHELPS,	
FRED'K J. WINSTON,	

## BOOK NOTICES.

*Newport.* By George Parsons Lathrop. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

While passing many serious strictures on Americans, our English visitors of the past six months have told us that we do not enjoy life as they do. Not that we are naturally too prosaic nor wanting in taste for that matter, but, although our women would be merry and Epicurean if they could, our men are animated by the all-absorbing utility of the day and have no time for pleasure. In a word we have no social ideals. Hence it is not astonishing if American daughters sigh for titles, nobility, and leisure. But our novelists at least would convince us that pleasure-seeking has become a principle of our existence; for how could we live from winter to winter, say they, without Saratoga, Newport, Long Branch and a score of those places where the complex social elements of the cities annually collect and differentiate, for with the pressure and rattle of business during the cooler months, the flesh becomes crystallized like long-used iron; at least this is a theory of the story-tellers. Indeed, we have had not a few tales of the summer resorts of late, and even though his romance is not set amid the waves, it has become quite imperative that the author should employ enough of the figment and formalism of sea-transplanted life to give it an aroma of surf, tennis, and ices. "Newport," whether intentionally or not, is a very spicy satire on the effete and artificial coterie of men and women which it portrays, and therefore it is a success. There is scarcely plot enough to give the story unity, but were it not systemless and factitious, realism would be sacrificed and we should not see Newport as it is. Mr. Lathrop often assures us in a non-committal way that Newport life is all a sham and he brings the reader to the same conclusion if his story is just to the place. His principal hero is very *blasé* both physically and mentally, and the motive furnished in the betrayal of a letter involves him and the heroine in complications which would be impossible among rational persons. However, he informs us that his characters do not make up the whole of Newport society.

The story reminds us of "A Newport Aquarelle" in its general features. Both stories have several incidents and personages in common. The Casino balls, solitary promenading on the beach, fox hunting, polo, yachting, suicide half consummated—all these are inevitables at Newport.

*Prusias: A Romance of Ancient Rome under the Republic.* By Ernst Eckstein. From the German by Clara Bell. In two Volumes. New York: William S. Gottsberger.

For a classic sentimentalism and a vivid portrayal of the life and manners of the Greeks and Romans, combined with a depth of archæological research unknown to our own more superficial writers, we have come to look to the Germans above all. Ebers, Becker, Dahn and Eckstein, have in turn rejuvenated the charming study of classic times and collected in a popular and engaging form, a host of facts to which we can trace back our own modern institutions, and by means of which these scholars enable us to form a juster estimate of the peoples from whom we have derived so much, than text-books and voluminous scientific treatises afford.



"Prusias," a recent addition to the literature of this nature, combines the charms of a well written novel with the instruction of a compendium of Roman customs. Carried back to a period of infinite interest and novelty we meet the Roman in his home circle, in the council-chamber, in camp, and on the field of battle; we are brought face to face with personages history has made known to us and fame has extolled or depreciated.

For the sake of the unity of the plot we pardon an historical inaccuracy which, in its very conception, marks an originality of a more than ordinary character, and so are willing to connect the Servile Revolt with the Mithridatic War, provided that, as is the case in this instance, no anachronism is involved in so doing. The vivid portrayal of the stirring scenes of the period, the revolt, victory, and final catastrophe are sketched in a masterly fashion, while many a touching incident lights up the gloom of the inevitable crisis. The incidental episode of the slave boy, loving where he is not loved, ignorant of the devotion proffered him; the manly devotion of the pupil and fellow-conspirator; the guilty love of the hero himself appeal strongly to our sensibilities, while the horrors of serfdom and the intolerance of slave owners, bring forcibly before us the consideration of a problem that it has taken since the dawn of history to solve.

A word of commendation for the translator, who by a sprightliness of language and a variety of expression has enhanced the interest of an already charming work.

*Darwinism Stated by Darwin himself.* Passages Selected and Arranged by Nathan Sheppard. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price \$1.50.

Necessary to a helpful selection and arrangement of passages from a great work, are, first of all, a thorough knowledge and appreciation of the author, and a competent judgment as to what the world, for whom one selects, may need. If a personal admiration of the author and his labor also influences the selector, he will be most apt to choose the valuable passages from the original work. This, it seems to us, has been done in the present instance. For the thorough scientific mind the book can serve but as a compendious index, directing where the author's full opinion can be found to supplement the short, concise statement of his views here given, which statement however, is ample enough to convey a clear understanding of the subject to an investigator, and interesting enough to hold his attention and urge him to further research. How mistaken are many of the popular notions regarding Darwin and his theories, is fully shown in this work, and in fact a part of its mission is to present in a popular form, a true statement of Darwinism as conceived of and reasoned about by Darwin himself. A discussion of the principles brought forth in the book, it is neither our province nor desire to enter into; suffice it to say that despite the opposition to the Darwinian theory, despite the fallacies which have been proved in it, some of which the author himself has acknowledged and remedied, yet, as a theory wonderful in the correctness of its hypothesis, and supported by a man careful and profound in investigation, fascinating in his statements, and noble in his personal character, it will, in future as at present, demand the respectful, thorough attention of the scientific world.

*Light in Lands of Darkness: A Record of Missionary Labors.* By Robert Young. New York: Cassell & Co., Limited. Price \$2.00.

The earnest, sympathetic spirit in which Mr. Robert Young has handled the missionary labors in the different fields, has resulted in a work full of life and interest. Strikingly in contrast with much that has been written on the subject, the author endeavors, not only to have his readers grasp leading facts in the different fields, but also tries, and with great success, to open for them the hearts of the missionaries, and to give them a glimpse of the spirit in which the work has been carried on. His brief sketches of the characters of some of the pioneer laborers are of a high order of merit. The sturdy spirit of Christian David and the patient toil of pastor Hans Egidi, of the Moravian Mission, as portrayed by the author, reveal a man whose later success does not surprise us. The general character of the book is descriptive and popular, rather than statistical, prominence being given "to the work in later years of the various missions." If at times he seems more hopeful of speedy evangelization than the past history of some of the fields would allow, it is because he is confident that should human power grow weak, the Divine arm will lend its influences with unseen forces. The author closes with an eloquent eulogy of what has already been accomplished, and the triumphant declaration that "the morning cometh,—even the morning without clouds."

*Gæthe's Faust.* Translated by Anna Swanwick. New York: White, Stokes & Allen. Price \$1.00.

The translator informs us in the preface that this is the fortieth metrical version of 'Faust' in English, and we question whether such a task of poetical translation is not altogether futile and uncalled-for. The translator has everywhere given rhythmic expression to the language of her verse, which, although it resembles the masterly translation of Taylor in form as well as in spirit, has considerable individuality. The various theories of the tragedy are discussed in exhaustive comments. The work is printed on the finest laid paper and is very elegantly and tastefully bound.

*A Great Treason: A Story of the War of Independence.* By Mary A. M. Hoppus. New York: Macmillan & Co. Price \$1.00.

To one who reads a historical novel for the history involved, this may seem an instructive book, but to the average reader its interminable contents offer a somewhat appalling feast when one considers how much is being done to popularize fiction at present.

As may be inferred from its title, the story has some relation to Benedict Arnold and his desertion of the Colonial cause. The features of the work are fair historical accuracy and an occasional touch of humor.

*Economic Tracts.* First and second series, 1881 and 1882. New York: The Society for Political Education.

Scarcely need more be said in commendation of this work than to mention some of the tracts which it comprises: "What is a Bank?" E. Atkinson; "Political Economy and Political Science;" "Present Political and Economic Issues;" "The Usury Question;" "Political Economy in one

Lesson." A. Courtois ; "Money and its Substitutes." Horace White ; "Paper-Money Inflation in France." A. D. White ; "The Caucus System." F. W. Whitridge.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

*Politics : An Introduction to the Study of Comparative Constitutional Law.* By William W. Crane and Bernard Moses, Ph.D. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price \$1.50.

*English Poetesses : A series of Critical Biographies with Illustrative Extracts.* By Eric S. Robertson, M. A. London, Paris and New York: Cassell & Co., Limited.

*The Elements of Political Economy.* By Emile De Laveleye. Translated by Alfred W. Pollard, B. A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

*Flowers and their Pedigrees.* By Grant Allen. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price \$1.50.

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 EDITOR'S TABLE.

"Good night, good night ! parting is such sweet sorrow  
That I shall say good night till it be morrow."

For the last time our floor is strewn with the wit and wisdom of *esteemed contemporaries*. For the last time we have waded through the '*Orient*' and the '*Targum*,' the '*Tablet*' and the '*Tech*.' And to-night we bid you all farewell. 'Tis sad "and more sad because it makes us smile." Eighty-four's pen is worn to the stub, and missing the old it refuses to write of the new issues. The ink too has run dry, nothing is left but the scissors. As we grasp these we murmur farewell *litter* and the echo seems to answer farewell 'LIT.'

We clip the following :

## A FLIRTATION.

An evening's walk on the sea shore,  
An afternoon's talk on the sands,  
A waltz or two at the german,  
At parting a pressure of hands.  
I went back to my books and the fellows,  
She returned to the society's strain,  
And to-night in the smoke from my meerschaum,  
I am living last summer again.

The charm of her low conversation,  
Which mamma was unable to hear,  
The meaning that lay in her glances,  
When anyone came very near.  
The dainty white hand on my coat sleeve,  
The moon shining full on her face,  
The pictures imprinted on Mem'ry,  
Which time can never erase.

It was but a gay flirtation,  
An acquaintance made for a day.  
Time, we fully intended,  
Should wear remembrance away.  
She's been the same to a dozen,  
And I've had flirtations before,  
Yet the days of this short week in August,  
I'm thinking of more and more. — *The Dartmouth.*

VOL. XLIX.

NO. VII.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED  
BY THE  
Students of Yale College.



"Dum mens grata manet, nimis laudesque VALENTES  
Cantant Scholæ, inanimique PATRÆ."

APRIL, 1884.

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**THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.**—Conducted by the Students of Yale College. This Magazine established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Forty-Ninth Volume with the number for October, 1883. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the *Notabilia* college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the *Memorabilia* it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the *Book Notices* and *Editors' Table*, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued monthly from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at Gulliver's. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, whether in regard to the editorial or the business management of the periodical, must be addressed to the EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, New Haven, Conn.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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No. 7.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '85.

HENRY DE F. BALDWIN,

HERBERT L. DOGETT,

JOHN C. BRIDGMAN,

EUGENE L. RICHARDS, JR.,

FRANK R. SHIPMAN.

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COLLEGE INFLUENCE.

IT seems as if the country was in these days taking an unusual interest in all educational matters, and especially in our colleges. Pamphlets on certain articles of political faith are distributed among us, the daily papers are full of college news, and lecture halls ring with the arguments for and against the time-honored college curriculum. College alumni return in great numbers to spend commencement week at their respective colleges, and organize associations in different parts of the country, which keep ever alive in the breast of each one his love for his Alma Mater.

Nor does this interest in college matters seem out of place at the present time. We are reminded on all sides that as the days of spread-eagle oratory and self satisfaction disappeared, so also that reverential obsequiousness to foreign opinion which succeeded them is being gradually supplanted by a more noble and patriotic attitude. Even the fine arts are attracting numerous disciples. And when the foam of the aesthetic freak has disappeared, it will be surprising if a sediment of a real and deep desire

for a better appreciation of art be not apparent outside of professional circles. The inclination which is seen among rich men in our large cities to have a handsome house and a fine picture gallery, both of which shall be the *à priori* embodiment of an artistic taste to which Dives hopes to attain, is becoming so common as to excite a smile in their poorer, but supposedly more cultivated, fellow countrymen. How the man of gigantic business ability struggles to acquire a culture which he once neglected, all the time forgetting, that he who would learn the "open sesame" which is to admit him to the joys of a refined and cultured life, must worship long and humbly at that shrine wherein is deposited the best thought of all ages. But while many of our men of business try to attain their end by taking culture by the throat, so to speak, as a class they are beginning to deem it necessary for a young man's success, that he should seek it in the regular way.

That we are materialistic, without faith, we hear on all sides. At least, our friends tell us of our faults. Yet occupying as we do a country apart from the intrigues of foreign courts, subject to only our own mistakes, and being, as it were, the favored heir of the old world, it would be strange if within the lifetime of the rising generation, about whose education is the discussion, a great change did not take place. With no great political revolution gathering on our horizon, our greatest social problem is the education of the masses and the improvement of their intellectual condition. It seems a time which says to every man, "Become rich and civilized." If Europe is to be the scene of great social struggles, of wars and tumults, and it seems as if such must be the case, America, for all her rude sense and materialism, ought to be the home of a broad and liberal culture. For it is peace and quietness which are needed to bring out the well-rounded life. It is the Loyolas, Rousseaus, Mirabeaus, Jeffersons—men of one idea, whose mission it is to found religious orders, overthrow governments and do the fighting. But Goethe, the student of culture, sat aloof from all the fighting.

and passion of his time. Goethe and Emerson were not fit to roll their antagonists in the mud. And in a land where the great problem of the century,—a government for and by the people, has been practically solved, and this government put on so substantial a basis that its credit is the best in the world, he who would live as a whole man must appreciate the world outside of his own occupation, must accept the legacy which the centuries have left him. The time for narrow-minded partisanship has passed: we now have need of unprejudiced critical capability.

Thus it seems as if the present prominent position which college questions now occupy in the discussions of the day, means an appreciation by the people at large of their great influence upon the progress of culture. The American colleges must, to a great extent, make the American life of the future. They pretend to give their students a liberal, not a special, education. And with them rests the responsibility of overcoming that tendency of young men to drift into a specialty at an early age, and oblivious to the fact that there is life and goodness outside of their own narrow limits, to strum away on the same chord all their days. College does more for us than drive in facts; more even than giving us proper discipline. Culture seems to be a question of attitude; the proper arrangement of facts rather than the facts themselves. It is in this respect that the influence of an institution or of an individual is most productive. And it is here that the influence of American colleges seems to be particularly great. As the institutions of learning in no other country have they power to reach the people and control their education. The German students change about from one university to another, and are more influenced by the particular men whose classes they attend, than by the attitude of any institution as such. But here the college takes us as we are leaving home for perhaps the first time, and moulds us in four years into a more or less perfect embodiment of the spirit of the institution. The four years or more that we spend at college, the most



important years in each one's development, succeed with the greater part of us in accomplishing an almost complete crystallization of character. It is not the facts we remember, not altogether the discipline which Latin, Greek and Mathematics have given us, but the college has put its seal upon us, and it is that which determines the application of all our knowledge, and the direction and scope of our mind's vision. The individual man is to a great extent merged in the Yale man. It was not because they learned that thunder was caused by the collision of two clouds charged with opposite electricities, or that a certain reading of a Greek sentence was to be preferred to another, that the Yale men who are famous at this day have become so. And I fancy, it is not our many recitations spent in discussing Greek accent and Latin prosody—discussions prolonged until all the poetry had vanished under a pile of rules—upon which we shall look back as being of particular advantage to us, but the single fact that we have passed four years at Yale. We may regret our ignorance in History, our scanty knowledge of the classics, our inability to criticise an English poem,—and these must be deeply regretted by every thoughtful man—but if we have received from our Alma Mater, the ability to look out on life with a degree of freedom from our local prejudices and with the appreciation of other roads than our own, then have we something better than all that we lack.

Nor is it only the cultivation of individuals which properly represents the influence of our colleges. We hear much about our country being a state, but not a nation; that we are a conglomeration of many types, and have not yet produced the typical man who shall represent the America of the future. Towards uniting us into a homogeneous people, are not our colleges one of the largest factors at work? When a class graduates at Yale and sends its men to the four corners of the country, it is one more great stride towards centralization and making us a people united in culture as well as in political interests. Who can deny that the enthusiasm which Yale

undergraduates have shown during the last ten years for Free Trade will bear an abundant harvest when these students shall have become old enough to wield influence in the affairs of the nation? But far greater influence will they exert on their respective communities, in social life.

And is not the material upon which the college has to work promising? We come here with "fire and strength," provide but an inflammable fuel and our enthusiasm will work down into the core. Though as a class we may dislike plodding for plodding's sake, yet place before a college man a subject which opens to his life a new vista, shows him truth he knew not of before, and he will show that he possesses a natural disinclination towards laziness. But we are not fitted to worship the past. There is too much to be done, our advance is too rapid. It is not the Greek and Latin poets that keep us up at night, eager to drink in the beauty of their thought. Saturated with rules of prosody they lie on our shelves; we do not feel their spirit. Though we may revere Plato because our fathers did, we read Carlyle and Herbert Spencer. Yet, though we are not in sympathy with a method which sinks poetry and the cultivating influences of the ancients in rules of grammar, and is such as to kill the poetic appreciation of the most enthusiastic, we cannot after proper reflection deny the value of our college course. We have gained that attitude toward life which must be the foundation of a true culture, not only for ourselves, but for all who come within our influence. This is the real need of the times. This is the influence of our colleges on the country.

## JUNIOR PRIZE ORATION.

**John Greenleaf Whittier.**

By JAMES RICHARD JOY, Groton, Massachusetts.

OURS is an age of literature. The catalogues of libraries, the announcements of publishers are crowded with the names of those who seek to win distinction with the pen. The movement is universal. In our own, as well as in the older land beyond the sea, the fever rages. But of all this mass of American literary production how little bears the stamp of our nationality. Our poets have wandered the world over for inspiration while there was spread before their darkened vision a landscape such as no European eye had ever seen, a background for Indian war, Colonial strife and superstition, all combining to produce a theme grand as the tales of the Cid, romantic as Granada's conquest, heroic as any story of the knightly Bayard. Around the poets busy hands were building a nation. But no one sang of the craft of the workmen. A monster evil had gained footing in their home-land. From the South the cancer of slavery was eating its insidious way into the heart of the nation. But the poets were busy with the birds and flowers, with love and beauty, or told again the long dead glories of Greece and Rome. While the poets were beyond the ocean subject-hunting, there was born in a New England home a man who wrote, with a pen which the Muses dipped, the lyrics of his native land. The world knows him to-day as John Greenleaf Whittier.

It was a stray copy of Burns that set the farmer boy a-thinking on the world around him. These poems of sky and brook and life among the lowly were like the revelation of a hidden treasure. He woke to find his native valley a magnificent field for natural description. For the Bay State boasts no lovelier county than his native

Essex, through which the wearied Merrimac glides seaward between intervalles that stretch back green to the darker forest or to the brown upland of the farming country. Trace the winding river from its snow-fed springs among the White Hills down through the mists of Amoskeag and Pawtucket and out to the blue Atlantic. Then over valley, beach and mountain cast a glamour of Indian legendry or the darker tale of witchcraft and persecution and you have a region rivalling the Highland tabernacles of the Scottish Covenanters, or the lowland battle fields along the banks of English Tweed. It was amid such scenes as these that nature, his first enchantress, brought Whittier within her magic spell. He puts a wealth of feeling into these delineations of the scenery of his native county; for—

“Those hills are dearest  
Which our childhood's feet have climbed the earliest.”

and he has been familiar from boyhood with every nook of the lazy river, the souging of the wind through the dark pines on Ramoth hill, the broad salt-meadows through whose tide-ways the fisher boats slip out to sea in the mists of the early morning. Much of this description is woven into narratives of Colonial life. For the sleepy river villages and ancient hamlets by the sea possessed strange histories. Essex was a land of witches and warlocks, and by many a broad hearth stone some New World Jennie Wilson filled the ear of her poet listener with these uncouth superstitions.

“The common air was thick with dreams,—  
He told them to the toiling crowd.  
The music that the woods and streams  
Sang in his ears he sang aloud.  
In still shut bays, on windy capes  
He heard the call of beckoning shapes,  
And, as the gray old shadows prompted him,  
To homely moulds of rhyme he shaped their legends grim.”

The result has been to connect by a bond of poetry the traditions of Massachusetts and New Hampshire with the

natural scenery of their coast. The rocks of Rivermouth force a tear to the memory of the wretched witch-wife Goody Cole. The clustering fogs of Harpswell veil but dimly the Dead Ship from our straining vision. The summer idler in the old north-shore town of Marblehead can almost see Floyd Ireson in his tar and feathers—almost hears the derisive laughter of the women. But he would not have been the true poet of New England had he been content with external description or even with the folk-lore of the land he loved. As Burns revealed the simple life of the cottar, so Whittier in *Snow Bound* has "lifted the twilight curtains of the Past" from a Massachusetts household of sixty years ago. In all literature there is no lovelier picture of rural simplicity and the domestic joys than this—the poet's boyhood home. To read it, even carelessly, is to arouse in the breast of the wanderer that universal love of home which marks our whole Teutonic stock.

The noble *Songs of Labor* complete the garland that Whittier has woven for the brow of his New England. He has sung the wood-hymns of her forests, the babbling music of her rills, the trials of the early days when man and nature strove together, the blessings of the happier days when Indian war gave way to peaceful toil. Throughout all we recognize the gentle personality of one who turns into loving rhyme the principles instilled at a mother's knee—principles that stand out yet more clearly in the great anti-slavery conflict, about which the remainder of this poetry is grouped. For there came a time when to express hatred of oppression was in itself our land a crime. Then the New England poet spoke for freedom, and through his ringing stanzas the pulse of liberty beat always high.

Seldom in any age has the poet devoted himself to the cause of human rights. Homer sang of Agamemnon, king of men, but there was no space in his sublime hexameters for Man himself. Dante and Vergil, with all their magnificence, righted no wrongs nor soothed our bitter sorrow. In our own literature from Norman W.

to the Victorian day some dreamer wears the laureate crown, and the skilled metrist and refurbisher of English legends is summoned by the Queen to a seat at Westminster among the British peers. The poets have sought a field above—if not beyond—our common humanity. They pierce the future to stand before us in the prophet's mantle. Unrestrained they tread the paths of fancy and with ambitious pencil sketch the endless glories of heaven, the eternal torments of the damned. But Whittier has sought his themes at home among the people,—

" Making his rustic reed of song  
A weapon in the war with wrong,"

that thirty year's war of principle that roused the long dormant strength of the American character. Those years saw slavery at the very pinnacle of its power, with pulpit, press and platform closed to every utterance that might endanger its stability. Those years saw, too, the anti-slavery party—small and despised at first—increase in strength until it hurled the tyrant from his throne and raised up Freedom in his stead. The little band of heroes who nursed the fire before the shrine of Liberty, fell one by one during those weary years, but they who lived till yesterday saw slavery go down—in blood, alas! but as the Master willed.

Voices of Freedom, Whittier calls the verses of this period, and they are a free, outspoken voice against a system that not only bound a race to labor, but held Church and State subservient to its will. This voice was raised at the very beginning of the long agitation, and its clear tones had never faltered when one glad morning the bells rang out from town to town the news that the slave was free. In these poems is laid bare the whole finer nature of the author. Every principle that he held most dear, the sanctity of the family tie, freedom of speech and press, equality of human rights, he saw rudely violated in a land of boasted freedom. The sale of a Christian woman at the auction block;—the forcible separation of a

Virginia slave mother from her daughters, sold South to a nameless fate, tear from his heart the quivering words :

" My God ! can such things be ?  
Hast Thou not said that whatsoe'er is done  
Unto Thy weakest and Thy humblest one  
Is even done to Thee ? "

When even the clear air of New England grew thick with the hot breath of tryanny, when the fugitive slave law let loose the Southern blood-hounds upon this last retreat of freedom, when the solid men of Boston quailed before the outstretched scepter of King Cotton, and a cultured mob drove Garrison from Faneuil Hall, there was no flinching in the poet's lines :—

" Rail on, then, ' brethren of the South,'—  
Ye shall not hear the truth the less ;  
No seal is on the Yankee's mouth,  
No fetter on the Yankee's press !  
From our Green Mountains to the sea  
One voice shall thunder—**WE ARE FREE.**"

Such words could not be silenced. They flew from mouth to mouth, to heart and brain—and they prevailed.

On the brink of the Civil War the poet hesitated. His Quaker training caused him to forget for a moment the wrongs of a race in his horror of a fratricidal strife. But love for humanity conquered, and through the smoky pall of battle he watched One working out the wished-for end :—

" Not as we hoped,—but what are we !  
Above our broken dreams and plans  
God lays, with surer hand than man's,  
The corner-stones of Liberty."

And when the war was over, and the Right had won, the gentle spirit of the singer still shone benignly through his songs. His was no exultant note of triumph over a prostrate foe, but with a hand and voice of welcome he went out to meet a home-returning brother.

Now, with his brightest hopes realized, with the assurance of undying fame as a poet and a philanthropist, he

lives in peace the slow declining years that bear him onward to the comrades gone before. The everlasting hills will sound his praises. A race of freedmen will cherish his words among the few bright memories of an age of wrong; and when New England counts her honored sons, among the highest in that ever-lengthening roll of heroes will stand the gentle singer of her beauties, the trumpet-tongued lover of liberty, the first truly American poet—John Greenleaf Whittier.



### SEA-SOUL'S BIRTH.

When Earth's birth-days were few,  
And swelled her maiden breast  
With the first buddings of maturer life  
And her great heart with struggling thought was rife  
In every breath she drew,  
The Ocean lay at rest :—

Pulseless and lifeless lay,  
Like one whose soul's asleep,  
Pillowing his youthful head in Earth's warm arms  
Sleeping unconscious of her growing charms,  
E'en in his youth-time gray  
Clouded with silence deep.

One night from some far space  
There fell a flaming star  
And hissed its life out in the ocean's brine  
Breathing into the sea its soul divine.  
At morn a sudden grace  
Shone o'er the waves afar :—

A soul's impress they wore  
And the long-pulseless sea  
Woke like a giant to his new found strength  
And kissed the Earth and stretched his arms at length  
To clasp the timid shore  
Wooring eternally.

*Edward Wells, Jr.*



## THE TENDENCY OF THE AGE TO BURLESQUE.

“**L**ET me make a nation's songs, and I care not who makes her laws.” So said a great man a great while ago. Its songs and its amusements influence profoundly a people's character. The type of pleasure which suits popular tastes is generally a fair index of the characters which foster those tastes. Apply this principle to American life. What gives to us as a people the most pleasure? What kind of play ordinarily fills our theatres? Unquestionably comedy rather than tragedy. Theatrical managers have learned that people like to laugh better than to weep. The tragic is attractive to the average audience under only two circumstances; when it is presented by such superlative talent that it enforces involuntary attention, or when its success is assured by the startling, melodramatic effects of extravagant scenic displays. Tragedy of inferior quality is apt to appeal to yawning audiences, when comedy of equal rank will make the house ring. It is a comparatively easy thing to make an audience laugh. One word will do it. Comic operas, when fairly well presented, crowd our play houses. A good minstrel show is rarely a financial failure. This is perhaps all as it should be. Mental relaxation is a necessity. Men can not do without it. But mental dissipation is by no means an equal necessity. It is a dangerous luxury. If people were content with pure comedy as a balance to overstrained minds, there need be no cause for alarm. But they are not content with this. The fun which pleases best is frequently fun of a pretty broad description. That must be nearly an ideal people among whom comedy, if allowed to reign, will not degenerate into comedy of a low type, and seek fuel for its sustenance in directions where the ludicrous is out of place. Aristophanes has successors in all times and in every literature. There is cause for alarm in the tendency of our age to burlesque in all directions, until it trespasses upon the realm of the beautiful and the pure.

There is so little positive originality in the world that ambitious writers, in their efforts to rouse the risible faculties, have infringed both upon their own privileges as authors and upon their reader's rights. They have ruined by parody a great deal that is truly beautiful in literature. When Hood wrote the "Bridge of Sighs"—a real gem in literary art which ought to have been sacred from abuse—he wrote it for the world. It may not be one of the masterpieces; but Frederick W. Robertson said of it, "I should not like to be the woman who could read that poem without something more than sentimental tears; nor should I like to be the man who could rise from a perusal of it without a mighty throb added to the conviction that libertinism was a thing of damnable and selfish cowardice." He was right. The sun never shone on a land where there are no men and women to be helped by that poem. Yet modern parody has claimed it for its own, and for many of its readers damned it. For all readers somewhat of its sacredness has been destroyed. In one of Tennyson's poems a well-known line, unsurpassed in modern literature, is made to read:

"But O for the touch of a *varnished* hand."

On the day after General Butler's election to the governorship of Massachusetts, one of the leading Boston papers came out with this heading:

"For all sad words of tongue or pen  
The saddest are these, '*We must have Ben.*'"

Very funny, but out of place. Not even the great master of the English drama has escaped this vandalism. Some aspiring ass has written a burlesque upon Antony's speech over Cæsar's body. Indeed a whole volume, parodying Shakespear's work, has been recently published. American wit occupies a place by itself in the literature of to-day. But let it not go beyond a very modest province. We have not yet so much good literature that we can afford to lose the best of it. The editors of our magazines are groaning over the dearth of good writers. Let our

coming authors at least do so much as this: if they have not the requisite genius to write something of their own, let them refrain from prostituting the grand and the beautiful things which great men before them have made immortal. Let the beautiful remain beautiful. Let the sublime live to be revered. We have little enough of either.

Nor is parody confined to literature alone. It flourished recently in the whole realm of æstheticism. "Patience" was an extremely well written opera. Its success needed only the composer's name to guarantee its success. All winter long it crowded the theatres. Not to have seen it was to be deprived of one of society's great topics of conversation. Yet the principle underlying its success was a false one. It taught men to laugh at, as absurd, that which is really the very essence of the beautiful. The public saw in æstheticism only an absurdity. A broken piece of crockery or a faded landscape which one must "live up to," were taken as its representatives. But not thus did Ruskin see the matter. He saw profound truths in this belief at which men were laughing. He saw that it had its power over the refinement of a people; that, with all its affectations and its falsities, it spread a refining influence among the people and produced a more elevated mental attitude. The principles which make up æstheticism are in themselves elementary to a lofty civilization. If its disciples have carried it to a ludicrous extreme, the fault is theirs, not that of their creed. The truth is that this mockery of æstheticism has led the majority of people either to attach a false meaning to the word, or to believe that it means nothing at all.

A marked result of the habit of ridiculing is seen in its tendency to do away with all inherited institutions. It has come to pass among us that every thing must be new. Defects are seen in old systems. New plans are eagerly adopted, without its being clearly proved that they do not possess other and greater evils than those they would supplant. The stern ideas of our hardy ancestors created

a great fund of laughter. So be it. It will always be human to laugh at old fashioned things. But the time will come when the ideas, which seem to us now most true, will be in their turn displaced, and will make themes for parody to our successors. What then is the true principle? Are not those opinions which have in the past produced the noblest forms of manhood, the opinions which will stand the tests of time? Is it not always ungenerous and unwise to make sport of a thing until it has been improved on? Until it can be shown that modern ideas are producing better men than the ideas of the past produced, any derision of notions because they are old fashioned is out of place and may be profane.

One of the best reasons why the burlesque should be avoided lies in its tendency to destroy a reflective character. If a college life amounts to anything, it must be a busy, often a hurried life. There is continual transition from one duty to another, and from one recreation to another. Far too little thought and time at best are given to the quiet forms of reflection which tend to give pure tastes and simple standards and criterions. In an ancient volume mankind are advised to consider the lilies, that they toil not. Therein lies a truth: that natural beauty has power over mind and morals. There is a danger that a habit of caricaturing will reach such undue proportions, that it will depreciate the unaffected forms of the beautiful, which should mean a great deal to us. There is so much that is new to be learned, that men are likely to forget the old standards, and to go for their recreation to the burlesque, instead of to the beautiful. There is more need to-day of a simple, quiet, meditative form of thought and feeling,

“Content for its wisdom  
To know how the green grass grows,”

than for the wisdom of creeds.

It has been so long the fashion to laugh at all forms of the burlesque, that the value of æstheticism as an inspiration to better living is now a secondary consideration.

Men think of it primarily as intended to amuse. For that, society can not afford to ignore its profound and far-reaching value, its value as an inspiration to better things. Laugh at it as we will, the fact remains that anything is of value to a man which furnishes him with pure and high ideals, which teaches him to look up to a realm of beautiful conceptions, and gives him aspirations to worlds of thought above him. This the study of the beautiful does. It discloses a different world from the practical one which occupies so much of our attention, one more worthy of our manly endeavor. When society sneers at such a domain, society is wrong. It needs to learn practical simplicity.

*E. J. Phelps.*

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### THE STORM.

I stood upon a lofty cliff beside the shore  
And looked down where the hungry waves came rolling in  
To strike with mighty force and with a heavy roar  
The weedy rocks that did invite attack. The din  
Was deafening, as the greedy seas uplifted high  
Themselves, crested with angry foam, to headlong dash  
Their life away, as they did ever fiercely try  
To wrest dominion from the land. With steady crash  
The billows never ceased to hurl their ponderous shocks  
Against the crags, which stood as if forevermore  
They might endure. But as I looked, a mass of rocks,  
Loosed from its place, fell with a sullen rumbling roar.  
The waves, victorious, were yet unsatisfied,  
And hoarsely crying as they closed above the place  
Where disappeared their prey, still madly raging, tried  
To batter down the towering cliff whose rugged face  
Is worn and bruised with storms of centuries. For long  
These massive battlements have stood and long will stand  
Against the endless struggles of the deep—a strong  
Relentless enemy whose rude, insatiate hand  
Forever seeks to tear away and hide from sight  
The moveless wall of granite. There must come a day  
When even this cliff will be engulfed in the dark night  
Of Ocean's depths, its noble height crumbled away.  
The waves will roll above their foe and loudly sing,  
Exulting in their victory, "The sea is king!"

*Charles E. Cushing*

## WAS HE AN IMPOSTER?

THERE are many curious corners in the historical garret, and while searching in the dust and obscurity, one may discover, perhaps, in the pile of rubbish, some article, apparently insignificant, whose real value should obtain for it far more prominence. Strange and forgotten stories reveal themselves, and hold our attention with a wonderful fascination. A character long dead, starts up at our approach, and assumes all the reality of flesh and blood. Again, some personage, whose life and traits of character have been known and studied as historical verities, may, when viewed after a lapse of years, appear changed and often his very existence seem uncertain. As we flash the light of present truth into a hitherto neglected corner, contradictions and discrepancies appear in a story that was once implicitly believed. Twenty or more years ago, such a search was undertaken by a painstaking historian, and with a result which it is my purpose in this paper to show.

About the year 1720, a young man used to loiter about the taverns where writers were wont to congregate, listening to the oracular sayings of Addison, mildly delivered, and sharing the unpaid dinners of Sir Richard Steele. Little by little, he made known the story of his youth—a story matched for its strangeness only by the universal credence that was given it. He announced himself as “Richard Savage, Gent., son of the late Earl Rivers”—a statement rather startling, when coming from a young man of his hungry and out-at-elbows appearance. The impression must have been still further heightened, when he complained in unmeasured terms of the heartless and unnatural conduct of his mother—the Countess of Macclesfield. A crowd of listeners, with the same seedy look, sit with him in some tavern over their ale, sympathizing with his troubles, and declaiming in wrath against a selfish aristocracy. Their words of sympathy come more and more often, and with greater volume, as the glasses empty,

and as he details the whole story of his wrongs—how he was starved by the nurse, to whom his unnatural mother had consigned him—how she had endeavored to get him transported to the American Plantations—how, worst in dignity of all, he was apprenticed to a shoemaker—he, a nobleman by birth. Perhaps some idea of helping a struggling brother of the Grub street order against the contemptuous Lord Chesterfields, led them the sooner to believe in him, but it is certainly strange that the story of a man whose appearance so ill contrasted with his pretensions, was accepted solely on his own authority. Why did his hearers not ask for a play-fellow or two to back up his statements? He spoke of a nurse, where did she live? But his conversation was engaging, his story pitiable. What matter if he came now and then to borrow a pound and seemed never to think of returning it? Did he not explain, with a reassuring wave of the hand, that his mother's sternness was gradually relenting? Was she not speedily to take her son back to her arms; and beg him to share her home and purse? Then all the great wits of the day were in the list of Savage's acquaintances. Pope believed him. Wilkes trumpeted his name abroad and queer Dick Steele was his steadfast friend; and later when a certain Samuel Johnson struggled up to London there was ready for him, in Savage, a companion and intimate, whose struggles had not yet ceased. Many a time, late at night, together they strolled the streets for lack of a resting-place. Savage was not wanting in ability, either, for the great critic has said of his writings—"Their prevailing beauty is sublimity, and uniformity the prevailing defect."

As Savage grew older, and his connection with the book-writing guild became closer, he was still more urgent in his appeals to his mother for support. The magazines were full of his compliments and his entreaties, but this soft-soaping process was without effect, and he was forced to find his five-pound notes elsewhere. So, the bright but unpoised man lived his life, a life full of hardship for the most part, but spiced by surprising transformations. Now he hastens to publish a few verses and with

the proceeds, to withdraw from his literary society—for a season of study, he said, but as he was sure to turn up soon, empty of pocket, and shabby in dress, the general opinion of his acquaintances was, that Savage's money was not spent solely for the strict necessities of life. One night, in a midnight brawl, he had the misfortune to stab a man, and after trial was condemned to be hung; and then, as if by magic, the prison doors open, and Savage walks out, a royal pardon in his hand. And now it seems as if Savage was nearing his goal. One aristocrat's table is set in readiness for him, and he eagerly longs for the time when the houses of many others shall open their doors to him. Alas! for his hopes. Shortly the generous lord had the pleasure of discovering his costly books for sale in pawn-brokers' stalls; his house was made the scene of brawls and worse, until in exasperation the unlucky nobleman forbade him to cross the threshold of his home. Once more, Savage betook himself to his old life of drinking, begging and dodging creditors. He was straying through Bristol, when he was arrested for a trifling debt, and there—befitting finale to a life of sudden changes—he died, destitute and alone.

A year afterwards, Dr. Johnson wrote and published his life. The sketch was full of love and regard for Savage, for the doctor's heart was tender toward the suffering, in spite of his uncouth manners; and there was no lack of mighty and sonorous invective against a mother so unwomanlike. For more than a century Dr. Johnson's pathetic account of Savage's life was almost universally accepted and implicitly believed. The mind of the sight-seer, as he stood before "Fox Court," where Savage was born, was crowded with ghostly memories of by-gone scenes; of a baby, carried from its mother's arms to a life of lowliness and want; of a little apprentice, his lap-stone between his knees; of the young poet, gay among his fellow-revellers in the tavern, but ever beneath the gayety the gnawings of a proud and lacerated heart; of the paces under the starry nights with the future lexicographer, both penniless, but full of patriotic enthusiasm.

With the process of time, however, the doubting spirit



of the age took up this story, with many others, and proceeded to point out with relentless finger, its discrepancies and inconsistencies. As Savage describes his early days, he gives few names and those that he mentions belong to the dead. He says that he was sent to school at St. Albans—what was the school called? His nurse goes now by one name, and now by another. Again, he declares her very existence a myth. If she was a creation of his brain, so were the letters by which he discovered his identity. The kind Mrs. Lloyd, too, “who kept her chariot,” and guarded him as “the apple of her eye, where does she live? We don’t hear. But alas, says he, “I lost her when I was but seven years of age.” It looks like Mr. Savage, as if your crafty skill left everything vague and ill-defined which could be brought up as evidence against your representations.

The antiquarian’s search in the dust and dark has not been fruitless. There was a lost child, the son of Earl Rivers and the Countess of Macclesfield. He was christened Richard Smith, and a year after his birth, in a register of his god-father’s parish, there is the entry of the death of Richard Smith, a child. If but the final link in the chain was at hand! If *this* Richard Smith could be proved to be *the* Richard Smith, then farewell Mr. Richard Savage to your claims. But the link is missing, gone—perhaps, never to be discovered. You are safe, then, at present, yet, Savage, for, were you tried at the bar of the world’s opinion, with all the arguments on each side stated and restated, I doubt not but that a single decision could be reached—“Not Proven.”

We are glad, too, that the evidence seems not conclusive, for we are loth to give you up. You were a pleasant ne’er-do-well, even though something of a brawler. Your habit, too, according to Dr. Johnson, of “not knowing when to retire,” must have been somewhat disagreeable, but your defender adds as an excuse, “that was not the defect of his judgment, but of his fortune.” You were a *rara avis* even in your time, and how different then from the writers of ours! What would they think of compos-

ing their works in a noisy coffee-house, or of stepping into a shop to write with a borrowed pen, on a chance bit of paper? But be at rest. You have something to which some of them will never attain, with all their fastidiousness; for your curious story and its doubtfulness will ever keep the moss from gathering too thickly upon your headstone, and will ever reveal to the passer-by, the name of Richard Savage.

*A. L. Shipman*

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### TRANSMIGRATION.

The shadows lay  
Stretched on the rank-grown grass  
And felt the day  
With noiseless footfall pass  
Into the dark.

So still she went  
Her feathery falling tread,  
In passing, bent  
Scarcely the daisy's head,  
White in her path.

Her robe just swept,  
Breeze-like the unshorn field  
And where she stepped,  
The nodding grasses yield  
Drowsy farewell.

Think you she hied,  
Enamored of the Sun,  
Where his flush dyed  
With red th' horizon's dun,  
To his embrace?

From star to star  
Through weary æons borne  
She wends afar,  
To kiss each waking morn  
In a new world.

Sometime will cease  
Her weary round and she  
Will be at peace,  
In the immensity  
Where days are not.

*Edward Wells, Jr.*

## NOTABILIA.

ST. ELIHU'S composure is once more shaken by change in his guardians. Like all those who enjoy immortality, he is doomed to see pass away all whom he has learned to love; almost as soon as he begins to feel confidence in their power to hold him in his honorable position, a new set of faces gather around his shrine. To him we make our obeisance upon assuming our editorial duties. The college, which has within the last few weeks already listened to four salutarities, may well forgive us if we refrain from telling to them our hopes and fears for the coming year. But though we "scant this breathing courtesy," it is more out of sympathy for the long-suffering reader than from any innate disposition to omit established customs.

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THE resignation of Prof. Northrop is certainly a fact to be regretted by all who are interested in the college. Apart from his vigorous administration of his own department, his good practical sense and his willingness to assist anyone with advice or more actively in the secret conclaves held in the treasury building, gave him a position of much influence among the undergraduates. And indeed, it is said that few voices had more weight at Faculty meeting; but of the proceedings on Olympus we can only speak from hearsay. Yet mingled with our regret, it is necessary for us to feel a certain amount of self-satisfaction that Yale should again be called upon to produce a president for another college. Johns Hopkins, Cornell, Williams and the Boston School of Technology among our eastern colleges, have come to us for their presidents; and if in one way it may seem a misfortune to the college to lose valuable men from her own Faculty, we must remember that it is the fate of every mother who brings forth good sons, to see them leave the ancestral halls. We congratulate the University of Minnesota

upon their new president, and only regret that their gain is our loss.

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BUT the departure of Prof. Northrop makes it necessary to find some one else to fill a position which is now one of the most influential in the University, and which will doubtless become of far greater importance when the rumored changes in the curriculum become a reality. A professor of Rhetoric and English Literature has the opportunity of exerting more influence on undergraduate thought than is offered to the head of any other department. And in no department does so much depend upon the personal qualities of its head. Prof. Log cannot do more in such a position than cause much grumbling and dissatisfaction. But a real man, full of blood and enthusiasm, can set his stamp on every one who comes under his instruction. In the present state of the curriculum, for the first three years of the course, the only instruction which we receive upon methods of investigating subjects to learn the facts and to formulate opinions concerning them, comes under the control of the gentleman who superintends the writing of our sophomore compositions. Our first approach towards the study of English Literature is made under the guidance of the same instructor. We have a strong faith in the future to produce a change in the relative importance, on the curriculum, of this latter branch of our education, and by consequence a change in the manner of instruction. We look for the time when a class will not read Chaucer and Shakespeare solely to learn the meaning of archaic words, or Milton to find out how many times he uses the word "its," but will enter into English literature with the intention of appreciating its beauties and of acquiring a knowledge of critical methods; in a word, when its æsthetic aspect will be considered of more importance than its orthography. The prophet of culture who visited us recently has somewhere said, that a cultured man should know at least one literature, *besides his own*. Yet how many men graduate from college who not only do not know, but have not the

necessary training to appreciatively criticise, their own literature. To fill the position of Professor of English Literature, there is needed a man who will inspire his class with enthusiasm for their work, and that can only be accomplished by one who is himself enthusiastic. The college awaits the new appointment with much interest.

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A CANE rush at Williams college instead of causing the suspension of nearly half of the sophomore and of the freshman classes as was at first feared, has resulted in a committee of three being appointed from each class to confer with a committee from the Faculty in regard to questions of college discipline. Though the board thus constituted has only advisory powers, it insures a hearing to student opinion. In this way another college congratulates itself upon coming out of troubles between Faculty and students "with a better state of feeling on both sides than before existed." The representative system of discipline has much to commend it, and especially where a college is so isolated from the rest of the world as Williams. Half buried in the deep snows of the Berkshire Hills, coldness between Faculty and students is what might be necessary to freeze them all out. Yet where the disciplinary power actually rests in the hands of the students themselves, as is the case at Amherst, there must be a constant danger of passionate and inconsistent judgments. The tyranny that one's own neighborhood exercise has in political bodies always proved more severe and unmerciful than any other, and there is no reason to suppose that a college community will be an exception to the rule. From their position they must necessarily be prejudiced on one side or the other. From the developments of the last few months it would seem that the question of college discipline is a problem fraught with much difficulty—a nut to crack, which the professorial tee seem disposed to decline. Indeed, so venerable and respected a body as the Princeton Faculty, who have had, perhaps, more experience in exercising their disciplinary powers than the guardians of any other similar

institution, have announced their unwillingness to decide upon so important a subject by asking advice from the parents and guardians of the students. What parents without special experience in such matters might be expected to know about so vexed a question upon which doctors disagree, does not appear. But while our sister colleges have been distracted by the trumpets of internal strife, it has been the peculiar privilege of Yale, for once happy in her conservatism, to look on, fairly satisfied with the *status quo*, and watch these various changes take place around her.

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EVEN St. Elihu, old as he is, felt his blood run more quickly when he beheld the pretty damsel, *Quip*, dancing into the college world with many a nod and beck and wreathed smile. And when assured that she would not encroach upon his own particular sphere of usefulness, he added his laugh to that of the rest of the college at the excellent cartoons and witty paragraphs. And if it were not that he feels his opinion upon such a subject would fail to obtain a proper appreciation, he would give to the editors of *Quip*, all the strengthening encouragement of his dignified approval. Yet it is an undertaking which true believers in Yale conservatism might view with suspicion. While we have on record occasional bright flashes from the *Courant*, and an abortive attempt of the *News* to publish a series of humorous cartoons, a periodical whose sole *raison d'être* is its wit, has heretofore been a thing unknown. But *Quip* enters with so much grace, and seems so anxious to please, that in spite of its being a radical innovation, we see no reason why she should not become firmly established. All hail, and God's speed to thee, thou representative of Yale wit and humor!

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WHEN the college was first informed that an Ohio club was organized within itself, the first thought was that the men from that State, swollen with pride from the fact that they came from Ohio, wished to organize

themselves into an aristocracy, from which might be chosen the candidates for all offices of trust and honor. They however quickly disclaimed any such intention and their example was soon followed by the representatives of other States. It is a plan which is purely Yalensian and, indeed, from its nature must remain so, for it is doubtful if any other college in the country has a large enough representation from the distant States of the Union to make such organizations desirable. But at Yale there is no reason why they should not become firmly established. Anything which will tend to lower the barrier which divides the different classes in colleges deserves to be encouraged, and more especially when the same thing strengthens Yale alumni organizations as these clubs must do eventually, if they are kept up. It is much to the honor of Ohio that she furnished the pioneers for so excellent an innovation.

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## PORTFOLIO.

—THE PORTFOLIO, which to the editors of '79 seemed to supply a necessary want, is the youngest of the departments of the oldest college periodical. Since its introduction, however, it has been unique in its style, composition and material. It has been justly regarded as the receptacle of the *quidquid cogitant* of the Yalenses and has sealed its contributions as the finest of the finer fancies and more polished critiques of our student work. Here, perhaps, to use another simile, the work has been refined to a higher degree, and though it is not ours to claim superior ideas for the department, yet, in general among the polished mediocrity is preferable to unhewn genius. But its sphere has been too limited, its possibilities have not been developed. Chance bits of verse, delicate strokes of description such as the French term *impressions*, the lighter criticism of the *feuilleton* and the countless treasures associated with a portfolio have not been conspicuous in number. The different schools of art should be better represented. If, the

we shall succeed in drawing out more efforts in these lines, we shall feel that we have drawn more upon the originality of the college.

—Almost every essayist from Montaigne to the present year of grace in his volume or volumes of lucubrations has had his say on the subject of the writing of essays. The subject itself is worn thread-bare, but as far as the “reading of essays” goes we are surprised to find the volumes in the library so well preserved. It is enjoyable to intentionally play the observer on your friends once in a while, but it has been a painful surprise to one who has scanned the books daily deposited on the library tables to learn that essays, pure and simple, form a small portion of the reading at Yale. Naturally there is a great quantity of light literature consumed, but eager hands have not availed themselves of this particular kind of sparkling composition. The humblest literary aspirant longs for a style of his own, for style is the enamel of immortality, but few take the pains to cultivate polish by a study of those who have evinced precision by reason of genius or by dint of faithful labor. Alas, there are too many of

“The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,  
With loads of learned lumber in his head.”

A recent poetical critic asserts that the sonnet is the diamond of literature. Equally truly the essay is chased in a charger of gold. I do not refer simply to the dignified gossip of literature, but to the models of the eighteenth century when men wrote “with slower pen,” as well as to the school of the nineteenth, Thackeray, Alexander Smith and Matthew Arnold, whose writing is so suggestive of Addison’s amiability. No other branch combines so much of pleasure and profit, nor is it possible in any other manner to compress wisdom so that it shall be entertaining. The secret of their value is their egotism, for who can deny the attractiveness of a great man’s “I.” A great writer’s great works are most often read to the neglect of his lesser productions in which, however, we frequently get the best view of his personality. If you do not know Lamb of London, you are without a friend indeed, and if you have not smiled with our Holmes, you have missed hours of satisfaction. I would not grow prosy on this subject,



for I speak from the heart to the many who are wasting the opportunities in misdirected efforts. If you would gain finer and find the value of your reading in delicate allusions, charming quotations and well digested opinions, seek the broad margins and comfortable volumes of the essayists, whose "language flows like a stream over a pebbled bed, with propulsion, eddy and sweet recoil—the pebbles, if retarding movement, giving ring and dimple to the surface and breaking the whole into babbling music."

—Trite it is, but true, that nothing else so endears locality to the heart as those pictures of memory known as associations. The happiness of our lives is ever in the past and though we cannot, Napoleon-like, make circumstances yet we can be the agents of our associations. I am not one of those enthusiasts on walking for its own sakes, nor am I enough of an athlete to value a twenty-mile tramp for its singularity, but rather I am ready to confess that it is not the goal that so much attracts me as does the scenery by the way. Our college city is replete with incident and surrounded by history, nor are its suburbs by land and water less favorable with beauty and quaintness, so that he who leaves the city without a friendship for its rustic quarters, loses one of the strongest factors for his return, one of the dearest features to render his return attractive. Few there are who climb up the steep side of East Rock or mount the smoother drive who do not remark that such a view as lies extended from the summit would be gloated over by tourists, celebrated in prose and sung in verse, were it in the British isles, and yet how few of us know the sight of the rolling hills beyond, of the still Connecticut hamlets and of the sparkling Sound, rippled by the swallows of the deep. Green it is now and budding with spring, but it was far different on a snowy day in February. There had been a thaw followed by a sharp frost, and the trees everywhere were plated with ice and bowed down their branches in stiffened curves—an unusual sight which prompted me to view the country from a commanding prospect. With difficulty I toiled my way up the drive and at length reached the top. The old house, quite dismantled now, creaked and rattled in the wind, and long and bristling icicles transformed it into a bayoneted sentinel of loneliness. No sound echoed in its quiet nor was the hum of the city audible.

The tree-trunks had been wrenched by the blasts and lay in desolate confusion, while the springs were crystal fountains indeed. Away up the valley-bed of the Connecticut lay the pall of winter in heaping drifts, and on the right, across the whitened dwellings, the shipping was manacled in the harbor's embrace. Toward the east a storm sullenly vanished, yet again ghostly trees sent up iridescent waves of light in the paling of the setting sun and ice-drops jeweled the bosom of the earth with diamonds. Then, indeed, the silence of nature was inspiring. Russian steppes and gloomy moors were there on one side and on the other fairy shapes and pendants. Earth and sky had conspired to paint vast pictures of their own and the personality of the artists was strikingly impressive. The birds sing there now, the fountains and the leaves are free, the carpet is of green and activity is visible everywhere, but that afternoon is ever mine as long as memory serves me.

—"Still must I hear!" groaned Juvenal of old as he satirized the Roman mob of writers who insisted upon boring him with their productions, but luckily matters are changed for the better in later times, and even lecture platforms are not thronged with the crowd who write with ease. Dickens came over, years ago, to read his works and disappointed the people. The jovial Englishman was not what was expected. He dressed in decidedly loud costume and scintillated with various watch-chains, charms and such decorations of an expansive waistcoat; so that the young men of the universities dubbed him what was then known as a fop. But, worst of all, he had little better elocution than that Matthew Arnold lately displayed, and he seemed to miss the sprightly humor of his own novels. It remained for George W. Cable to delight his people by a rendition of his works that not only pleased with the poetry of his writing but gained a tempest of applause for the vocal representation of his characters. I had read Cable with more than fair interest before I heard him read, but immediately after that event I re-read some of his best novels. It may be true that the Creoles were no such race as Cable's pen portrays them, that a few facts have been idealized by his poetic fancy, but his treatment has given us a series of attractive stories and the puzzling *patois* was turned to music by his elocution. What a new interest in his work when some

familiar word recalled the cadence of his flexible and sympathetic voice. The Florida giant and Madame Delicieuse each took the place of the slender little man in the dress suit. How I hung over the bits of description that carried me to the river or along the quaint and unpaved stretch of the Rue Royale. How the incense of the south exhaled from the stories and I caught the glow of the sentiment of near-tropical region and all was new and living. Dandified and illiterate men! Pretty and courteous women! I had heard them speak. How the man had fairly hugged his subject in ecstasy and loved these children of his brain! It would seem that he had watched the waving of the leaves, and, fair or foul as the weather may have been, had revelled in tramping the New Orleans that told of the old régime. Cable may not indeed take rank with the great novelists, but he has done what we would that all the masters could do, spoken as he thought and wrote. Hours over books and months in the disputes of criticism can give us no such insight as the few character sketches recited by the author himself.

## A CARNIVAL OF AUTHORS.

I have a shelf of charming books,  
Not quite enough, I fear, for two,  
That teach me more than woman's  
looks;—

Have you?

One lit the lamps of history,  
The idylls of romance reflecting;  
Oft fiction's colored lights was he  
Directing.

A traveler o'er lands and seas,  
Sketching the thoughts of the observing,  
What tales he found,—our ancestry's!  
That's Irving.

The coal-fire rev'ries of a friend,  
I need not tell how they bewitch all,  
A well-thumbed tome I never lend  
Is Mitchell.

While piping winter bars the brook  
The snowy flurry drives and  
quickens,

Let me peruse the Christmas book  
Of Dickens.

Or if I seek a gayer strain,  
To jovial narration yielding,  
Cups and cigars, the lighter vein  
Of Fielding.

Of parlor poems I have few,  
Content my choice is Hobson's;  
Delightful fancies, clad in blue,  
Are Dobson's.

Longfellow, Lamb and Thackeray.  
He, who such treasures rifles,  
Content will find philosophy  
In trifles.

## MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

With this number the control of the LIT. falls to the board of editors from '85. Our only word of salutory is, that we trust that the readers of this department may find here, as in the past, a faithful chronicle of events of University interest, without that editorial comment which we interpret to belong to the sphere of others. Our record this month extends from March 21 to April 22. The first event which it falls to us to mention is the

*Y. U. Tennis Association Elections.*

A meeting was called on Monday, March 31, to elect the new officers of the University Tennis Association. After some discussion in regard to discarding the old constitution and the adoption of a new one, it was decided to waive the matter until after the election of officers. The following gentlemen compose the newly elected list: Pres., S. M. Colgate, '85; Vice Pres., W. V. Thorne, S. S. S. '85; Sec. and Treas., A. L. Shipman, '86. A committee on constitution was then appointed, consisting of J. T. A. Doolittle, '84; S. M. Colgate, '85, and A. L. Shipman, '86. On Wednesday, April 2, a meeting of the

*Y. U. A. Association*

was called. After the reading of the Treasurer's report and the appointment of delegates to the inter-collegiate athletic convention, consisting of H. S. Brooks, jr., '85, and the newly elected President, the main business of the meeting was taken up, namely the election of officers for the coming year. The choice of the meeting was as follows: A. C. Thomson, '85, Pres.; J. A. Atwood, '85, Vice Pres.; T. G. Waterman, '86, Sec. and Treas. A committee was also appointed by the chairman of the meeting to draft a constitution for the Association, and to present the same for ratification at the next meeting of the Association. The following gentlemen compose the committee: W. C. Camp, A. C. Thomson, '85, and

H. S. Brooks, jr., '85. From the result of the election, A. Thomson, '85, with Mr. Brooks, will represent Yale at the Inter-collegiate Athletic Convention on February next. T

### *Junior Exhibition*

was given in Battell Chapel on Thursday afternoon, April. A forbidding sky and a chilling wind might naturally have served as a fair excuse for the characteristically thin audience which usually listens to our Junior Exhibitions. However, it was a new zeal which was aroused in the friends of the college or a divination of the excellence of the exhibition to which they were to listen, a large and enthusiastic audience greeted the eight speakers from '85. It is but justice to say of the exhibition that it was peculiarly interesting and successful, perhaps not from the particular character and ability of the pieces as much as from the ease and general excellence of their delivery.

After nearly an hour's deliberation, the Faculty emerged from the Treasury building and announced to the expectant crowd that James R. Joy was the successful man. The following is the list of those who spoke:

1. W. J. Worcester, Albany, N. Y.  
"Louis XIV and New France."
2. F. R. Shipman, Hartford, Conn.  
"Light of Asia."
3. W. P. Morrison, Cincinnati, O.  
"Simon De Montfort."
4. P. I. Welles, Fayetteville, N. C.  
"Plutocracy in America."
5. C. B. Hobbs, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
"Wendell Phillips."
6. E. A. George, Providence, R. I.  
"Leaders of the Reformation."
7. J. R. Joy, Groton, Mass.  
"John Greenleaf Whittier."
8. W. L. Cross, Gurleyville, Conn.  
"Charles Sumner."

Messrs. Allen, Derby, Mallon, McHenry, Robinson, Vincent and Way acted as ushers.

*Lit. Supper.*

On Friday evening, April 4, the newly elected LIT. board met the retiring board of editors in secret conclave, and received from them the Chi Delta Theta constitution with all its profound mysteries. With minds burdened with the responsibilities thus consigned to them, and with bodies bowed beneath the weight of five resplendent triangles, the five new editors were ushered into the presence of the annual LIT. supper. We need only add that the happy influences of wit and song, blending with the joys which must needs arise from palates seasoned with rich and dainty viands, secured to all a perfect feast. Arising from the banquet only with the small hours of the morning, the company finally dispersed after ringing out their "three times three" for Chi Delta Theta and the LIT. supper before the walls of old South. The following is the list of toasts:

<i>THE YALE LIT.</i>	- - - - -	<i>Mr. Gale.</i>
	Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque Yalenses, Cantabunt Soboles unanimique Patres.	
<i>CHI DELTA THETA.</i>	- - - - -	<i>Mr. Foster.</i>
	"Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon."— <i>Old Testament.</i>	
<i>THE SAINT WE ADORE.</i>	- - - - -	<i>Mr. Bridgman.</i>
	"And fools who came to scoff remained to pray."— <i>Goldsmith.</i>	
<i>OUR GUESTS.</i>	- - - - -	<i>Mr. Halsey.</i>
	"Speak, speak, thou fearful guest."— <i>Longfellow.</i>	
<i>OUR CONTEMPORARIES.</i>	- - - - -	<i>Mr. Spencer.</i>
	"Snappers up of unconsidered trifles."— <i>Shakespeare.</i>	
<i>THE LADIES.</i>	- - - - -	<i>Mr. Doggett.</i>
	"The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she."— <i>Shakespeare.</i>	
<i>THE FACULTY.</i>	- - - - -	<i>Mr. Jones.</i>
	"Let not ambition mock their useful toil, Their homely joys and destiny obscure."— <i>Gray.</i>	
<i>THE LIT. EXCHEQUER.</i>	- - - - -	<i>Mr. Prouty.</i>
	"The day is dark and cold and dreary."— <i>Longfellow.</i>	
<i>ATHLETICS.</i>	- - - - -	<i>Mr. Richards.</i>
	"And the muscles of his brawny arms are strong as iron bands."— <i>Longfellow.</i>	
<i>THE FRESHMAN EDITOR OF THE LIT.</i>	- - - - -	<i>Mr. Painter.</i>
	"Venerable joke! Thou hast come down to us from a former generation."— <i>Adapted.</i>	
<i>THE COLLEGE MUSE.</i>	- - - - -	<i>Mr. Wells.</i>
	"Peopling the darkness with fantastic forms, And demon shapes with grasping arms."— <i>October Lit.</i>	
<i>THE SUBSCRIPTION MAN.</i>	- - - - -	<i>Mr. Ross.</i>
	"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye, Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"— <i>Ancient Mariner.</i>	
<i>THE GLEE CLUB.</i>	- - - - -	<i>Mr. Bowen.</i>
	"Orpheus with his lute made trees Bow themselves when he did sing."— <i>Shakespeare.</i>	

THE LITERATURE OF THE LIT. - - - - - Mr. Skipton

"Sweetness and light."—Matthew Arnold.

THE RETIRING BOARD. - - - - - Mr. W.

"Their pens are rust,  
Their parchment dust,

Their souls are with the Saint we trust."—Old Inscription.

THE INCOMING BOARD. - - - - - Mr. Baldwin

"At last he rose and twitched his mantle blue,  
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new."—Milton.

In base ball our records are necessarily somewhat imperfect for the reason that it was impossible to obtain the official scores in full of games played up to this time.

### Athletics vs. Yale.

On Saturday, April 8, our nine played its first game with the Athletics of Philadelphia. The appended score shows how encouraging was the result of the game, in view of the fact that the nine, so radically different from that of last year, had not played together before.

ATHLETICS.							YALE.						
	R.	B.	T.B.	A.	P.	O. E.		R.	B.	T.B.	A.	P.	O. E.
Birchal l,	1	2	5	0	0	0	Terry b,	1	1	1	1	1	1
Stoney a,	1	1	1	0	16	0	Hopkins c,	0	0	0	0	0	0
Knight r,	0	1	1	0	1	0	Souther h,	1	1	1	1	1	1
Hauk s,	1	1	1	2	0	0	McKee r,	0	1	1	0	0	0
Corey c,	0	0	0	3	0	0	Hickox l,	0	0	0	0	0	0
Illsley m,	2	3	3	0	0	0	Brigham a,	1	1	1	0	0	0
Milligan h,	2	1	1	0	10	0	Oliver s,	1	2	3	4	1	1
Striker b,	3	1	2	4	0	0	Booth p,	1	0	0	3	1	1
Atkinson p,	0	0	0	12	0	1	Atwood m,	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total,	10	10	14	21	27	1	Total,	5	6	7	9	2	2

### SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Athletics,	0	2	1	3	1	0	2	1	—
Yale,	0	0	2	0	1	0	2	0	0—

On the same evening the following officers were elected:

### Gamma Nu.

Pres., R. I. Jenks; Vice Pres., T. W. Porter; Sec., C. Holly; Treas. W. McCormick; Censor, J. N. Pomeroy. Board of editors of the *Oracle*, J. H. Kirkham, J. Archibald, jr., and W. Brooks. Campaign committee: S. E. Cobb, S. Knight, H. Ludington, W. L. Phelps, F. S. Woodward.

During the Easter recess, while the college at large was enjoying a brief season of respite from college work in rest and pleasure, the crew and nine were hard at work training for those future contests which are to decide the question of Yale's supremacy on the Thames and on the diamond. The crew took practice pulls twice a day under the careful coaching of Capt. Cook, and the nine played several games in New York and New Haven.

### *New York vs. Yale.*

The first of these games was played in New York against the New York League team. The features of the game on the Yale side, were the excellent pitching of Booth and the uniform sharp fielding of the nine. The following was the score :

NEW YORK.							YALE.						
	A.B.	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Ewing b,	4	1	1	1	5	0	Terry b,	5	0	1	5	3	0
Ward m,	4	1	2	1	0	0	Hopkins c,	5	0	1	0	1	0
Connor r,	4	0	1	1	1	0	Souther r,	4	1	1	5	1	1
Gillespie l,	4	0	0	2	0	0	McKee l,	4	0	0	3	0	0
Dorgan h,	4	0	1	9	2	1	Hickox h,	4	0	0	1	0	1
Cuskins s,	4	0	0	4	0	0	Brigham a,	4	0	0	7	1	0
Bagley p,	4	0	0	0	3	8	Oliver s,	4	0	0	1	4	1
Kennedy a,	3	1	0	9	1	2	Booth p,	4	0	0	0	1	5
Hawkins p,	3	0	0	0	1	0	Bremner m,	4	0	0	1	0	0
Total,	34	3	5	29	13	11	Total,	38	1	3	24	10	9

#### SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
New York,	0	0	1	0	0	0	2	0	— 3
Yale,	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0— 1

A second game was played with the same team in New York on the following day, in which our nine met with a more severe defeat. The following was the score :

NEW YORK.							YALE.						
	A.B.	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Ewing b,	5	3	2	3	4	0	Terry b,	4	0	0	2	4	0
Ward p,	5	2	1	1	6	5	Hopkins c,	4	0	1	1	1	3
Connor c,	5	1	1	1	3	1	Souther h,	4	0	0	4	3	0
Gillespie l,	5	1	1	0	0	0	Bremner m,	4	0	0	1	0	0
Dorgan r,	5	0	0	1	1	0	McKee r,	3	0	0	1	2	0
Caskins s,	4	0	0	1	0	0	Brigham a,	3	0	0	13	0	0
Clap h,	4	2	0	3	2	0	Oliver s,	3	0	0	1	2	0
Jones m,	4	0	0	0	0	0	Booth l,	3	0	0	1	0	0
McKinnon a,	4	1	0	17	0	0	Atwood p,	3	0	0	0	4	9
Total,	41	10	5	27	16	6	Total,	31	0	1	24	16	12



## SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
New York,	1	0	0	2	3	1	0	3	—
Yale,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—

*Metropolitan vs. Yale.*

The third game played by the nine during vacation with the Metropolitan, on Wednesday, April 9, at Hamilton Park. The batting done by our team was weak, but the fielding was excellent. The pitching of Booth, also, was notably effective. The following was the score :

METROPOLITAN.							YALE.						
	A.B.	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Nilson s,	4	0	0	1	4	0	Terry b,	3	0	0	2	1	0
Brady r,	3	1	0	3	0	0	Hopkins c,	3	0	0	1	2	0
Esterbrook c,	3	0	1	3	0	0	Souther h,	3	0	0	7	0	0
Roseman m,	3	0	0	2	0	0	Bremner m,	3	0	0	2	1	0
Orr a,	3	0	1	10	0	1	McKee r,	3	0	0	1	0	0
Reipschlag h,	3	0	1	3	3	0	Brigham a,	3	0	0	8	0	0
Kennedy l,	3	0	1	0	0	0	Oliver s,	3	0	0	1	1	0
Pierce b,	3	0	0	4	3	0	Booth p,	3	0	1	1	7	0
Breitenstein p,	3	0	0	1	6	1	Hickox l,	3	0	0	1	0	0
Total,	28	1	4	27	16	2	Total,	27	0	1	24	12	0

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Metropolitan,	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0—
Yale,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—

On Friday evening, April 10, the

*Y. U. Lacrosse Association*

elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Pres., L. Way; Vice Pres., F. E. Sands, S. S. S. '85; Sec., T. M. D. '86; Treas., T. Darling, '86.

*Boston vs. Yale.*

On Saturday, April 19, our nine played its first game before a college audience, the other games having been played either out of New Haven or during vacation. The team which Yale had to meet were the champions of the National League, and for that reason the severe defeat which she experienced was not surprising. The result of the game was gratifying in respect to the batting done by our nine, Bremner and Hopkins especially excelling in this respect; the fielding, however, was decidedly loose. We append the score :

BOSTON.							YALE.						
	A.B.	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Horning r,	6	1	1	4	0	1	Terry b,	5	0	0	3	5	1
Sutton c,	6	2	2	1	0	2	Hopkins c,	4	1	2	3	2	4
Burdock b,	6	3	3	7	0	0	Souther h,	4	1	0	2	2	3
Buffington p,	6	2	2	0	2	0	Bremner m,	4	1	3	0	0	3
Morrill a,	4	3	0	6	0	0	McKee r,	4	0	2	4	0	0
Wise s,	6	5	2	2	2	2	Brigham a,	4	0	0	8	0	1
Crowley m,	5	4	4	3	0	0	Oliver s,	4	0	1	1	2	1
Moriarty l,	5	1	1	0	1	0	Booth l,	4	0	0	1	0	1
Hsakell h,	5	2	2	4	4	1	Atwood p,	4	0	2	2	1	0
Total,	49	23	17	27	9	6	Total,	37	3	10	24	12	14

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Boston,	1	4	1	2	3	6	6	0	—23
Yale,	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	1	0—3

*Townsend Speakers*

from the class of '84 were announced on the same day, as follows:

1. W. S. Allis, . . . . . Brookfield, Vt.  
"The Reformation."
2. E. M. Chapman, . . . . . Saybrook, Conn.  
"Hildebrand."
3. E. C. Gale, . . . . . Minneapolis, Minn.  
"Tourgenieff."
4. John Holden, . . . . . Bridgeport, Conn.  
"Tourgenieff."
5. Sydney Stein, . . . . . Chicago, Ill.  
"Tourgenieff."
6. H. W. Wolcutt, . . . . . Cleveland, Ohio.  
"Our Bankruptcy Laws."

On Monday, April 21, the

*Yale "Quip"*

Made its appearance before the college world. The following gentlemen constitute the board of editors: W. S. Case, '85, H. L. Doggett, '85, and G. E. Vincent, '85. D. W. Mulvane, '85, will act as financial editor. The

## Y. M. C. A.

Is to have a new and beautiful building erected for its use through the benefaction of Mr. Elbert B. Monroe, who has given the sum of \$50,000 to Yale for that purpose. The location of the new building will be between Alumni Hall and the Library building. It is expected that ground will be broken at once.

*Items.*

C. H. Peck, a former member of '84, died at his home at Hempstead, L. I., March 30.—The Corporation has decided to add an equal sum to the gift of Mrs. Lawrance for the erection of a new dormitory.—Prof. Northrop has tendered his resignation to the Faculty in order to accept a call to the presidency of Minnesota University.—Messrs. Wells and Weymouth, '85, will publish the next *Banner*.—G. W. Mallon, '85, was elected president of the Intercollegiate Lacrosse Association, at the annual meeting, March 26, and H. L. Rollins, '86, a member of the executive committee.—The California Club, the last of the state associations to be formed at Yale, has elected officers as follows: Pres., N. H. Castle, '84; Vice Pres., C. L. Griffith, '85 S. S. S.; Treas., H. S. Brooks, Jr., '85; Sec., W. Kent, '87.—The treasurer of the Athletic Association at the last meeting reported a balance in the treasury of \$231.21.—C. K. Billings, '82, was married in this city March 27.—The Glee Club gave a concert at Hartford April 2, before a crowded house.—F. D. Pavey, '84, has received an election to D. K. E.—E. P. Cottle, '84, will be Yale's representative on the American Lacrosse team which sails for England May 3.—Prof. E. S. Dana was elected a member of the National Academy of Sciences at the recent session of that body at Washington.—The Yale graduates of Orange, N. J., and vicinity, recently formed an Alumni Association. President Porter was present at their first supper.—The freshman nine played the Rockville April 19, and were defeated by a score of 9 to 7.—Governor Hoadley of Ohio will deliver the annual oration before the Law School next Commencement.—C. L. and W. M. Carhart, '85, have received elections to *Ψ. T.*—W. C. Campbell represented Yale at the Athletic Conference recently convened by Columbia.

## BOOK NOTICES.

*The Poems of Milton.* New York: W. E. Russell. Price \$1.25. For sale by Judd.

John Milton is the survivor of many a reviewer. His fame, most men would allow, is already well established. The world was not favorable to him at first, to be sure. If we recollect—that is to say, the encyclopedia in the college library tells us aright, some of his early efforts were publicly burnt in the market-place at London,—which seems to show that on one occasion, at least, he was pretty well “hailed over the coals.” Nevertheless, later critics have reversed the decisions of the naturally prejudiced Royalist reviewer. The literary world has become very settled, very conservative in its opinion of his poetry. So much so, that a newly created official critic, however hungry to use his new powers for the destruction or exaltation of an author, scarcely expects to convert Mr. Milton into either a victim or a *protege*. We must be content, therefore, to speak only of the dress which has been given to this latest edition of his works.

Doubtless, a better edition of Milton's poems might be—has been—printed than this before us; but we have not yet seen one which so well balances the conflicting claims of beauty and cheapness. Environment counts for a good deal in the thorough enjoyment of those books of our English tongue, which for want of a better name—we call “the English Classics.” A sort of veneration and long association combined, lead us to expect that the publisher's work shall correspond in some degree with the masterpiece of the author. The “Globe” edition of Milton, which the Junior English Lit. class used last term, is strong on the score of cheapness; but its thin and fallow-colored paper and crowded print give a constant and uncomfortable sense of a want of harmony between them and the noble poems. The neat binding, the large print, and the warm-toned paper of the “Russell” edition recommends it.

*English as She is Spoke.* By Senor Pedro Carolino. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price 50 cts. For sale by Judd.

There are few who have not laughed at the first part of this odd little work. To those few, we recommend the present neat edition, which includes, moreover, a second installment of anecdotes and “idiotisms.” The contents are not altogether laughable. Here is an anecdote, for instance, worthy for its problematical character to form the subject of our Phi Beta Kappa annual debate:

“The actor Dominick seing present one's self to a supper of Lewis XIV, he had the eyes fixed over a certain plat of partridges. That prince, who had perceived it, told to the officer which was taken away: ‘Who one give this plat to the Dominick,—What sir! and the partridges also?’ Thus Dominick, for this dexterous request, have had, with the partridges, the plat, which was of gold.”

*The Life and Poems of Theodore Winthrop.* Edited by his sister. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Price \$1.50.

During the last six months, a decided interest has been shown through

college magazines in the career of Theodore Winthrop. In the D. K. Quarterly, there has appeared an article written by Julian Hawthorne devoted principally to his novels. As a Yale graduate, his life was reviewed in the December number of this magazine. The readers of these two essays will be glad to learn more of their subject from the volume just published.

First of all, the student reader will look for the account of the college life; but he will be somewhat disappointed. Winthrop entered with the class of '47; but he was a sophomore of the old stamp, and in the first term he was suspended for breaking freshmen's windows. Apparently he was suspended for a year, since he returned to enter '48. The effect was, perhaps, to give him a distaste for college; at any rate, his own written account of college life is strikingly meagre. On the other hand, the incident of the period on which he dwells, was the influence of a young lady to whom he never even spoke. Yet, under her influence,—so he wrote afterward—he became a hard student, and a Christian. After graduation, his health failed, and indeed he was never really strong; so that always a feeling of disadvantage in the race of life, the sickening dread of a coming "breakdown" was present with him. Unable to suit himself in any occupation, and longing for firm health, he started on his travels. He visited Europe twice; and the most interesting parts of the book are those containing letters from Panama, California, Oregon and Darien. These years were wasted. The author's power was growing in him; and when he finally settled in New York in 1857, he plunged into writing, and was still steady at work, when the Civil War summoned him away—as it proved, forever.

The chief impression left by the life of Theodore Winthrop is the feeling of how sadly incomplete it was. The death of a young man just at the dawn of his course is sorrowful enough; but the death of one who has gone far enough to ensure that a good record will be his in what is to come—the death of such a one is sadder than the first. Winthrop's life work was unfinished, and, when he died at the age of thirty-three, it was only so unfinished as to enable us to predict for him brilliant results, had he lived longer. His story makes us of a younger generation realize better than before our country's loss in the war, the dreadful deprivation of so much of her best life blood. Theodore Winthrop, though a signal example, was far from being the only one, good and brave and gifted, who was swept away before the fruits of his existence were ripe for the gathering. Now-a-days it is not the custom for young men to be very patriotic. It is impossible that they should be, when all is prosperous, and, save for an occasional sharp but brief hint such as was conveyed by the Cincinnati riot, there is little to shake us any occasion for strong patriotism. So that it is good, now and then, to read of a life like this, and to be reminded—if only for a moment—that not long ago there were men, who offered their lives for our country's sake, and whose offer was accepted.

#### ACKNOWLEDGED.

*National Academy Notes.* New York: Cassell & Co. Price 50 cts.  
*Opening of a Chestnut Burr.* By E. P. Roe. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Price 25 cts.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

Although St. Elihu has heard it whispered that "If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet will have to go to the mountain," yet he has always felt decidedly skeptical as to the traveling propensities of any mountain,—at least until lately. But during this last year, not only has a perfectly respectable hill been moving toward him, but on this, Elihu's fiftieth birthday, the mountain has even gone so far as to take up its abode, as it were, in the very back-yard of our patron saint. For who will deny that fashion is so formidable a mountain that even the most independent spirit must make his pilgrimage to it, and Fashion it is that Elihu has overcome.

For full fifty years, man and boy—excepting the very short period of his infancy—despite the small urchins who have thrown stones at his unprotected calves, and despite another small *Yale* boy, who, as one may say, throws *Logs*, Elihu has worn knickerbockers. But after years of anxious waiting, the fashions have come around to him, and he finds that not merely knee-breeches for tennis and for walking, but even knickerbockers for evening dress, have become ultra-fashionable. Surely Elihu has had greatness thrust upon him, and he needs must do something magnificent to celebrate his conquest over this king of conquerors, Style. Hie thee, therefore, Elihu, to thine ancient wardrobe, don thy dusty claw-hammer and invite the guests for thy fiftieth annual reception. For on this day, when the changing fashions have made thee quite a dude, when too, thy fiftieth exchange editor hath hung his scissors at thy girdle;—on this day at even, thou shalt flourish in all the vigor of youth, thou shalt make merry with the *élite* of college journalism, and, if thou carriest thyself well, thou mayst e'en tread the stately measure of a minuet with the *Vassar Misc.*

Look, then, upon Elihu, as he stands in the corner of his sanctum this evening, glancing rather awkwardly at the strange festoon of ribbons at his knee, but still every inch the gay old bachelor. Some of the guests, too have arrived, but only those of the sterner sex—consequently every one wears that air of expectant boredom which always precedes the entrance of ladies at any party, (I might except the *Harvard Advocate*, whose ladylike bearing would easily deceive one as to its sex). He, the *Advocate*, excites very little interest in the mind of Elihu, who is in search of food, principally poetical, for his newly ground scissors. It is with this object in view, that the host, with perhaps more zeal than politeness, has been rummaging the coat tail pockets of his guests. But the results are unsatisfactory. The *Brunonian* has a twice-told rondeau, the *Argonaut* sings some doggerel which is about as elevating as Mother Goose, and as simple, while the *Advocate* has nothing more poetical than the customary soliloquy on Rowing, which may be of interest to some, but —. Nowhere does one obtain "glimpses of the light that ne'er was seen on land or sea." And the *Amherst Student* —, but more of him anon.

Affairs are at this somewhat prosy stage when our footman (a sweep hired for the occasion) creates a pleasant diversion by announcing the *Vassar Misc.*, a name which causes the gentleman from Amherst to smooth out his terracotta vest—I mean cover,—and makes even Elihu's aged heart flutter. Here the *Misc.*, clad in light green, enters. She greets the host with considerable

*empressement*, but after remarking rather coldly that she is in receipt of Elihu's last number, she abandons the astonished old gentleman to engage in a flirtation with the *Amherst Student*. So little does Elihu see of the young lady that he has barely time to observe a short story in which oysters and sentimentality are promiscuously, but quite dexterously, mingled. Elihu thinks that the *Misc.* is quite interested in the *Student's* conversation, and that, to judge from the maid's downcast eyes, the young gentleman is reciting some of his poetry for her benefit. Quite likely they are these which our respected Saint has just purloined from the *Student*.

ONLY.

I have a fair cousin of seventeen or so,  
With smiles so engaging and voice soft and low,  
With eyes that are blue like the sea ;  
And to her—to be sure—all devotion I show—  
'Tis really expected from cousins you know,  
'Tis only—she says—only me !

\* \* \* \* \*

One night when the old folks had long been abed,  
I begged for a kiss—she had plenty I said—  
And to me the maiden I drew ;  
In pretty confusion she dropped her fair head ;  
Her eyes too were downcast—she blushed rosy red—  
And whispered, " Perhaps, only you !"

Ah well ! only me ! and my cousin so fair !  
Her cheeks all a-dimpled, and rippled her hair,  
(Her mouth I thought fairly divine !]  
I plucked up my courage—I had none to spare,  
And softly entreating, persuaded her there  
To be thence herself only mine.

Our host's meditations might have assumed quite a green-eyed character had they not been interrupted by the entrance of a welcome guest, the nymph who brings "jest and youthful jollity, *Quips* and cranks and wanton wiles." St. Elihu clasps the lady to his breast in the most approved elder-brother fashion, and then holds her out at arms length to scrutinize more carefully the new star in the Yale constellation. He finds the maiden's costume rather—a—*décolleté*, but her demeanor and her witticisms both modest and engaging. Altogether he is delighted with his fair contemporary, and looking at *Chaff*, who has just entered, he feels that comparisons are not odious.

By this time the social ice is beginning to thaw out admirably, and Elihu—sly old rascal—finding the *Nassau Lit.* and several other sober members of the brotherhood absent, suggests the enlivening amusement of a minuet, which he dances at the side of *Quip*, and *vis à vis* with the *Acta* and the *Niagara Index*. And so the fun goes on.

\* \* \* \* \*

The gayety is over, and like every host after the ball, Elihu is—sleepy. He has paid his last compliment, and has sped his last guest. He has given his parting advice to *Quip* to beware of society cuts and Puck-ishness, and now he sits him down to a pipe of meditation. But the chapel chimes remind him that it will not always be midnight, and that the gas-meter will not always be at rest. So he gets up with a "Vanitas vanitum," and is soon there where his reader is already, perhaps,—in dreamland.

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THE

# YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS  
Cantabunt SOBLES, unanimique PATRES."

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MAY, 1884.

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NEW HAVEN.

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**THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.**—Conducted by the Students of Yale College. This Magazine established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Forty-Ninth Volume with the number for October, 1883. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the *Notabilia* college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the *Memorabilia* it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the *Book Notices* and *Editors' Table*, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued monthly from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at Gulliver's. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, whether in regard to the editorial or the business management of the periodical, must be addressed to the **EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE**, New Haven, Conn.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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No. 8

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '85.

HENRY DE F. BALDWIN,

HERBERT L. DOGGETT,

JOHN C. BRIDGMAN,

EUGENE L. RICHARDS, JR.,

FRANK R. SHIPMAN.

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SOME PHASES OF PLEASURE TRAVEL.

THE annual course of the college brings around various inevitable topics of conversation, year by year, which it would be wrong to introduce at any other than a stated period. As the earth in its orbit is at one time or another more strongly attracted by Mars or Venus or Mercury, so we are irresistibly led to discuss now foot ball, now the junior promenade, now some strongly interesting study of the course. Spring has its peculiar themes; but I would speak of one, more subtle than the rest, inasmuch as it wins its way with every tender leaf that shows above the bark, every sunbeam that proclaims the new reign of out-door freedom. Once more the question comes to each one and is laid before college senates,—what shall I do, what shall we do, during the next vacation? There are some to whom the summer means the time for tutoring, farming, book-selling. To them, good wishes and all honor. Most of us, however, are able to abandon the service of duty, for a little while, at least, and to taste the joys of leisure. Although the methods taken to secure the prospective enjoyment are multitud-

inous, traveling, in one way or another, is a favorite at present. While still we may look forward to our summer, pleasure travel, in some of its varieties, is worth, perhaps, a passing consideration.

Dweller in South, or Durfee, or North Middle, is there not brought back to you a recent quiet Sunday night, and an evening conclave: with little noise, the chance newcomer slipped in, and subsided quietly into a vacant place: dusk was just closing in, but no lamp was lighted to break the charm of the streaming reminiscences of past summers, fishing stories, stories of sailing, and walking, and sight-seeing, stories of pic-nic jollity, and narrow escapes: then the thought of the summer close at hand came uppermost: and, when this point was reached, then the inevitable next step, and the scheme was broached of a pedestrian party. The thought of "tramping" is a fascinating one. It carries with it ideas of open air, jollity, freedom of movement, strange encounters, unfamiliar experiences, which are just suited to a holiday of rest and enjoyment. Naturally, therefore, it is always the first proposition in a college room. Need I rehearse the ready applause which greets the proposal, the untiring discussion and planning of routes, and very often—when the force of the furore has spent itself—the cooling enthusiasm, and final fossilification? Perhaps, such a result is as wise as any other. For some reason, the reality, if it ever becomes a reality, is apt to fall more than usually short of the ideal. The reason may lie in our American habit of turning into work what should be pleasure; or it may be because of the youth of those who generally constitute a party of this kind. Whatever it is, how soon the intended jaunt degenerates into something resembling a six days walking-match. The rule has exceptions; but too often the desire of performing a notable pedestrian exploit causes all considerations of comfort, pleasure, or profit, to pale before it. That walk of Bayard Taylor's which resulted in "Views Afoot" was not accomplished in this style. Even after his two years' tour, he wrote that thirty miles should be the limit of a day's walk, and he seems seldom to

have walked more than three hours steadily. The pictures of "The Traveler" show how deeply the mind of Oliver Goldsmith had imbibed the spirit of the scenes through which he wandered; but, if he had rushed through Europe in post-haste fashion, he would never have been able to paint those scenes as vividly as he did. The examples of the Irishman and the American suggest the possibility of making a pedestrian tour, and gaining something more than the benefit of the physical exercise; but, under the usual method, one half of the party halts by the wayside, while the others limp painfully toward their goal, with the remark of Aeneas in mind, well worn but still consoling, "Sometime 'twill be pleasant to remember these evils."

It is a long transition from the traveler's earliest conveyance to his latest—the railroad car. Indeed, only within a few years the discovery has been made, at how little expenditure both of time and money a trip can be made by rail, from the East let us say, to California, the Northwest, Niagara, or the South. Already multitudes have seized the opportunity of visiting scenes hitherto beyond their reach; and once more one finds the recollection forced upon him that a good horse may be ridden to death. Contemplate family after family, or, worse yet, one of the popular "excursion parties" traveling at literally railroad speed over our continent, and decide if the fear is baseless. The hero of "Around the World in Eighty days" was, well named "Phileas Fogg, the *Englishman*;" for the Anglo-Saxon race seems to be the especial victim of this craze for expeditious traveling. A few years ago, I was staying for a few days at a hotel in Quebec, and was awakened early one morning by a steady tramp of feet, a swish of women's garments, and the sound of frequent conversations, loud and agitated. On reaching the lower floor an hour or two later, I found it filled with a crowd of men and women whose linen dusters contrasted unpleasantly with the cold drizzling rain falling outside. This regiment was but the third division of an army which had started from Boston. Their course might have

been traced by the string of unfortunates left by the way at New York, Niagara, and Montreal. The survivors, a band of one hundred, were now on the ground to "do" Quebec. Ill prepared, however, most of the warriors seemed. The men thronged the office, each seeking silent consolation from his cigar. The ladies made the dreary little parlor their headquarters, and eyed with envy the more fortunate sisters who had secured possession of the sofas. Each woman, in turn, peeped in the glass, and gave ineffective dabs at her back hair. Certainly, lovely woman appears at a disadvantage as a member of a summer excursion party. The ugly dusters were begrimed with cinders. Heavy eyes and contracted brows showed weariness and neuralgia. While the men kept silence profound, the ladies would occasionally sigh with fatigue, and then wonder "where that hack is;" for woman's spirit is unconquerable. Now and then, a cheerful little man swung through the room, bringing comfort and the odor of guide books in the announcement that "the clouds are breaking" and "the house Montcalm died in is only a block away." Finally, the column was started, still under a leaden sky, and then sight-seeing, dinner, more sight-seeing, supper, sleep, came in quick succession. Early the next morning, they were off again down the St. Lawrence. The old town, fascinating to every American's eye, faded in the distance; and the men and women, who had come from so far to see it, were carrying away the hazy remembrance of a queer old city with a long flight of steps somewhere, and a citadel, and the plains of Abraham; moreover a very distinct recollection of "how dreadfully tired I was when we got to Quebec."

The true pleasure journey was not long; the distance was only forty miles, from a little village in north-western Connecticut to Lenox in Massachusetts,—that is, along the Taghanic range into the Berkshire hills. The starting place had furnished us with a comfortable three-seated wagon and two good horses: and as we bowled along, soon reaching and soon leaving old Salisbury, a strong conviction grew that this was the way to travel.

Imagine the bluest of skies, a light fresh breeze, and grass still untouched by the heat of a July sun. Imagine stretching away to the left a succession of green hills against the cloudless sky, except for a silvery mist resting on the head of the last and highest peak: to the right, the rich brown of the fields, and the promise of golden grain: in front, like the waves of the sea, countless hills varying in color from the green of slopes defended by the bristling armor of a host of pines, to that shade of the lightest blue, now of substance, now of air, which is the last separation—one almost believes—from an unknown land, a different world, beyond. New forms of loveliness unfold with our advance. The three seats of our wagon might hold a merrier party, but that is scarcely credible. When, in time, we drive through some village street, a halt is made, and we descend to spend a day in one of the prettiest of country towns, Sheffield, perhaps, Great Barrington, or Stockbridge, or Lenox.

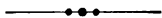
It is possible to go over this route by the railroad, with a car-window as one's point of view; and the impression of having traversed a very pretty district is gained from the trip. Drive over the same country, and there is written in the book of your remembrance the gradual approach to the misty far-off mountain, the abiding under its shadow, the long gaze as it drew dim in the distance, the changing sky, the winding Housatonic, the broad village streets, the well tilled fields, the farmhouses and the glimpses thereinto, the generous barns, the encounters on tavern piazzas. They make the Berkshire hills your own. The spirit of their being once possessed, will never depart. Years after, a chance word will revive the memories, when "Quebec" has almost become an unreality.

We are not compelled, however, to decry pleasure travel, although we occasionally find it in forms which are anything but worthy of the name by which they are called. It has been approved by an whole army of proverbs. Nature herself has sanctioned it by affording not only day, but night, sunshine and rainstorm, summer and winter. The broadening, the expanding, wrought by

a shifting of scenes, of experiences, of atmosphere, is the wholesome effect of travel. A trite saying this, but its truth is more acknowledged than heeded. A classmate said lately, "The trouble with you New Englanders is, that you don't travel enough; you stick to your own six little states." He was right; but he forgot that New England fathers have not long purses, and that he who dances must pay the piper. Still, the truth which he spoke was important, not only for New England, but for all communities, which, either naturally or through special circumstances, are first compelled to be self-sufficient, and then become so by preference. Even a slight change works good effects; while the excursion parties—travelers by droves—in evil case though they are in one respect, illustrate this benefit most strongly, by reason of the greater change which they are able to make, and the larger territory which they traverse. In the course of a railroad train's daily whirl from Albany to Rochester, there is a few minutes' stop at a large city. One leaves the train for a moment to find himself standing on a wide expanse banded by steel rails. Far as the eye can reach, the rails extend east and west, and almost as far stretch rows after rows of freight cars, at halt for a few hours, at most. Standing there, and thinking of the vast trade that sweeps over this avenue between the fields of Illinois, Minnesota, California, and the gate of passage to the lands beyond the sea, one loses the petty concentration in one state, or one town, or one college in a town. There his unaccustomed hand is feeling the pulse-beat of a continent. Such a sight can have but one result—to make the beholder richer in himself, wiser, more tolerant, and better able to comprehend the magnitude of humanity.

## THE GRAVE OF THE REGICIDES.

Rough dumb-mouthed stones, watching the lonely grave  
Of heroes, who, past tyrants' hate here sleep,  
Your speaking silence well may bid us weep  
O'er hunted lives, lost hopes of them, the brave,  
Whom from its high crest the receding wave  
Of liberty left stranded. Though the deep  
Calm sea of freedom its strong guard may keep  
Above them now, their wounds it cannot lave,  
Who, once forsaken, driven in wilds to roam,  
Grew old and died, friendless and far from home.  
In vain? Should freedom's sacred fire burn low,  
A spirit from these stones would fan the flame,  
As from his cave the gray haired stranger came,  
And led our fathers 'gainst the savage foe. *C. W. Pierson.*



## DR. FAIRFAX: A SKETCH.

SHOULD anyone in the little town of San Blas inquire for the Doctor, the title would lead to no ambiguity. Homœopaths, Allopaths, and Quacks might add their presence to that small western community, they might hang their shingles to the four winds of heaven, without ever increasing the number of doctors. And, indeed, considering our friend Fairfax's peculiarities, small wonder was it that he stood alone, and that in his little sphere all encroachments on his title-right were regarded with suspicion. He was a man to whom the old rhyme

"A man of words and not of deeds  
Is like a garden filled with weeds."

was especially adapted; for if he did much, he also talked as much as a human being can in his allotted years. Kindness of heart and unselfishness were in his make-up, so strangely set off by carelessness and an untrammelled tongue, that the scales at first seemed almost to balance.



His early life, full of extremes, was undoubtedly largely responsible for the angles and elbows of his character. Born of a wealthy old Virginia family and inheriting intelligence and pride, he had drifted with the tide of the gold-fever into the unquestioning democracy of the mines. Here his happy-go-lucky disposition made him a general favorite, while his professional skill kept him out of need, though where he ever found time for such study as would be inferred from his practice, remains a mystery. After some years of drifting he cast anchor in San Blas and settled down to grow up with the place, gathering no more of the world's moss in his settled, than in his wandering life. And it is here that I would show you the Doctor, a dark, wiry little man, whose jaunty dress and elastic step made him seem much less than fifty. Unmarried, he lived alone, except for his horses and dogs, in a little vine-covered cottage—very typical of himself in its neatness and outward appearance.

He was devoted to his pets as only a bachelor can be, and never tired of telling lies about their pedigree and extreme intelligence—as was but natural enough. The doctor did love to cure nervous old ladies with bread pills and then shamelessly to boast of it. For truth in ordinary conversation he had not the slightest regard. If anyone infringed on what he regarded as his hunting-grounds, he made the most cold-blooded threats to poison them at the next opportunity; this he used also to explain would raise the value of cemetery stock in which he held some visionary shares. These faults an indulgent public easily condoned; but when on meeting a lady in the street he inquired after her health and requested her to produce her tongue, or hailed another driving by to learn of the well-being of an invalid dog, people were apt enough to be offended till they remembered that it was only the doctor. Worse than these, he used annually to go off to the races, sometimes being gone a week and returning in a very disordered condition, with elaborate and impossible excuses for his absence. His yarns became traditional and no one ever doubted his ability to

compose a lie on any possible subject at a moment's notice. Some samples of his extreme ingenuity I feel sure would not be out of place. One day we met at dinner a most provoking stutterer and chancing to mention him afterward, the doctor chimed in, "Oh, his asking for butter to-day was not a circumstance, he talked like a circus poster to what I've heard him. Why, the other day we had those sorrel colts out on a pretty rough road and were making twelve mile time, when old Shaw nudged me and lisped, "I thay, Doctor, you're running into a sth-sth, sth,' when the wheel struck a root and he bounced four feet into the air, jerking out 'tump,' as he landed." This tale was only the beginning of a stream that flowed on as long as listeners held out. He used solemnly to assert that once on seeing a bear cross the path, quickly followed by another, he stopped his horse and counted just forty-eight more, as they filed in slow procession from one side of the wooded trail to the other. The painful insinuation that one bear was making the rounds was duly quenched by a catalogue of peculiarities and ear marks which no one could impeach. One day he gravely remarked, "Had an awful time up at old Dutson's place; old woman died; got there apparently too late; women howling around and taking on as those French people do; went and opened old woman's eye; 'no death in that, that's bright enough,' says I; women looked up and snuffed 'l'autre, l'autre,' but I couldn't make out what they were driving at 'till they pried open the other eye of the lamented, which was dead as a door nail. You see the other was a glass eye."

Such were his tales, and of these he used to relieve his mind continually, painting himself in any but enviable colors, as a slanderer and a most heartless wretch. But as everyone knew better than to believe any of these children of his fertile imagination and always found them amusing and original, little ill-feeling was caused in his acquaintanceship. A church was started in town and the Doctor was one of its staunchest supporters. Indeed, so great was his interest in its welfare, that if any well-to-do

attendant was backward in helping along the contribution box, the Doctor, who took upon himself the duty of collecting, would stand in the aisle and stare around into vacancy until either coin or an excuse was forthcoming. Anything Pharisaical was the farthest from his nature, and he shrank as much from praise as blame, allowing neither, however, to influence him in the least.

But this is not the only side of his character. Examining him closely, we find him an ornament to the noblest of professions; well-read, skillful, and, better than either, kind-hearted, it was his lot to do more good in his little sphere than most men with broader field and greater opportunities.

Perfectly careless about money matters, his bills never reached the poor, and came into the wealthier of his patients at most unexpected times, entirely depending on the existing state of his finances. Personal comfort he sacrificed entirely, and without complaint he used even to leave a social game of cards with such a remark as, "Poor devil shot himself, rather wet night to pull a man out." Winter and summer it was always the same; distance and weather he heeded little. In the worst of rain storms he would leave his cheerful fire to drive his trim horse and sulky even twenty miles over the roughest of roads; it made no difference whether the person in need was rich or poor. Circumstances or position had not the slightest influence with his Bohemian independence. This course he followed out for years in self-sacrificing way, so that his popularity was more than earned.

It is hard, indeed, to analyze men's motives, but it seems to me that his were the very highest. Desire for popularity might inspire some; his reckless tongue belied that assumption; money was out of the question; future reward and punishment have urged many a Jesuit to do as much, but the Doctor was rather skeptical, and in the end we must attribute his devotion to humanity to the natural love of good, so marked a part his character.

His keen appreciation of the ridiculous, and his improvidence, which never brought him very low, made him live

a sort of grasshopper existence—to outward appearance at least—but one to which no winter ever came.

One night he was found insensible by the road after his horse had come tearing into town with the wreck of the familiar sulky. Friends carried him to the nearest house, where he was found to be fatally wounded. On regaining consciousness he said that some one in the brush had shot him—and seemed to feel it as his keenest regret that any one in the world should have aught against him. But as his watch and meagre pocket-book were found untouched, it was probable that some sneaking Mexican or Indian had gone off into the darkness with the sense of having mistakenly murdered a benefactor.

The Doctor lived but a few hours, and died as befitted his life, calmly and without complaint; and as he was laid away to his last sleep, men of every class and nationality were present, for he had befriended them all in his unspoken belief in the brotherhood of man. His calling had been the highest and he had done it credit. His faults were neither few nor small, and he was indeed a weedy garden plot where the roses had to struggle for existence with chickweed and sorrel, perhaps with thistles, too. But the soil was good and the flowers seemed none the worse. “Let him who is guiltless cast the first stone” at kind, careless Dr. Fairfax.

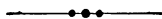
## THE TARN.

Out of its wat'ry shroud the night mist woke,  
Like the death-damp with ghostly grip to choke  
    The fainting day.  
Headlong one came crashing through bosk and sedge  
Heedless of thorn and briar to the tarn's edge,  
    He might not stay :—

The breded thicket smote him and the smart  
Of keener anguish rankled in his heart  
    Goaded him sore.  
The moonlit mere in inky silence slept,  
He cast him in. The shudd'ring ripples crept  
    From shore to shore.

The morning sun reddened the tarn's dark face  
And the fair Lilith came bearing her vase  
    To the pool's rim:  
Deep for a draught the maid her pitcher dipped  
But as she stood the sparkling diamonds dripped  
    Down from its brim.

Deep was the water dyed with morning's red,  
And 'mid the rushes Lilith saw the dead  
    Careless of fate.  
Still stood her heart as his. The dead hand proved  
The cord she thought unstrung, awake. She loved,  
    But loved, too late. *Edward Wells, Jr.*



## MARGARET AND ITS AUTHOR.

OF distinctively American literature there is little. Novels, poems, and histories have been produced in quick succession and great number by our authors, but few of them bear any definite trace of national characteristics. Our novelists have become, for the most part, mere chroniclers of fashionable society, which is the same the world over, our poets generally sing of ancient divinities, and our historians nearly always write of foreign powers.

Of our deep forests and mighty rivers, of the legends of the Indians, of the workings of our society and government, of the peculiarities, striking peculiarities, of our people, there are few novelists, few poets, few historians. It is with a feeling of gratitude that we approach the works of a characteristic American author, who in spite of many blemishes has secured a firm and lasting place in our literature.

Lowell, in "A Fable for Critics," pronounced Margaret "the first Yankee book with the soul of down-east in't." His estimate was correct. The soul of the book is American. Everything in it savors of New England. There is hardly a character which could have been found anywhere else, and no incident which could have happened elsewhere. The master with his pompous sentences, Deacon Ramsdill and Widow Luce, the Parson, Pluck, and Brown Moll, are persons who have existed, who were and are tangible beings. No less real than the characters are the incidents of the story. Who has not imagined such a scene as the meeting in the woods, and who has not been to just such a dance as that at which Chilion was musician? This praise—almost the highest that can be accorded to a novel—of faithfully delineating characters and picturing scenes, must be given to Margaret. In this book there is a firm adherence to facts and a powerful presentation of characters that are remarkable. In future times, when the historian wishes to acquaint himself with early life in New England, he will study this story.

It seems strange that severe Puritan training should have generated poetry. This, however, appears to have been the case. Mrs. Bradstreet, Channing, Emerson, Thoreau, all were gifted more or less with the art divine. So was Sylvester Judd, and in a very strong degree. There are passages in Margaret that show the true spirit of a poet, passages of rare beauty and purity. "The sun rose over a hushed, calm world wrapped like a Madonna in prayer." When upon the Indian's Head, Margaret stood leaning upon the shoulder of Chilion, and

Brown Moll sat with her eyes fixed on the darkening expanse, it was a true poet who described the scene—how the landscape sunk into shadows and silence, how the wind dallied with the locks of the child and swept the bared, swarthy bosom of the woman, how Margaret and her brother looked down into the mysterious depths from the precipice above, and how Chilion played, suiting his music at one time to the dizziness, depth and profundity of the abyss, and the next moment to the “soft, starry, eternal repose of the heavens.”

Of the indescribable charm produced by such passages we cannot say too much. They are the back-ground for the narrative just as this beautiful world is the back-ground for our actions. They are as skilfully interwoven as silk into texture and as beautifully written as anything Irving or Hawthorne has left us. In his keen appreciation of nature, Judd appears to have forestalled Ruskin. How sympathetically he speaks of the woods and hills, of the clouds and flowers! We walk through forests and meads, wade through grasses and fallen leaves, hear the crushing of twigs under our feet. We notice the voice of each separate bird. The solitude of the woods is about us, the splendor of the sky above us. The scene soon changes and a New England winter is at hand. The clouds send down their “harvest of alabaster fruit.” The winds play hide-and-seek around the house. The moon lights up the vast fields of snow, and in the north, faintly flushing the sky, appears the Borealis.

Neither Emerson, Thoreau, nor Burroughs, has described nature more lovingly and minutely than Judd. Nothing is too small for his notice, nothing too commonplace for his admiration. The sunbeams descending through the trees upon the grasses beneath are “little daughters of the sun dallying with the children of the earth,” and the white clouds in long ranges of piles, “are wont to repose like ships at anchor.”

But Margaret was written with a higher motive than the portrayal of characters and the description of nature. A deep moral meaning runs through the book. Margaret

represents the soul in man, and the vices which assail it are personified in her companions and their doings. The conception was a beautiful one, and the execution of it is strong and touching. As we read, there is a sense of elevation of thought and feeling; we are lifted beyond this atmosphere and breathe something purer, more refreshing; we have a view from Mons. Christi of a "better land."

The book is not altogether ideal. There are two practical subjects which are treated with great power—drunkenness and capital punishment. No one who has read the chapter on the "Still" will long speak lightly of drunkenness. Few passages anywhere are more powerful. The poor child left alone on a frightful night with an intoxicated brother, barrels of the detestable drink, boiling caldrons, a roaring fire, and for a companion a dog—such is the picture. On the sad fate which overtook the gifted Chilion there is no need to linger. No more appealing passage can be found anywhere than that which pictures the scene in the court—when Margaret throws herself on the neck of her loved brother, and pleads for his life.

The story, however, is always preserved. The book is a novel, and, interested though the reader may be in the moral meaning and the attacks made on evils, his concern in Margaret always continues. Who was she? what will become of her? these are the questions uppermost in the mind.

This book, which for many years was considered the finest novel written by any American, may be compared to a splendid mosaic. The pieces which by their union form the whole are the pictures of characters and scenes, the religious significance, the attacks on certain supposed evils, and the story itself. But besides these there are other ingredients, as, for instance, the sad history of Rose and the story of Job Luce. When viewed from this standpoint, the book may be likened unto a vast storehouse, filled to overflowing, or to a granary weighted down with its exceeding riches.

The book has faults. The author had a fondness for



large and obsolete words, was not always happy in his comparisons, and was prone to exaggeration. In spite of these defects, *Margaret* is one of our greatest novels. Had Judd been as consummate an artist as he was genius, he would have left us a book that would last many centuries. As it is, *Margaret* will not soon die. It contains too much valuable knowledge and possesses too many strong qualities for a short existence. Besides this, it is, what few of our novels are, peculiarly American. As long as we love our land, its hills, forests, streams, its history and occupants—we will prize those books which describe its scenery and tell of its people.

Such was the chief work of Sylvester Judd. Who was the man?

Not quite half a century ago, a poorly-dressed youth entered this college, with small means but great ambitions. Soon after entrance he wrote this "Consecration," and in it is to be found his whole spirit and life: "I consecrate myself, my time, my talents, my influence, my thoughts, my property, my knowledge and my all, to God and his service. Be my witness, Holy Father, thou my Saviour, thou my sanctifier, angels, spirits of the pit, myself." This consecration he always observed, and the history of his life is necessarily short. Of him it can be said, "he was without reproach." His life was filled with a longing desire for knowledge and an abiding trust in religion. He was a real man in his aspirations, adherence, and faith. Whether or not he imbibed it here, he carried through life into all his work a strong enthusiasm. It was with this he mastered his difficulties, built up a church, wrote books, preached sermons. It was with this he championed causes and won the affections of his people. This enthusiasm, joined to a restless desire for truth and a firm adherence to belief, made him a strong friend, a powerful defender. It is a matter for no surprise, then, that there were gathered around his grave people of every denomination and pursuit. Like the great Robertson's his admirers were not included in any one sect. The young and old were both there, and, as they laid their offerings

on the tomb, it was not to the author or preacher, but to the man. Our college can well be proud of Sylvester Judd. Although she has graduated more brilliant men who have made a greater stir in the world, she has never graduated a man of more solid worth and character. That he should have died before he had corrected his faults as an author, before he had shown his full light as a preacher, and his entire worth as a man, is to be much regretted. Enough, however, had been done. "God saw the light, that it was good."

*William Farvis.*

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## TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

A SUMMER'S vacation was before me, and in my hand lay a letter—

OWANTA, June 29, '83.

MY DEAR COUSIN WILL:—

Papa and Mamma wish me to ask you if you will not make us a visit. There is good hunting and fishing here—things which I suppose you, like all other men, are fond of,—and so perhaps you may not find it so very lonesome for a little while. I hope you will come.

Your cousin,

ELEANOR.

I had known my cousin years before as a charming country girl, and admiring relatives had declared that the city boarding school had not spoiled her at all. What wonder then that I was soon on my way to the woods of northern Maine, where my uncle had seen fit to banish himself and his family. The presence of my pretty, modest cousin soon dispelled all fears of a dull time. In fact it did not take long for the rest of creation to sink into comparative insignificance in my eyes, or for me to become sublimely indifferent to the inconvenience of having but two mails per week. But however pleasant it might prove to linger over tender recollections, I must go on with my tale. The town of Owanta is little but a

name. One saw-mill, a little church, and a few hamlets comprise the whole. It is scarcely a place to look for culture and intelligence, yet among these rough lumbermen and farmers one man attracted my attention. Bronzed and toil-worn as he was, there was something in his scarred face, striking in spite of its habitual melancholy, and in his quiet refinement of manner, that seemed strangely out of keeping with his commonplace, primitive surroundings. To my inquiries my friends could give little answer. His name was Captain Murray. A few years before he had appeared among them and joined a lumber gang, where his reckless daring in saving other men from injury, coupled with his sadness and reticence, had made him a nine days' wonder among these worthy but isolated people. Any new thing was rare among them, and they made the most of this, well illustrating the rule that gossip increases in direct ratio as we approach a state of Arcadian simplicity. In his case, however, gossip availed very little. The general impression was that he had money enough, but those who had questioned him had never cared to do so again. He might be a prince in disguise or an escaped criminal, they could not tell.

With the curiosity of youth, I determined to know him and solve the mystery. Fortune favored, for he seemed to take my advances not unkindly. Perhaps he wished to hear something from the world he had left behind; perhaps my enthusiasm called to mind other days when everything had looked bright to him through the haze of college fancy. At any rate, I began to be his companion in long walks in the mountains and pine forests, and gradually I learned his history. Some disappointment had driven him into the army. After the war he had sought solitude and forgetfulness. He had fought with Indians in the West, he had been a hunter about Hudson's Bay, but all in vain, for recollection still clung to him, and life, however wearisome, would not let him go. All this I gathered, not from direct recital, but from expressions in which he unconsciously revealed something of

his past life. But this was not enough. I longed to have him confide in me and fill in this meagre outline of my conjectures. At last the time came. I was to return home on the morrow, and, while my cousin was at the sick bed of a neighbor, I went to bid my strange friend "good bye."

He sat in his room, and in his hand was something that I had never seen before—the miniature portrait of a girl. Perhaps the weariness of a hard day's work had made him feel a hunger for sympathy, for at my involuntary question "your sister?" he shook his head and, motioning me to a seat, said in an unsteady voice: "Perhaps I owe it to you to tell you more of my unhappy life; I loved that girl." I was not surprised. Love had begun to seem very natural to me within the last few weeks. "I will not weary you with details," he went on, "but will ring on the fifth act at once. I had never dared tell her of my love, but I thought she knew that I loved her, for she was not unkindly to me. It was in '63, at the end of my last college vacation, and a party of us were at the lake for a farewell picnic. As I helped her into my boat I said: 'Shall we row to our favorite willows?' She smiled assent. 'Wait,' I whispered, 'Do not go with me now if you will not go with me through life.' She started trembling as if to leave the boat. 'And do you drive me away forever?' I whispered, rising as if to assist her. As she touched my hand, our eyes met and I saw that she had surrendered. People looked at us curiously as we once more took our seats and I pulled out into the lake, but they little knew what those whispered words had meant to us. I can see her now as she sat not daring to lift her eyes to mine, with the color coming and going in her sweet, downcast face, while her hands pressed each other tightly in her lap. I could not speak. I was far too happy for words. The splash of the oars sounded in my ears like the far away delicious music of a dream."

He sat in deep reverie, and I, looking into his sad, careworn face, saw it transformed as if by magic. The happy smile sometimes seen in the dead was on it, and the brightness and fire of younger days. But a cloud

soon came, an expression of deep pain, and he went on quickly.

"All this may seem to you a pretty idyl in which the hero and heroine will wed and live happily ever afterward. You may not guess" and a spasm passed over his face, "that I proved myself a coward and traitor in that very hour." He must have seen the amazement in my glance at his firm features and the deep battle-scar on his cheek, for he went on, "You may be surprised, but I am not the brave man that perhaps I seem to you. I rowed on and soon left the rest of the party far behind. As we reached the deep, cool recess under the willows, her eyes at last met mine, and what I read there drove from my thoughts everything but her own dear image. With a cry of 'Mary!' I rose in the unsteady skiff and stepped toward her. She had risen and our hands had just met when the treacherous boat went over. I found myself clinging to it, and in a moment she rose a few yards away and with a voice of horror cried to me to save her. Some madness surely possessed me, for I clung fast, hopelessly dazed till she went down again. Once more she rose and turned on me a look that will haunt me till I die. I hardly know what happened after that, except that a boat hastened to our rescue, and that my love was not dead. I fled the town without a word of farewell, pursued by the recollection that will torture me while life lasts. I had never thought myself a coward; now I rushed to the war and should have fallen there, could reckless daring have brought me death. I have toiled in dangerous places since then, and my heart has never failed, but nothing can atone or bring back my lost happiness." He buried his face in his hands and groaned. I was deeply moved. "Are you sure that she would not have forgiven you?" I said. "Forgive! how could I ever look into those wonderful eyes again." For a long time we sat in silence, while the darkness drew on. Gradually it dawned upon me that I was forgotten and that this was no place for me. Again the despairing look was gone, and, as the unwonted smile stole over his pale face, I heard him whisper "Mary." In dreams he was happy and

young again, and the dark shadow had not yet fallen across his path. I stole away and left him, and in the morning bade my cousin a reluctant farewell.

A classmate and I had agreed to end the vacation with a long tramp. One night we stopped in a lovely country region at a quaint little boarding house, whose charms had evidently been discovered by other strangers than ourselves. Under a tree a lady, still beautiful, with dark, singularly winning eyes, was saying to a little boy: "The dog will not bite you; my little nephew must not grow up a coward, for Auntie hates cowards."

As we sat at supper, conversing sentimentally as young men sometimes will, the deepening twilight recalled my last night in Maine, and I related the real romance that I had discovered, and the sad story of its hero. Suddenly I became conscious that I had another listener, for, in another part of the room, sat the same lady listening, with her great, pathetic eyes fixed on me. A thought flashed through my mind: could this be Mary? Absurd! Surely the story must have taken a deep hold upon me if every woman with beautiful eyes could suggest it. That evening, as we two sat on the vine-covered porch smoking and dreaming, there was a rustle near me, and a sweet voice said, "May I speak to you for a moment?" I looked up; it must be Mary. On her face were traces of deep agitation, yet she looked happier than before. I followed her into the house and she began with some confusion: "I overheard a story you told to-night, and it so reminded me of an old acquaintance that I wished to ask you more." I told her all I knew and waxed eloquent over the patient, hopeless life of my silent friend. She listened in breathless attention. "And his name?" and her hands clasped her chair. I told her, and she was silent for a moment; then she said, "It is as I thought; I knew him slightly once." She colored deeply but said no more. I thought I divined her wish and casually remarked: "Those were happy weeks that I spent in Owanta, Maine, and to have met some one who has known my friend will make the recollection the pleasanter." She thanked me with her eyes, and I rejoined my companion.

OWANTA, Oct. 1st, '83.

DEAR WILL:—

I must tell you about the strangest thing that has happened. You remember Captain Murray, to whom you took such a fancy. He has gone away! So changed a man I never saw before. He looked really happy when he left, and ever so handsome. It all seemed to come from a letter that the carrier brought him. Papa inferred from what he said that some one had left him a fortune, but I don't believe all men are sordid enough to be so changed by a little money. At any rate I hope you are not, Will. Don't forget the weeks you passed in Maine or your loving cousin

NELLIE.

There is little danger of that, yet, almost as often as my cousin's image appears before my mind, I think of my friend and his Mary, his, I hope, at last.

*C. W. Pierson.*

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### IN THE FOG.

For many, many days, the broad extent  
Of ocean's mighty face was veiled from sight.  
The sun came not to shine on us, nor went;  
A deepening gloom revealed to us the night—  
A lessening darkness showed the day. Around  
Was stillness—nothing seen and nothing heard,  
Save once, we dimly caught the feeble sound  
Of a far distant, lost, despairing bird.  
No wind puffed out our idly hanging sails,  
But slowly drifting on, we rose and fell,  
No murmuring breezes and no roaring gales  
To move us from our sluggishness, and tell  
Of other regions than the narrow deck  
To which we were confined. One gloomy day  
We passed close by an old abandoned wreck  
Which aimlessly drew near; then fell away  
And vaguely lost itself in the thick gloom  
And came no more. And thus time dragged along  
Until one night the fog, which like a tomb  
Had shut us in, lifted, and fresh and strong  
The breezes blew, and we, before the wind,  
Moved into life, and death was left behind.

*Charles E. Cushing.*

## A NINETEENTH CENTURY HERO.

THE knowledge of what a man praises and what he censures may be depended upon as an index to his character. The truth of this aphorism has given additional significance to many lives which have served as foils to elicit the criticism of the masses. Indeed, the exalted of every age might well be likened to weather-vanes, by means of which the currents of popular approval or disfavor indicate the moral atmosphere. Thus, no truer gauge of contemporary Athenian character can be found than the popular misconception and condemnation of Socrates. For us, if we would register public sentiment, a vane has been reared in the life of Chinese Gordon.

The story of Gordon's career in China, as Captain of the "Ever Victorious Army," and afterwards as "The Little Khedive" of Upper Egypt, rivals the "Arabian Nights" in heroic romance, and may claim a truer chivalry than that of the mediæval knighthood. The natives, who saw armies put to rout by a wave of the rattan cane, which was his only weapon, regarded him as a God-aided minister of justice. The cane was known as "Gordon's magic wand of victory." It *was* possessed of magic; the same magic of the great mind over the small by which Marius baffled the executioner; the same power of justice which endowed the Calif Omar's walking stick with greater terrors than were inspired by the swords of other generals. We are not surprised at the wondering awe which insisted that Gordon's was a charmed life. Comrades fell at his side until the staff of officers was all but exhausted. While in China and Africa he may be said to have lived in a hot-bed of conspiracy; yet plots against his life were frustrated with a persistence which might have convinced even less superstitious minds that his life was guarded by some beneficent fate. But, as Disraeli somewhere says, "We make our fortunes and we call them fate." Gordon made his fortune by winning,



even from his enemies, a love whose edict was that his life should ever be held sacred; a love which, an enemy says, "often struck the deadly musket from the hand of a dastardly Englishman—tempted by love of loot to join our ranks." The conspiracies against his life were frustrated, never by chance but by the inevitable traitor, who sacrificed his fellows, in thankfulness for some kindness of Gordon's. His life was indeed charmed; but the potion was of his own mixing. Guardian angels did attend him, for

"Our acts our Angels are, or good or ill,  
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."

That such a man should be the popular choice for the governor-generalship of the Soudan, despite the opposition of the Downing Street Powers, is significant. Equally successful strategists and many superior diplomats were passed by. The power of a character founded on honor and justice was desired, wherewith, if possible, the complications of the Soudan might be peaceably unravelled. According to the text of our discourse, the despatch of one Christian man in preference to Krupp Guns is indicative of a popular sentiment which is coming to think that,

"They err who count it glorious to subdue  
By conquest far and wide."

The enthusiasm which sent Gordon forth, and the sympathy which accompanied him into the Dark Continent, were at first chagrined and surprised at the apathy of the Government in its duty to the beleaguered hero. The dissatisfaction and complaint which were soon ripe have been voiced by the press in a strenuous protest, not for England only, but for civilization. The eloquence of the revered Nestor of English politics has, for the time, lost its influence with the people; and, as the representative of the remiss Government, he has been openly hissed. Such universal agitation can not be solely the result of allegiance to an abstract principle of duty. The behest of duty has been vitalized, as it were, by a hero-worship with

its attendant praise. The praise of Gordon may have been extravagant and may have entailed unjust censure of others—it is all the more an index to national character which the failure or success of his mission can not affect.

The significance of this homage to honor and justice, to Christian manliness, has been enhanced by its unanimity.

The contributions for Gordon's relief are not merely the generosity of civilization; prominent among them is an Egyptian Pasha's gift—prominent not for its liberality only, but as an illustration of the Mohammedans' admiration of Gordon's character, of their appreciation of the true and the good. The burden of prayer for our hero's safety has not risen from Christian hearts only. As the Moslem turns toward Mecca, in morning, noon, and evening prayer, he prays for but one unbeliever in his faith—Chinese Gordon.

That contemporary history can not be correctly written has become a truism. The present is like a painting, which, near at hand, appears meaningless because of the confused figures and strange coloring. Not until we are at a distance, does order come out of apparent confusion, not until then do the forms of the few preëminent characters who make history become distinct. Yet it does not seem an anticipation too daring, to picture Chinese Gordon in a prominent niche of the historical gallery; not merely as a hero of many achievements, but as a man who everywhere drew forth that which was noblest in his fellows, and thus proved an antidote to cynicism.

*Evans Woollen.*

## NOTABILIA.

CHARLES LAMB devoted one of his shorter articles to showing that the popular proverb that "one should not look a gift-horse in the mouth," was at times a fallacy. We have been forcibly reminded of this during the last month. Scarcely had we come to congratulate ourselves that we were to have a new building for prayer-meeting rooms, when we received the unwelcome news that it was to go up on the campus. Now, while there are in every class in college a number of men who thoroughly approve of this, among most of the students it has received a great deal of harsh criticism, and it may be added that many of those most interested in the success of the building were among the earliest to recognize the unsuitableness of giving it such a position. Our campus is so small that several of our recitation rooms are already outside its limits, and if we are fortunate enough to have a few more new dormitories and recitation rooms, such a building as that of the Young Men's Christian Association, will then occupy ground very much needed. For this and other reasons which could be given, it is to be regretted that space on the campus should be given to a building which nominally, at least, is under the control of an outside religious association. Yale requires no religious qualifications in those to whom she gives her degrees, and stands before the country as an institution of learning, opening her doors to Jew and Gentile. Apparently, then, the societies formed within the college should not be allowed, with official sanction, to obtrude themselves to such an extent, as to encroach upon the rights of those who look at them in a different light from that of their own partisans. No one would allow for an instant, that a building under the control of the Jewish church, or a Jesuit chapel, or even the hall of an ordinary college fraternity, ought to be erected on the campus. An institution like Yale which has so many different shades of religious belief within itself, should avoid as far as possible anything which has even the flavor of sectarian par-

tiality. The Papists and Jews are certainly without this movement, to say nothing of the Episcopalians. The argument in favor of giving the building this situation, that if off the campus it would not be so much frequented, should be a humiliating one for the friends of the association to hear, for he must be a weak and unenthusiastic member, who would not cross the street to reap such advantages as that association could give him.

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WHEN there are so many rumors abroad in regard to proposed changes in the curriculum, this may not be a bad time to renew an oft-repeated plea, which, if it has no other effect, should at least be granted the respect due to old age. There are probably very few men in college, who, when called upon to choose their optionals for the next year, do not feel that they are to take, as it were, a leap in the dark, for which duty they obtain the necessary courage only by reason of a never-dying faith in the parental watchfulness of the Faculty to keep them from taking any very grievously false steps. Yet "*Lux*" is the first word in the motto of the college. Even if the question as to the competency of young men to choose for themselves is still considered debatable, it can scarcely be urged that, when allowed a choice, they will do better if they choose in ignorance. Besides, this ignorance and uncertainty, in which the members of every class, heretofore, have had to select their optional studies, might be easily remedied. Indeed, we have among us a few examples of a different system, which seem to exist as a kind of reproach upon the normal order of things. Our professor of Latin is, we understand, in the habit of giving his class a statement of the course he will pursue for the next year. In the Sheffield Scientific School, some of the professors have printed a syllabus of each course of lectures which they deliver, and these papers are not only a great convenience to those who attend the lectures, but also give to a student when deciding upon his studies, an opportunity to see what ground the course will cover. Now what would be of inestimable value to us, would be a pamphlet from an official source, which shall contain a

statement about every optional study offered to undergraduates—a statement including not only the text books to be used, but the method of instruction to be employed, and where lectures are to be given, a syllabus, if possible, of the course. In some cases all this might not be practicable, but where it could be done, it would save many regrets and much grumbling, which are now, too often with reason, heard from disappointed students.

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WE have recently seen published the results of the canvassing in most of the larger eastern colleges of the preferences of their members for President of the United States. Indeed, Yale is, at present, almost the only college which has not expressed its opinion upon the interesting political question of the day. We might reasonably look in these lists for evidence of a feeling of disgust and indifference toward the two large parties which by straddling every important issue, at present, divide the country at right angles to the line which would denote the real division of opinion. And we certainly do see a marked absence of party division, the first place on the lists being usually contested by two prominent Republicans, and among the favored candidates of some colleges we look in vain for the name of a single Democrat. Does this mean, that of the men who send their sons to college, almost all are Republicans, and that these young men are so well brought up in the faith of their fathers, that they cannot be proselyted, even by the promises of a party hungry for office? If this is so, it is a strong argument in favor of "the grand old party," but we fancy it is rather a result of the independent feeling which has spread rapidly during the last few years, and which we might expect to be particularly strong among young men who have as yet no strongly rooted party affiliations, and who at present see no party before the country taking a side for or against the issues which have for them the greatest interest. So we see the Protectionist and the Free-Trader side by side giving their preference to a Republican president; we suppose principally on the ground of the greater respectability of his friends. Of course, compara-

tively few of these students will vote next fall; but to one who likes to try to foretell the future, these results, showing as they do a marked similarity in all the colleges, should be of passing interest.

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It is certainly not a very attractive looking spot to the ordinary passer-by, and one can easily find about New Haven a pleasanter place for an afternoon stroll, than is this old cemetery on Grove street. But in spite of its unkept plots and stones so ugly that those for whom they serve as memorials, if they had any æsthetic sense, would assuredly have preferred not to die, than to be obliged to carry such burdens down to a coming generation, in spite of its gloomy gateway and high stone wall, which seems to be a sufficient barrier to keep within bounds the choicest of walking spirits, the lover of historical associations may find here full opportunity to unburden his whole stock of sentimentality. To say nothing of the many old and honored names, inscribed in half obliterated letters on head-stones and monuments, the yard itself was the first of its kind in the country. When the early settlers founded a colony at New Haven, they established in the State of Connecticut the Presbyterian church, and, after the English system, the town cemetery was the church yard; and, indeed, to-day the ground on the Green, back of Center Church, is filled with forgotten graves. Some of the people became dissatisfied with this system, which made the church-yards the only burial places, and under the advice of Mr. Hillhouse, they bought that piece of ground on Grove street and arranged that each family could have its own plot, the churches, theirs, and the town have its own, while the whole place should be controlled and kept in order by a committee. It was some-time after the originators of the plan removed their dead to this place, that the town and churches followed them. But the new scheme was a good one, for many reasons, and finally not only succeeded here, but was copied all over the country. So this cemetery on Grove street is the oldest of its kind, and served as a model for the system which now exists almost everywhere throughout the land.

## PORTFOLIO.

—What Ho ! Elihu, dost thou know that we have had a defeat worthy of thy records ? Aye, a memorable defeat, as histories phrase it. When we were complacent over prospective victory and the blue-legs had frightened the red-legs, the fickle goddess loaded the opposing scale and our joy panned out, as it were. Would that the Harvard men had fanned out ! Didst thou see the thousands leave the field of contest with such decidedly grim countenances that even a storm came up over the “dimpled sound ?” Ah ! and but, old saint, saw’st thou the ladies in the grand stand, God bless ’em, those loyal sympathizers, actually shed tears to relieve their conflicting feelings of exultation and lamentation ? And heard’st thou those younger brothers of the Yale men sob and choke convulsively as their gloomy parents led them home ? Aye, to be sure, to be sure, thou hast seen defeats at New London and really tearful times after the long tug. But, I’ll warrant thee, thou never saw’st such scenes at a ball game before ! Wilt thou now learn what “rattle” means and propound it to old Webster among the shades. For thou didst hear the Faculty rejoice that the city was not to be painted crimson and the oldest inhabitant congratulate himself on a good night’s rest. “But Linden,” I mean Amherst, “saw another sight !” The rattling lines of cheers settled Amherst on her own grounds, and the nine became giants and swung the club like Hercules. By all the muses, it was a famous sight ! And why ? Why, it was just a little of Yale enthusiasm, without which we shall never win and the other case was too much like Harvard indifference. Let’s have no more o’ it ! The real tin band is verily to be preferred to the sounds of wailing ; and even the recent victory has not sufficed to smooth the feathers of our pennanted eagle. Shall the bird leave these hospitable shores ? Never ! See to it, then, no more of this disgraceful silence. Of a truth, my patron, the goddess gave us a defeat and a lesson.

—The achievements of the nineteenth century, large as they have been in discovery, have been equally valuable in the arrangement of previous knowledge, and among the felicitous phrases of our flexible and cosmopolitan language few have been of wider application than that of “formulating ideas.” Formerly it was hard to define the character and malady of those who furnished the weary-worn poetry and reflections of

the world's literature. They were called morbid, unfortunate and insane. But we have formulated the trouble and we learn "that they are weighed down with the great world's weariness," that "the pain of life oppresses their souls," which like Aeolian harps are strung to the currents of humanity's distress, that the degradation and misery of mankind has caused an intellectual unrest, and a heart-soreness that has tried to find a vent in, a shifting of the burden of sorrow to the throes of literary composition. Their grief must speak and demand sympathy. Thus we can see what afflicted Aeschylus, what disturbed Shelley, and why Keats, who lived with nature, played so oft on chords of the minor and sang of

"Joy whose hand is ever at his lips,  
Bidding adieu . . ."

To healthy and vigorous youth their tendencies are at first sight laughable. The spirit of emulation and the joy of contest seem to drive all the spectres of the brain and loads of the soul into the background. But this melancholy, if you will, has been fostered by nursing and has been reared into a phantom of horrible power; it appeals to the imagination and insinuates itself at the time of petty defeat and makes even the young as "sad as night"; it creates and attends upon insomnia, and alas! for the bosom when the plaintive wail finds a lodgment. We cannot, then, view unmoved the alarming prevalence of suicide among the young, just on the shores of culture, not only among the old, vanquished in life's race and too old and stiff to seek the barriers afresh, but even among those to whom hope should come in every guise. But of late there has a wave of suicide surged across the world engulfing youth and genius "by narrow means oppressed." Yet no "sorrows of Werther" have engendered sickly thinkings, nor do we discern signs of a tumult akin to the French Revolution, when death was sought by the philosopher and welcomed by the uneducated. But nevertheless this feeling is in the world and

"Alas! when passion is both meek and wild."

It is a topic of conversation to which examples are added and adduced every morning. It is the jester's shock and the student's thought. It crops out at unexpected times and quarrels with all delights. Can it be the result of atheistic professions; the attitude of the cultivated toward infidelity, and the loss of faith?



—The birds of lyric-song, first fledged in France, took a long resting-spell in England with Locker, Calverly, Lang and Dobson ere they attempted the passage of the “unfooted” sea to dwell with Holmes and that young and promising versifier, Sherman. But with us they have attempted even more pleasing songs and no one has reproduced them more musically than Mr. H. C. Bunner, who has just published his “Airs from Arcady.” It is not saying too much to add that no book of *Vers de Société* has a more delightful tone throughout than this, or that none bears such impress of true feeling. The lyrics are moody themselves and are suited for moods. These birds evidently built their nests in the ashes of his hearth and he has caught their warbles and has added charming fancies plucked from the clouds of tobacco-smoke that fled up the chimney. There is a faint incense of the woods and the busy rustle of the town; the easy polish of the drawing-room is side by side with the romance of Bohemia, and these, together with pathetic echoes are set to such catching music that they cling to your memory and ring in your words. It breaks all harmony to disturb the arrangement, but this from the forest:

Only the sound of far-off streams,  
Faint as our dreams of childhood's dreams,  
Wandering in tangled pathways crost,  
Like woodland truants strayed and lost,  
Their faint, complaining echoes roam,  
Threading the forest toward their home.

It has always been our opinion that such songs are excellent agents to the formation of taste. The words are necessarily the most musical in the language, the polish is endless, and when the thought is equal to the polish they are gems indeed. They hold up the poetry of ordinary life, and as we cannot always be in Heaven with Milton or spend hours with the longer efforts of poets as such, the brief inspiration in and given by these verses is as useful as painting and sculpture in the training of a liberal appreciation. A weird thing is

#### TO A DEAD WOMAN.

Not a kiss in life; but one kiss, at life's end,  
I have set on the face of Death in trust for thee.  
Through long years keep it fresh on thy lips, O friend.  
At the gate of Silence give it back to me.

Space prevents any of the selections in detail but at the end we know that we have found all this and more.

This is a breath of summer wind  
That comes—we know not how—that goes  
As softly,—leaving us behind  
Pleased with the smell of vine and rose.

## MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

The period which our record for this month covers, extends from April 23 to May 22. With the approaching end of the college year, so many noteworthy events have found their place, that your chronicler hastens to relieve his file, which he finds filled to overflowing.

*Lacrosse.*

The American lacrosse team played their first practice game with the Yale team at Hamilton Park, April 24. After a closely contested game, the Yale team was defeated by a score of 3 goals, to 0. The following is a list of those who composed the two teams: *American team*—Wheeler, goal; Stuart, point; Davis, cover point; Cottle, Gerndt, Gilmore, defence field; Balch, center; Hall, Nichols, Poe, attack field; Simson, Johnson, home. *Yale team*—Connell, '84, goal; Mallon, '85, point; Way, '85, cover-point; McDowell, '84, McCormick, '83, Rollins, '85, defence field; Sands, '85 S., center; Spencer, '84, Mitchell, '85 S., Meacham, '87, attack field; Ayers, '84, Twombly, '84, home. The annual prize speaking of

*Gamma Nu*

was held on Friday evening, April 25, at Gamma Nu hall. The first prize was awarded to D. W. C. Huntington; the second prize to C. W. Holly. Messrs. John Holden, J. F. Scott and H. L. Whittlesey of '84 acted as judges. The

*Yale Yacht Club*

elected the following officers, Monday evening, April 28: Commodore, B. H. Anthony, '86; Vice Commodore, T. H. Newberry, '85 S. S. S.; Secretary, S. T. Crepo, '86; Treasurer, Sheffield Phelps, '86.

*Sophomore Fence Orator.*

At a meeting of the sophomore class on Tuesday, April 29, F. E. Wing was elected fence orator by acclamation. The

*Junior Historians*

were elected Wednesday morning, April 30, as follows: O. P. Bright, W. S. Case, L. B. Gleason, G. F. Stacy and C. S. Wiley.

*Cleveland vs. Yale.*

Our nine played a close game with the Cleveland team on Wednesday, April 30, at Hamilton Park. The only distinguishing features of the game were the heavy batting of the Yale team and the wretched fielding exhibition of the professionals. Below is the official score:

CLEVELAND.							YALE.						
	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		R.	B.	T.B.	A.	P.O.	E.
Hotaling m,	2	2	4	1	0	1	Bremner h,	1	1	3	1	1	2
Glasscock b,	2	2	3	1	4	2	Terry b,	1	1	2	2	2	1
Phillips a,	1	1	1	7	0	1	Hopkins c,	1	1	4	1		2
Muldoon c,	2	2	3	1	1	0	Souther m,	2	1	1	0	2	1
Murphy l,	1	0	0	1	0	0	Stuart a,	0	0	0	1	9	1
Evans s,	2	1	1	1	0	0	McKee r,	2	1	2	1	1	1
Harkins p,	2	2	3	1	2	0	Oliver s,	0	2	2	4	0	1
Hedner r,	0	0	0	4	2	2	Booth p,	1	1	1	2	4	0
McGuire h,	1	1	2	9	3	2	Brigham l,	1	0	0	1	5	0
Total,	13	11	17	26	12	8	Total,	9	8	15	13	27	9

Earned runs—Cleveland 3, Yale 1. Struck out—Cleveland 1, Yale 7. First base on balls—Cleveland 3, Yale 5. First base on errors—Cleveland 3, Yale 1. Errors—Cleveland 8, Yale 9. Base hits—Cleveland 9, total 17; Yale 8, total 15.

On the same evening the following members of '85 were initiated into

*Phi Beta Kappa.*

*Philosophicals*—Jonathan Barnes, Springfield, Mass.; J. C. Bridgman, Cleveland O.; H. L. Doggett, Kansas City, Mo.; E. A. George, Providence, R. I.; E. N. Hidden, Cincinnati, O.; G. W. Mallon, Jr., Cincinnati, O.; E. L. Richards, New Haven, Conn.; G. E. Vincent, New Haven, Conn.; P. I. Welles, Fayetteville, N. Y.; L. O. Wiggins, Newburgh, N. Y. *High Orations*—J. H. Booth, Vergennes, Vt.; C. A. Carhart, Peekskill, N. Y.; W. L. Cross, Gurleyville, Conn.; J. D. Ferris, Chatham, N. Y.; W. F. Frear, Oakland, Cal.; J. R. Joy, Groton, Mass.; W. P. Morrison, Cincinnati, O.; W. J. Worcester, Albany, N. Y.

*Y. U. B. Club Elections.*

On the evening of the same day, a large audience was present at Alumni Hall to elect navy officers for the ensuing year. The result of the elections was as follows: Pres., W. G. Green, '85; Vice Pres., C. P. McAvoy, '85 S. S. S.; Sec., H. S. Ames, '86; Ass't Treas. from the academical department, P. K. Ames, '86; Ass't Treas. from the Sheffield Scientific School, P. Jackson, '85. Prof. Wheeler was continued in the office of Treasurer.

*Oelrich's Cup Tournament.*

On May 1 the University Lacrosse team entered the tournament for the Oelrich's cup, held at Hoboken, N. J., defeating Princeton by a score of 2 goals to 1, but being herself defeated by the Druids of Baltimore by a score of 1 goal to 0.

*Freshman Fence Orator.*

On Friday morning, May 2, the freshman class made choice of C. M. Hinkle as their fence orator.

*S. S. S. Elections.*

The freshman class of the Sheffield Scientific School elected the following officers on Friday, May 2: *Class Supper Committee*—J. M. Blakeley, P. R. Bolton, H. C. Hamill, A. J. Richmond and W. S. Tevis. *Class Historians*—A. L. Howes and C. Willcox.

*Brown vs. Yale.*

On Saturday, May 3, Yale played her first championship game with Brown at Providence. In spite of the fact that the game was played upon the now known-to-fame grounds of Brown, our nine won easily from their opponents by the following score:

BROWN.							YALE.						
	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Durfee r,	0	0	0	1	0	0	Bremner m,	0	1	1	1	0	1
Seagrave m,	0	1	1	1	1	0	Terry b,	0	1	1	5	2	1
Bassett p,	0	1	1	4	2	0	Hopkins c,	1	0	0	1	0	1
Chase a,	0	1	2	9	0	2	Souther h,	0	2	2	7	3	0
Shield s,	0	0	0	2	2	1	Stewart a,	2	1	1	7	0	1
Gunderson p,	0	0	0	0	2	0	McKee r,	1	1	1	1	0	0
Doran b,	1	1	1	4	0	1	Oliver s,	2	2	3	1	3	0
Rhett l,	2	0	0	2	0	2	Booth p,	1	2	2	1	0	1
Woodsworth c,	0	1	1	3	0	1	Brigham l,	1	2	2	3	0	2
Total,	3	5	6	26	7	7	Total,	8	12	13	27	8	7

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale,	1	0	0	3	0	0	0	2	2—8
Brown,	0	0	0	0	1	0	2	0	0—3

Earned runs—Yale 0, Brown 0. Total base hits—Yale 13, Brown 6. First base on called balls—Yale 3, Brown 1. Struck out—Yale 4, Brown 5. Passed balls—Bassett 4, Souther 1. Wild pitches—Gunderson 2, Booth 0.

*Harvard vs. Yale.*

Our Saturday, May 10, our nine met Harvard at Cambridge in an exhibition game, and succeeded in wresting another victory from the crimson by their superior fielding. Appended is the score:

HARVARD.									YALE.								
	A. B.	R.	B.	T. B.	P. O.	A.	E.		A. B.	R.	B.	T. B.	P. O.	A.	E.		
Coolidge b,	5	0	1	1	1	4	2	Bremner m,	4	1	0	0	0	1	0		
Baker s,	5	1	2	2	2	4	1	Terry b,	3	2	0	0	0	4	2	1	
Phillips c,	5	0	1	1	1	1	0	Hopkins c,	2	1	0	0	0	2	3	1	
LeMoyne l,	2	0	1	1	1	0	1	Souther h,	3	1	2	2	6	1	0		
Tilden r,	5	0	2	2	1	0	0	Stewart a,	3	1	0	0	7	0	0		
Allen h,	4	0	0	0	8	2	0	McKee r,	4	1	0	0	1	0	0		
Smith a,	3	0	1	1	12	0	1	Oliver s,	4	0	0	0	0	3	0		
Winslow m & p,	4	0	1	1	1	2	1	Booth p,	3	0	0	0	0	4	0		
Nichols p & m,	4	0	1	1	0	2	1	Brigham l,	4	1	0	0	7	0	0		
Total,	37	1	10	10	27	15	7	Total,	31	8	2	2	27	14	2		

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale,	0	1	0	4	1	0	0	1	— 8
Harvard,	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	— 1

Earned runs—Harvard 1. First base on balls—Harvard 4, Yale 7. First base on errors—Harvard 2, Yale 4. Wild pitches—Nichols 1, Winslow 1. Passed balls—Allen 4. Time of game—2 hours 45 minutes.

On the same day, at New Haven, the

*University Lacrosse Team*

defeated the New York University team by a score of 11 goals to 0.

On Wednesday, May 14, took place the annual Spring games of the

*Athletic Association.*

The following is the list of winners in the several events: *Two mile bicycle race*—Hamilton, '86; time, 6 minutes 57¾ seconds. *100 yards dash*—Robinson, '85; time, 10½ seconds (4 yards handicap). *Running broad jump*—Vincent, '85; distance, 17 feet 10½ inches. *Half Mile Run*—Mitchell, '85 S.; time, 2 minutes 6¼ seconds. *Running high jump*—Brown, '86; distance, 5 feet 1¼ inches. *220 yards dash*—Brooks, '85, and

Odell, '86; time,  $23\frac{1}{4}$  seconds (Odell 12 yards handicap). *Mile run*—Bond, '86 S.; time, 4 minutes  $57\frac{1}{4}$  seconds. *Putting the shot*—Briggs, '85; distance, 34 feet 11 inches. *Mile walk*—Meredith, '85 S.; time, 7 minutes  $18\frac{3}{4}$  seconds. *Tug of war*—S. S. S.; distance, 2 feet 3 inches. *Throwing the hammer*—Coxe, '87; distance, 80 feet 3 inches. *440 yards dash*—Brace, '85 S.; time,  $55\frac{3}{4}$  seconds. *100 yards hurdle race*—Ludington, '87; time,  $19\frac{1}{4}$  seconds. The above records were all made under a heavy wind. The record of the mile walk is especially noteworthy.

### Dartmouth vs. Yale.

The first game in the college championship series played on the home grounds, took place at Hamilton Park on the same afternoon. The game was interesting throughout, and closely contested up to the seventh inning. During the remainder of the game some costly errors on the part of Dartmouth, together with vigorous batting by the home nine, gave the victory to Yale by the following score:

DARTMOUTH.							YALE.						
	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
G. Nettleton c,	1	0	0	1	2	2	Bremner m,	1	0	0	0	0	0
Springfield l,	0	0	0	2	1	0	Terry b,	1	2	2	3	1	1
Hale a,	0	0	0	11	0	1	Hopkins c,	1	2	2	0	0	2
Chellis b,	0	0	0	2	3	3	Souther h,	2	1	2	9	3	0
Fellows m,	0	2	2	4	0	1	Stewart a,	0	3	3	8	0	0
McCarthy s,	0	0	0	1	8	0	McKee r,	0	0	0	4	0	0
Nutt r,	0	0	0	0	0	0	Oliver s,	0	0	0	0	1	1
F. Nettleton p,	0	1	2	0	0	0	Booth p,	0	0	0	0	10	0
Thomas h,	1	0	0	6	0	0	Brigham l,	1	2	2	3	0	0
Total,	2	3	4	27	14	7	Total,	6	10	11	27	15	4

### SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale,	0	0	0	0	1	0	4	0	1—6
Dartmouth,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0—2

Earned runs—Yale 1. Two base hits—Souther and F. Nettleton. First base on balls—Yale 3, Dartmouth 2. Struck out—Souther, McKee, Oliver, Booth, Springfield 2, Fellows, McCarthy, Nutt 2, Chellis 2. Double plays—Hale and Chellis. Passed balls—Thomas 3.

### Harvard vs. Yale.

The second game with Harvard, but unfortunately for Yale the first to count in the college championship series, was

played at Hamilton Park Saturday, May 17th. As will be seen by the appended score, the game, when apparently won, was lost through the inability of Yale to play with care at a critical point. The batting on both sides was strong. Bremner and Hopkins excelling for Yale, and Coolidge, Baker and LeMoyne for Harvard. We append the score:

HARVARD.							YALE.						
	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Coolidge b,	2	3	3	0	1	1	Hopkins c,	2	0	0	2	1	2
Baker s,	2	2	4	0	4	3	Terry b,	1	1	1	3	4	0
Phillips c,	2	1	1	1	1	1	Bremner m,	3	2	3	0	0	0
LeMoyne r,	2	2	2	3	0	0	Souther h,	1	1	1	8	2	1
Tilden l,	0	1	2	3	0	0	Booth p,	0	1	1	1	1	1
Allen h,	0	1	1	9	1	0	Stewart a,	0	1	2	6	0	0
Smith a,	0	0	0	9	0	0	Brigham l,	0	1	1	4	0	1
Winslow p,	0	0	0	0	1	1	McKee r,	0	0	0	1	0	0
Nichols m,	0	0	0	2	1	1	Oliver s,	0	2	3	0	1	2
Total,	8	10	13	27	9	7	Total,	7	9	12	25	9	7

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale,	1	0	0	2	0	2	2	0	0—7
Harvard,	0	0	0	0	2	2	0	4	—8

Earned runs—Yale 1, Harvard 2. Two base hits—Bremner, Stewart, Oliver, Tilden. Three base hit—Baker. First base on balls—Harvard 4. First base on errors—Yale 5, Harvard 4. Struck out—Souther, Booth, Stewart, LeMoyne, Smith 2, Winslow 3, Nichols. Double plays—Terry and Stewart. Time—2 hours 10 minutes.

*Brown '87, vs. Yale '87.*

On the same day and in much the same manner the Freshman nine was defeated by the Brown Freshmen at Providence. The following is the score:

BROWN.							YALE.						
	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Clark h,	1	0	0	5	2	1	Goodwin h,	1	1	1	9	2	1
Mauran s,	2	4	5	0	0	4	Ayer a,	1	0	0	11	0	0
Fenton a,	1	0	0	8	0	0	Young c,	0	1	1	1	1	4
Wheeler b,	1	3	5	2	4	3	Hickox b,	0	0	0	3	2	0
Danielson r,	0	0	0	1	0	0	Bayne l,	1	1	1	0	0	0
Field p,	0	1	1	2	2	4	Sheppard m,	0	0	0	1	0	0
Cooper c,	0	0	0	4	2	2	Marsh r,	1	2	3	0	0	0
Burdick m,	1	1	1	3	0	1	Sprague s,	1	1	1	2	1	1
Miller l,	1	0	0	2	0	0	Gordon p,	1	0	0	0	5	1
Total,	7	9	12	27	10	15	Total,	6	6	7	26	11	7

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Brown,	2	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	3—7
Yale,	0	1	1	3	0	0	0	1	0—6

Earned runs—Brown 1. Three base hit—Wheeler. Two base hits—Mauran, Marsh. Struck out—Brown 9, Yale 3. First base on errors—Brown 5, Yale 13. First base on balls—Brown 1, Yale 4. Passed balls—Clark 1, Goodwin 4. Wild pitches—Field 3, Gordon 1. Time—2 hours 55 minutes.

*Junior Society Elections*

Were given out on Tuesday evening, May 20th, accompanied by the customary display of calcium lights and wild scrambling for cigars. The elections of each society were as follows:

*Psi Upsilon*.—H. S. Ames, P. K. Ames, W. B. Anderson, Bartlett Arkell, C. L. Bailey, Porter Beardsley, S. K. Bremner, W. S. Brigham, Alfred Cowles, jr., G. E. Eliot, C. W. Goodrich, W. G. Graves, W. P. Knapp, William Leland, C. M. Lewis, W. H. Ludington, C. H. Matthews, E. B. Morgan, C. R. Morley, G. R. Mosle, C. W. Pierson, E. W. Reid, A. L. Shipman, P. B. Stewart, J. P. Waring, F. E. Wing.

*Delta Kappa Epsilon*.—J. C. Adams, N. I. Adams, J. L. Adler, Z. N. Allen, B. H. Anthony, G. H. Bixby, W. P. Brandegge, J. S. Brinton, E. H. R. Brooks, W. A. Brown, C. D. Buck, Austin Colgate, F. R. Cooley, G. G. Cornwell, S. T. Crapo, W. R. Crawford, T. Darling, T. M. Day, jr., R. T. Francke, N. M. Goodlett, Jr., L. M. Grant, E. T. Hall, C. E. Hellier, C. L. Hyde, F. H. Kelley, jr., E. R. Kellogg, E. C. Lambert, E. B. Leaf, William McElroy, D. A. Moore, H. T. Nason, E. W. Peet, E. J. Phelps, Sheffield Phelps, A. D. Richardson, L. C. Ryce, J. C. Schwab, F. N. Sewall, H. D. Shelden, E. P. Trowbridge, F. C. Truslow, T. G. Waterman, Dudley Winston, F. J. Winston.

*Springfield vs. Yale.*

On Wednesday, May 21st, Yale won from the Springfields by the following score :



SPRINGFIELD.							YALE.						
	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Burns h,	0	0	0	5	3	0	Hopkins c,	1	2	2	2	3	2
Brosman b,	0	0	0	3	3	1	Terry b,	2	3	4	6	3	2
Mulligan c,	0	0	0	2	0	3	Bremner h,	1	3	3	3	5	0
Connell a,	1	1	2	7	1	0	Souther m,	1	1	1	0	0	0
Shannon p,	0	1	1	3	5	0	Stewart a,	1	0	0	4	0	3
McAndless s,	1	0	0	2	1	1	Brigham l,	0	0	0	0	0	0
Bigness m,	0	2	2	2	0	2	McKee r,	2	2	5	1	2	0
O'Brien l,	0	0	0	0	0	0	Oliver s,	2	1	1	0	4	0
McGill r,	0	0	0	0	0	0	Atwood p,	0	1	1	1	6	0
Total,	2	4	5	24	13	7	Total,	10	13	17	27	20	7

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale,	0	0	1	3	0	0	3	3	—10
Springfield,	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1—2

Earned runs—Springfield 0, Yale 2. First base on balls—Springfield 0, Yale 2. Struck out—Springfield 3, Yale 4. Passed balls—Burns 3, Bremner 2. Wild pitches—Shannon 1, Atwood 0.

*The Spring Regatta*

Took place later in the afternoon on the harbor. The Sophomore and Freshman crews were the only ones to put in an appearance at the start. The race was won by the Freshman crew in the remarkably good time of ten minutes and fifty-three seconds. Following are the names of those who composed the two crews:

FRESHMAN CREW.			SOPHOMORE CREW.		
Position.	Name.	Weight.	Position.	Name.	Weight.
Bow,	E. L. Burke,	146	Bow,	W. A. Robbins,	154
2	G. P. D. Townsend, '86, S.	147	2	E. J. Phelps, capt.,	150
3	H. W. Patten, '86, S.	174	3	P. K. Ames,	156
4	H. Farrington, '86, S.	159	4	A. Colgate,	153½
5	C. W. Hartridge,	158	5	C. R. Morley,	159
6	E. L. Caldwell,	155	6	A. Cowles,	178
7	J. Rogers, capt.,	163	7	T. R. Cooley,	148
Stroke,	P. R. Bolton,	150	Stroke,	R. Appleton,	153½
Cox,	L. E. Cadwell, '86, S.	69	Cox,	W. B. Goodwin,	115
Average weight, . .		156½	Average weight, . .		156½

The officers of the regatta were as follows:—Referee, Prof. E. L. Richards; Time Keepers, C. N. Copeland, '84, R. N. Hamill, '84; Judges, F. G. Peters, '86, Samuel Knight, '87; At the finish, S. W. Hopkins, jr., '84, D. Winston, '86, G. S. Woodward, '87. The

*Senior Societies*

Gave out the following elections from the Junior class, on Thursday, May 22 :

## SKULL AND BONES.

JOHN HULETT ARNOT,	EDWARD NEBLETT HIDDEN,
HENRY DEFOREST BALDWIN,	CHARLES BUXTON HOBBS,
SAMUEL READING BERTRON,	JOHN MCHENRY,
FRANK BOSWORTH BRANDEGEE,	GUY WARD MALLON,
JOHN CLOYSE BRIDGMAN,	EUGENE LAMB RICHARDS, JR.,
HENRY STANFORD BROOKS, JR.,	LUCIUS FRANKLIN ROBINSON,
HENRY RICHMOND FLANDERS,	WYLLYS TERRY,
WILFRED JAMES WORCESTER.	

## SCROLL AND KEY.

CLIFFORD BUTLER ALLEN,	HERBERT LIONEL DOGGETT,
HENRY BURRALL ANDERSON,	WILLIAM JARVIS,
WILLIAM SCOVILLE CASE,	JAMES RICHARD JOY,
HARRY GOODNOW CHASE,	ROBERT JAMES PITKIN,
SIDNEY MORSE COLGATE,	EMIL ADOLFE SCHULTZE, JR.,
COLMAN WARD CUTLER,	ARTHUR CECIL THOMSON,
CHARLES STUART DODGE,	GEORGE EDGAR VINCENT,
ALBERT CLARK WAITE,	

## BOOK NOTICES.

*Studies in History.* By Henry Cabot Lodge. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.50. For sale by Peck.

Since reading Mr. Lodge's lives of Hamilton and Webster in the American Statesmen series, we have never let his name pass without at least stopping to see to what it might be affixed. In the present case we did even more and passed some very pleasant hours over his "Studies in History." The book is composed of a number of essays, which have appeared from time to time in different periodicals. With one exception they have to do with American history, to which Mr. Lodge has before this made several valuable contributions.

For anyone who would like to read a historical study of the early New England Puritan, who has been enbalm'd in the gentle narratives of Hawthorne, made interesting to us all from our acquaintance with Hester, the Pyncheons and Arthur Dimmesdale, we know of no place where he can obtain more with an equal amount of reading, than in one of the first essays of this volume, entitled "A Puritan Pepys," it being a review of Samuel Sewall's diary. Those strong, hard-headed men, whose tough physiques were equaled only by the hardness and strength of their religion, present to us to-day, their descendants, a picture of the past more than interesting, almost awe-inspiring. Perhaps the rocky soil that they conquered, could only have been subdued by a people who brought up their children upon such food as this:

"Die fain they would, as if die they could,  
But death will not be had,  
God's direful wrath their bodies hath  
Forever immortal made.  
They live to lie in misery  
And bear eternal woe,  
And live they must whilst God is just  
That he may plague them so."

Certain it is, however, that to this people, who had the same respect for the law which the Hebrews had, and which made the Hebrews the founders of the morality of Christendom, is largely due that respect for morality which characterizes the Anglo-Saxons in all their homes. If they furnished many a stone towards the completion of the British political system, they formed the very foundations upon which our government was built. Samuel Sewall cried against the observance of Christmas and Easter, he hated and opposed periwigs, and he sentenced to death people charged with witchcraft; nevertheless, with such evidences of a narrow religious faith before us, we cannot stop when we have pronounced the word "bigot." He was something more; he was a man in earnest; he had a religion which entered into the most insignificant events of his life, a religious zeal which to-day cannot be found on the face of the earth. The Puritans did not "turn the other cheek" when their enemies struck them; but, confident that their enemies were the

enemies of the Lord, they would smite them with good Old Testament thoroughness. They were more like Peter than like John. We see the combative side of the Puritan in the essay upon Timothy Pickering, which meets our eye a little further on. A staunch partisan he, who is familiar to those who have lately enjoyed Prof. Sumner's lectures, as a man who would fight until the bitter end for the side which he had decided was the right. It is edifying to read of the old warrior, after he had lived nearly eighty years, taking down his armor to fight against an Adams, the son of his old enemy, who was then a candidate for the presidency, even though this made it necessary for him to support Andrew Jackson, the legitimate political successor of Thomas Jefferson.

A man of another kind was Gallatin, and though we owe him much, a man little known. Yet, being a man of sound judgment and cool temper, he has left his biographer but little opportunity to make the story of his life exciting or dramatic. We confess to a little disappointment in reading this essay that the banking troubles during the first part of Madison's administration, while Gallatin was Secretary of the Treasury, were not more fully stated.

Of course the book makes no pretensions to any exhaustive treatment, being only, as its name implies, a series of studies, but it will repay one for the reading with information and entertainment. It contains, besides the pieces mentioned, essays entitled, *The Puritan and the Restoration*; *The Early Days of Fox*; *William Cobbett*; *Alexander Hamilton*; *Caleb Strong*; *Daniel Webster*; *Colonialism in the United States*; *French Opinions of the United States, 1840-1881*.

*In the Tennessee Mountains.* By Charles Egbert Craddock. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.25. For sale by Peck.

There has always seemed to us a childish unreasonableness in the often heard complaint that this country has, as yet, produced no novels of national life. A novel of "national" life is impossible now, because America has not yet a national character. German novels, English novels can be found which seem to portray national characteristics; but how is such a novel to be written for a country which lays claim to the Yankee farmer, the California miner, the Creole, and the German emigrant in Iowa? The idea is nonsensical. On the contrary we should be thankful for the authors we have, who devote themselves to the delineation of special types. This is the proper work for our writers of fiction to perform, before the edges and corners are rubbed off the mass which shall some day be the smoothed and rounded national character. Hawthorne did the service for the early New England Puritans, although he added a strong tincture of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Mr. Cable is painting the Creole for all time. Howells describes the paler characters of modern Massachusetts. A contributor to the present number of this magazine makes prominent another delineator of New England life. Moreover, we must not deny our indebtedness to those who, while not essaying the novel, have done rarely well in their chosen department—the short story. New England life on its unlovely side could have no more impressive interpreter than Rose Terry Cooke. Miss Woolson for the South, and Miss Jewett for New England again, are very noteworthy. The driftwood of humanity, collected in the early days of California mining, will never

become an uncomprehended phenomenon, inasmuch as Bret Harte has lived. In the volume of eight stories before us, Mr. Craddock has described another type in our country's strangely differing population—the mountaineers of the Cumberland hills. He has done it excellently, with a seemingly faithful reproduction of the mountain dialect, a keen appreciation of the wild scenery of the region, a bright humor, and at the same time sympathy, which is, of course, the *sine qua non*. In fact, he has caught so well the sad, silent spirit of the lonely people whom he describes, that all his stories end in an indefinite half-sad way, which suits well, but which—if the reader attempts more than two or three stories at a sitting—becomes wearisome by repetition.

*A Graveyard Flower.* By Wilhelmine von Hillern : translated by Clara Bell. New York : Wm. S. Gottsberger. Price \$1.00. For sale by Judd.

There is cause to fear that Frau von Hillern's window overlooks the cemetery, and that, while writing this novel, Frau von Hillern was wont to stimulate her imagination by gazing from her window in the dusk of evening. The idea of a novel whose scenes shall be laid entirely among "grave-diggers, gardeners, stone-masons, hearse-drivers, and coffin-bearers" is quite repelling enough ;—even the mighty genius of Dickens was unable to strip the undertaker of "Martin Chuzzlewit," Mr. Mould, of all unpleasant associations, and make him freely laughter-provoking—but this tale of passionate love, unearthly beauty, mysterious despair, and youthful suicide is a most morbid, and ghoulis story. One drops "A Graveyard Flower" with a shiver of relief, as if emerging from the damp, gloomy walls of the Catacombs. The more the pity, too, since, from glimpses to be obtained now and then, the author is evidently blessed with an abundance of that simple, gay, charming sentiment, which seems strongest in the German nature always.

*Trafalgar.* By B. Perez Galdos. Translated by Clara Bell. New York : William S. Gottsberger. Price \$1.00. For sale by Peck.

In taking up this little volume we feel willing at the outset to cheerfully submit to the recital of a certain amount of human butchery, if perchance we may learn something more of that event so intimately associated with the name of Nelson. However, it is a grave error for any author to picture to his readers only one continuous scene of horror. After an admirable preface, the author proceeds to usher us immediately on board a man-of-war about to enter the battle of Trafalgar. The action begins. Not a single detail of that carnage has the chronicler omitted in the story of the fate of the Trinidad, from the firing of the first broadside to the time when the waves closed over the sinking cannon-riddled hulk. He tells how the press-gang heaved barrel after barrel of sand upon the deck, to drink up the streams of blood which flowed from the armless, headless beings whom he so graphically pictures to the mind. But enough said. If only Doré had lived to peruse this tale of horrors, he might have found therein a subject worthy of that genius which illustrated the Inferno of Dante's conception ; but Doré no longer lives, and we can conceive of no possible advantage to the literature of beauty or of knowledge through the contribution of this violent tale.

*United States Art Directory and Year Book.* (Second year.) Compiled by S. R. Koehler. New York: Cassell & Co. Price \$2.00. For sale by Judd.

Cassell & Co. are doing valuable service towards spreading art knowledge and art love in this country. Among other publications, their monthly "Magazine of Art" is admirable in every way. This "Art Directory" aims "to be a practical guide, by pointing out the facilities existing in the United States for the enjoyment, the study, and the commerce of art." It is surprising to see how many art schools, museums, decorative art societies, and art clubs, we have even now in this country. In this respect, the book is very impressive. However, we should like to know the reason why this should be an annual publication. It has always seemed to us that the fewer we had of yearly statistical reports, directories, year books, etc., than was absolutely necessary, the better. This book describes organizations which are, we fear, for the most part such lively and changeable concerns as the old State House "Museum of Industrial Art" and the New Haven Colony Historical Society." Their collections are not apt to disappear, unless under the accumulating dust, nor are they often disturbed by new arrivals. We suggest instead of an annual, a quinquennial. Nevertheless, as it stands, the book is interesting, and is made further attractive by wood-cuts of the more important paintings which American artists have exhibited during the past year.

*Hand-Book of American Authors.* By Oscar Fay Adams. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$0.75. For sale by Peck.

This little book is unpretentious, but really valuable. It is very compact, and the author's judgments are so good that we wish there were more of them. The following short remark concerning the Rev. E. P. Roe is refreshing after the extravagant encomiums, with which his successive novels are overwhelmed. "Style pretentious and labored."

*Margaret Fuller Ossoli.* "American Men of Letters" series. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.50. For sale by Peck.

Margaret Fuller is little more than a name to readers of the rising generation, for the reason that the literary history of the United States is too meagre to attract many. For them, therefore, the account of her life, given by Mr. Higginson, is full of interest. It tells of a woman, "whose career," writes Mr. Higginson "is more interesting, as it seems to me, than that of any other American of her sex; a woman whose aims were high and whose services great; one whose intellect was uncommon, whose activity incessant, whose life varied, and whose death dramatic." It introduces the reader at once to our country, when its literature was taking its first genuine impulse towards originality, and it shows the men who thought and hoped and created that impulse, almost as when they were walking in Boston streets, in high conference; whose names form a large proportion in the first notable period of American authorship—Emerson, James Freeman Clarke, Theodore Parker, George Ripley, Alcott, Thoreau, the Channings. Among these men Margaret Fuller was an equal,—more than that, a sort of uniting bond. She edited the paper to which they were the contributors, the "Dial." An Ameri-

can Madame de Stael, she presided at her Boston home, over "conversations" of cultivated women. She preceded Dr. Ripley as literary critic of the "Tribune." Later, she traveled in Europe, was active in the hospitals of Rome during the revolution of 1848, and in Rome she met the Marquis Ossoli, an Italian patriot, whom she married. The change of events necessitated a departure from Italy, but the ship, on which she and her husband and child had sailed, was wrecked in sight of our coast, and they never reached the shore. Such, hastily, are the events which this volume narrates, but to say this, does not tell the whole. This book may claim with a good right the adjective "inspiring," for it pictures a woman, who strove, through ill health and poverty, to attain the broadest and purest intellectual life possible, who strove to elevate her fellow men in like manner, and who, at the same time, performed bravely and faithfully the duties of every day towards family and the world—and the duties which came to her were heavy. One feels himself poor and ignoble that he is not animated by the lofty aspirations which stimulated her and her associates.

Mr. Higginson has been a painstaking and sympathetic historian; but he has not written a volume valuable only for the information which it imparts about departed great ones. The author is not degraded into the compiler. His work should be welcomed by itself for its strong yet graceful prose, its thoughtfulness, its pointed illustrations, and abundant felicitous phrases.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

We all have had our fairest ideals shattered, I suppose, and St. Elihu has to take his disappointments with the rest of mankind. For the saint has approached too near to the shrine,—both paste and powder are revealed in all their ugliness. He used to think the heavens very beautiful, with the grand moon, and the stars with their fascinating twinkle, until he studied astronomy, aimed a powerful telescope at Luna, and found out how endless are the miles to those same twinkling stars. So, too, it has been with college-journalism. Life seemed to run very smoothly until Elihu had to turn exchange-editor. The bewitching verses of the *Advocate*, the dazzling brilliancy of the humorous *Acta*, the delicate romanticism—if he may use the word—of the *Vassar Misc.*, of which he had heard so much, and for which he has been waiting with expectant scissors—all these he confesses he has found rather illusive. But the suspicion has entered Elihu's mind that it may not be altogether because the "distance that lends enchantment" has been lessened, but that the view itself has grown less interesting. In fact he has come to the sad conclusion that either the editorial genius at large is not so transcendent, or the literary joints are not as supple, as they were with the boards of last year. But he will trust that the too abundant signs of the spring season may ripen into a somewhat ruddier hue.

Elihu has watched with considerable interest and some amusement the various colors which the *Princetonian* has taken on during the recent triumphal tour of her nine. The brilliant medley of the peacock has faded first to a greenish-yellow and then down through the various tints of the spectrum, (See the Polarization of Light, Optics) until there was doubt whether the *Princetonian* would for once assume the blue, or sink forever into sombre black. Perhaps this base-ball demoralization of the editorial board was in some measure the cause of that marvellous production, "She was a girl from Jersey," at least that seems the most charitable construction to put upon it. Elihu was under the impression that miracles were rather out of date until he attempted the meter of that poem—may the Muses pardon us. Then, too, the character of "sweet Miss T—," how lovable, how fascinating, how cultured, she was! And with what graceful courtesy, what refined sentiment, she ended the discussion: "Mr. Brown, you make me tired." We fear the author of that effusion has mistaken his vocation—he should have been a Princeton base ball player.

Here the pen stops and the scissors begin.

## BALLADE OF A DAINTY COQUETTE.

Face of the daintiest shade,  
Eyes of the tenderest brown,  
Ankle so neatly displayed,  
Furbelowed, lace-betrimmed gown;  
Mistress of man and of clown,  
Fashion's and Cupid's own pet;  
Come and before her bow down—  
This is a dainty coquette.



Deadlier far than a blade  
 Swung by a knight of renown  
 To the men's hearts is this maid ;  
 Much to be feared is her frown.  
 Forehead where Old Time has plown  
 Not one small furrow as yet ;  
 Come and before her bow down—  
 This is a dainty coquette.

## L'ENVOY.

Love is to her but a noun,  
 To her but a word of regret ;  
 Come and before her bow down—  
*This is a dainty coquette !*

—*Argo.*

Yes, I seem to hear her singing, in a low voice, sweet and clear,  
 And the words are as distinct as when they first fell on my ear ;

And I seem to see  
 On each ivory key,

Taper fingers dancing light and free.

Musing sometimes in the twilight, walls and ceiling disappear.

And again I see her slender, girlish figure, and I hear,—

Pouring from her throat,  
 Every charming note.

That across the years still seem to float.

But the song that was the sweetest, and I've missed it many a year,  
 Was her young life, pure and gentle, always loving and sincere ;

And I ne'er shall meet

With a song so sweet,

Till my life, like hers, shall be complete.

## HAPPY THOUGHT.

My candle's flame was hot and high,

The moth was a fluttering fool,

And he buzzed and scorched 'til I set him free

Out into the night air cool.

On my fingers white,

As I pressed him tight,

He had left all the dust of his wings.

The ball-room's blaze was tempting, wild ;

Dell's suitors were getting too free,

So I begged her come out and promenade

Around the walks with me.

\* \* \* \* \*

What's this on my sleeve ?

Flour ? Chalk ? I perceive.

It's the dust of my butterfly's wings.

—*Athenaeum.*

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Students of Yale College.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS  
Cantabunt SOGOLES, perpetuūque PATRES."

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JUNE, 1884.

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**THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.**—Conducted by the Students of Yale College. This Magazine established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Forty-Ninth Volume with the number for October, 1883. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the *Notabilia* college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the *Memorabilia* it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the *Book Notices* and *Editors' Table*, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '85.

HENRY DE F. BALDWIN,

HERBERT L. DOGGETT,

JOHN C. BRIDGMAN,

EUGENE L. RICHARDS, JR.,

FRANK R. SHIPMAN.

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A SURFEIT OF FREEDOM.

PATRIOTIC poets have dubbed our country, just as other bards in moments of enthusiasm have before called their fatherlands, "the home of the free," and the title not only sounds well, but even harmonizes reasonably and respectably with our constitutional complexion. Probably, however, the thought never occurred to the poets, as they wrote the words, that we should ever have a surplus of liberty. Yet such a state seems likely to be ours, and that, too, in the near future. Of course the tendency, and the aim, of all republican civilization is perfect freedom, a tendency which may and does, I think, carry us beyond even the limits of a proper liberty. It is true, we may never be in danger of carrying our liberal views to the extremes of socialistic Russia,—Free Love and Free Property,—nor is it probable that we shall ever indulge in the pleasantries of a French mob, though the recent experiences at Cincinnati might suggest such a possibility; yet there is a Surfeit of Freedom in another branch of our national economy. The danger is neither so vulgar nor so violent as these others, but it is none the

less a danger, because a more subtle and reputable one. It is from the so-called Freedom of the Press, a moderate portion of whose liberty can, I think, be spared with gracefulness and profit.

This expression, the Freedom of the Press, has been an old and convenient one with daily journalism. Newspapers have cried for the aforesaid freedom long after they have had it, and it is years since the editor of the "Crosstown Blow-gun" began to play the tyrant over his petty kingdom of subscribers and constituents, though he still declaims on the slavery of public opinion. O Journalism ! It is possible that thou art useful, that thou art handsome, that thou art even unbiased in thine opinions. But consistency is not the chief jewel in thy brazen crown ! For example, the newspapers are constantly harping on the worn-out string of Monopoly, yet they compose at this moment a more gigantic and selfish corporation than many of the objects of their just wrath. Now and then, too, there is an editorial outburst on political trickery and corruption, though the press have only to turn their eyes inward to see a prettier picture of the same kind. As for metropolitan journalism, however brilliant and trustworthy it may be, the wires and cross-wires of its inner workings would, I believe, bewilder a skilled electrician.

The root of our present distress probably lies in the creed and disposition of the American boy. For the American boy has an overwhelming respect for the American press. In his eyes, newspaper opinions, the expression of which he seems to think a heaven-born right, are spontaneous and miraculous streams from the fountain of Truth : and if in any way these outlets of wisdom were stopped or even turned aside, poor Truth, pent up, as it were within the breast of daily journalism, would soon explode and be blown into such minute fragments, that she would no longer be visible to mortals. The boy regards even printers' ink and a font of type with reverence. He feels that if his own boyish beliefs, foolish though he knows them to be, should be stamped

with these symbols of infallibility, they, too, would be exalted and purified from all weakness. And—O ye shades of the great humorists! even the newspaper joke possesses a sad sacredness for the boy. But time goes on and the young man finds that, as in the statue of Apollo at Delphi, there is a mortal, often a very mean and ordinary one, concealed in the shrine of the god. He learns, too, that these holy oracles are bought and sold like the commonest merchandise, and are much more marketable than the same. The marble is only clay; the freedom of the press is but the inability of its readers to restrain its depredations.

Yet deluded by the idea that the man is as gullible as the boy, the daily journals continue to relate their fairy-tales and to think them credible, when they are in reality only amusing. Because one paper, perhaps more ungrammatical than another, quotes that other's editorial on politics, the latter will not only flatter itself that its grammar is unimpeachable, but also that the public approves of its opinions. Now the public naturally does not always approve, yet it may not disapprove, simply through ignorance of the subject in hand. For it is the good fortune of all journalists that a part of their readers, at least, know just enough to doubt, but too little to refute, a newspaper statement, and it is this part, retaining still some of its youthful credulity, which, by its sheer momentum, drags with it the reasoning minds of a community. It is this body of men whose sentiments, poisoned by the venom of some spicy bit of journalism, in turn corrupt the unprejudiced, and give an appearance of universal credence, the very result, next to real credence itself, that the journal was aiming at. So a stinging little pen-scratch threatens us with all the danger of a sword-thrust.

The true mission of the press is undoubtedly that of a purifier, and here it acts wisely and well. Its eyes are sharp, its hands are ready, while the methods of disinfecting that it pursues are admirable. When, however, it leaves this proper sphere, and wanders out into the

wide region of gratuitous criticism, of criticism for a pastime; when in its taste for something new, it manufactures that something, and then pastes its worthless guarantee of truth on the face of the statement;—then the public must search for some means of retarding these too rapid strides toward a liberty which is practically unlimited.

And the daily press is careful about the subject with which it takes these liberties. It is wary of arousing game which it cannot whip with certainty. There can be no more exhilarating spectacle than that of two able-bodied journals, at pen-points with one another. No one starts to interfere. No one doubts but that the poison of the one, from a homœopathic standpoint, will nullify the venom of the other. But when a newspaper attacks an individual, a corporation, or a college, it is far different. The victim can get no possible redress outside the limits of the law, and the law is generally felt to be a harsh remedy. So after a few vain protests against the giant of Public Opinion, as journalism has comically nicknamed itself, the indignation of the corporation or college is gradually strangled. But the institution thus assaulted is long in recovering itself. It has received an infinitely greater injury than from an incompetent President or dishonest corporators.

The injury received from amiable journals may not always be so serious as this, but every case seems to strengthen our conviction that there is a natural hostility towards colleges inherent in the newspaper disposition. Universities and educational institutions are regarded by journalism as legitimate targets. If the feather-tipped shafts do not strike at first, the failure only seems to enhance the fascination for the mark. What is the reason, we ask, for this bitter crusade against higher education and its interests? One hates to believe that it is only the natural jealousy of the self-made editor against everything collegiate,—only the enmity of the unintellectual for the cultured. Yet this must be our conclusion. For whenever a purely collegiate matter is before the public,

whether by accident or design, whether through persistently misinformed reporters or not, the facts are invariably blackened and distorted; the college graduates, if there are any on the several editorial staffs, seem suddenly to sink into insignificance, while there looms over all the figure of a most barbarously prejudiced and underbred journalist.

This is not a pleasant inference. One would rather think that these attacks and distortions of facts originate in the common American weakness for startling sensations, or even in a commendable desire to fill up the columns at any cost. But why not fill the vacancies with more highly rhetorical descriptions of weddings and surprise-parties, in which our modern journalists love to disport themselves, or even stuff the pages with stories of the dime-novel stamp? Certainly they would be more harmless than some of the college sensations, even if they were not so interesting. At least the reading public would unanimously prefer boredom or bad taste, to the alarming opinions and statements to which the papers have lately treated our college world.

Let us take an instance in point of this anti-collegiate spirit. Suppose, for example, that the president of some college has some slight trouble with one of the classes under him. Behold, a neighboring paper takes hold of it, and in a most kindly manner proceeds to magnify the trouble. This is a signal for fellow-journals to engage in a war-dance on the spot, and the good work of editorial sarcasm goes on, until, when the original fact has passed over the breadth of our continent, it is but a caricatured shadow of its former self. What, think you, is the moral effect on the fathers who have been expecting to send sons to the college? Is their enthusiasm heightened? Not materially, it is likely. And this is the result of the Freedom of the Press, of allowing second-rate men to publish their second-rate opinions, without any one being able to question their right or ability so to do.

Such, I think, are the evils to which the liberties of journalism subject us. The remedy is difficult to suggest.



Now and then we hear of a horse-whipping administered to some over-enterprising editor, but for a whole college this plan of redress would at least be rather inconvenient. We can only hope that, even if a journal is not compelled like liquor-dealers, to show a license from the government, at least a great college's reputation shall not be at the mercy of any vagrant reporter; and that, if the liberty of the press remain unrestrained, there shall be some provision made for the freedom of the public.

## THE DEFOREST PRIZE ORATION.

*Turgenieff and Russian Politics.*

BY EDWARD CHENERY GALE, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

“**H**APPY the land which has no annals; whose peace and comfort clip the wings of rhetoric.” So sings the bard, but not of Russia. Russia’s heritage has been an unbroken record of national sorrow. Over her wide dejection the Northern skies have ever hung low and sad. Tartar hordes have swept devastation over her steppes. Her destinies have been centered in royal feuds and the murdering of kings. Her period of awakening to national consciousness, in proportion as it has been delayed, has been sharp, sudden, attendant with many ills. To-day she is the land of the discontented; and her men of genius live in exile in foreign lands.

The silence of a dense barbarism had brooded over Russia even as late as the French Revolution. The world-rocking days of ’92 had come and gone, and made not a ripple on Russian life. But sooner or later had to come what Goethe called the “*Zeitgeist*,” the wonderful spirit of the age, to plough up the waste-lands of thought, to break fetters, to shed a fuller light on the perfect liberty. That spirit indeed came in the years following the Napoleonic wars. It was then that Western thought and Western feeling broke down once for all the Russian barriers, and woke to life the national consciousness.

And yet the new ideas which sprang up then on Russian soil were more speculative than humanitarian. They touched the actual but at few points. It was not the discontent of the millions of slaves who had wrongs to be redressed; it was the ideal hope, the intellectual feverishness, of the intelligent few. Dreamy, literary, while the devotees of the new philosophy were at the feet of Hegel and German thought, the serfs were toiling heavily on and the nation was still in chains. But with years came an

unmistakable growth toward the practical. Suspicion became rife that all was not well with the actual Russia. Men of patriotism, of humanity, began to see the innate viciousness of the Russian system. For the first time they began to recognize that Progress, in any positive sense, was to begin with the relation of man to man, and they turned from their shadowy castles in the air to the obstacles which barred the realization of their dreams on Russian soil. Then came the Crimean War. The crush of defeat put the final touchstone to Russian institutions. Alma and Sebastopol turned the eyes of nation and Emperor, as nothing else could, to the evil interwoven in the national life. The first of Russia's ills was plainly serfdom. For centuries it had blinded the eyes and warped the consciences of men. For centuries it had bound Russia hand and foot to degradation. Now its doom was sealed. Its knell was being rung by the intelligence of the nation. In all great movements, however, there comes a moment when a noble sacrifice or a noble utterance seizes sentiment at the flood and hurries it to action. The metal stands molten and ready. Some heroic figure only is needed to cast the die. Such a mission in Russia, so high a mission in the liberation of the serfs, we may attribute to Ivan Turgenieff, poet and patriot. Irvan Turgenieff, the oracle of a nation's thoughts, he whose words were to move hearts and sympathies far beyond even the wide limits of his native land. With a few sketches of unpretending mien transfigured by his art from the serf-world about him, he was to lead his country to the crisis of hope. With a stern though hidden earnestness he was to precipitate the crystal of the Czar's purposes. So the serfs were made free.

Their liberty might and would have come in the end without Turgenieff. Certainly not so soon consummated. Yet none could see the mighty force Turgenieff had wielded. With that unconscious art which is the highest art, he had revealed no purpose in the pages soon to make his name a household word in many a Russian home. But behind the veil of simple charm stood the

grim, gaunt spectre of the serfdom he abhorred. In the mirror he held up Russia saw unconsciously reflected her own great, silent woe. A prophet was he, not come with open rebuke but mutely pointing with finger of truth to the evil about him. His voice had been low and sad. But the Czar had crowned it with action.

The serfs given their freedom, discontent dissolved for the moment into bright hopes for the future. If the mass of Russia were still a lifeless one, on the other hand there was a youthful Czar glowing with the enthusiasm of reform, there was the thinking portion of the nobility thirsting for an indefinable Progress. But the vista of Russia happy was not to be. In her child-like Sclavic faith she had thought by one leap, by a royal signature, to attain prosperity and contentment. She had yet to learn that "Time shows little respect for works that have dispensed with its assistance." Scarcely had the emancipation act been put into execution when discontent bred a double progeny. The nobles in many cases knew only in their narrowness that they were the poorer. The serfs had been given their freedom by the Czar through no effort of their own. "Blind mouths," their feeble imaginations unable to picture liberty, *they* knew only a casting-adrift, with perchance a fresh tax for their lands. The temper of the Czar, too, had changed and the reformers were suddenly brought to stand. In the midst of their dreams they were forcibly made to realize that Russia was still to be an absolute despotism, that church and law and the privileges of government were to remain as of old.

But tyranny can never *quite* suppress the spirit of Unrest. Discontented, disappointed, baffled, that spirit feeds its hopes in secret; in plotting secrecy weaves its fabrics of theory.

With the conflict so arising in Russia, a conflict wide as the horizon of life, deep as its mysteries, Turgenieff was to identify his later life. His genius had stood for the sentiment that freed the serfs. It was now to stand for a wider struggle, for a struggle in which the freeing

of peasants was but an opening victory. Turgenieff himself felt that in its high sense the struggle was the old one of a free civilization, forced sharply, decisively upon Russia. Scarce had the country broke from the nomadic Past before the high problems of a civilization more complex than hers were whirling her into a barbaric confusion. He felt that her political philosophies were exotic; that the sharp crisis of their contact with Sclavic character and Sclavic institutions was being met. The very name Nihilism is of Turgenieff's making. In his deeply realistic way he has sketched the conditions of its being. The loosening of faiths amongst the intelligent; the breaking-up of customs; the birth of independent judgment; the influx of Western doctrines; the growing bitterness at authority in politics, in religion, in life; the tragedy of the surrender of the old to the new. These to Turgenieff were the conditions out of which Nihilism had sprung. Of Nihilism itself who shall say? Who shall set the limits of a definition to its vague, expansive spirit? Even on the canvas of its great painter it has its outlines dimmed with uncertainty. It is more than insurrection. It is a feverish movement of intelligences feeling that everything that is, is evil and the ideal nowhere to be found. It is more than assassination. It is the sharp restlessness of a people awakening to a sense of liberty, to a sense of better things attainable. Nihilism, the great fact of present discontent; of many sides and many aspects! The party of anarchy, the party of constitutional reform! The defender of free speech, the advocate of the Socialists' dreams! *One* thing alone in the midst of the intellectual chaos unites in itself the active discontent of the nation. Czardom reads the hatred of intelligent Russia in all philosophies. Tyranny as it sets a barrier in every avenue of thought or action, gives to all intelligence a common purpose. So Nihilism, with its contrary tendencies and its clashing purposes welded thus together in the sense of a common oppressor, reads to the Czar by the light of liberty's torch Russia's answer to despotism. It may not concern itself with what shall come after. It

refuses *now* to recognize the divine right of a monarch to rule a hundred million of souls for his own aggrandizement. And in the intensity of their conviction that they are right, in their devotion to the one purpose of united Nihilism, the reformers are ready, nay glad to make sacrifice of all else that men hold dear !

Of this Nihilism Turgenieff is the interpreter, the critic, the prophet. With his magic art he has woven its realities into the sombre woof of all his tragedies, for tragedies his stories are. He, too, was a Nihilist in that he sympathized with the spirit of Nihilism, in that he was on the side of a dawning historical fact. Further than that we cannot say of him. The mystical socialism, the anarchy of thought, prevalent in the minds of some of the reformers, we cannot read in him. From his very distance, perhaps, he had none of the mental growths, none of that fierceness of terrorism, a nearer approach might have given him. "His soul was" indeed "like a star and dwelt apart." None condemned the excesses of his countrymen more than he; none judged their defects more mercilessly. Every stroke of his pen told, too, on the hearts of Russia. Yet the hopes, the aspirations of the youth, of the reformers of his native land, were undoubtedly his. His merciless truth went forth only that it *was* truth, truth higher than sympathy. "He had laid his head beneath the German Ocean and had risen from the waves an Occidental." His Russian maiden stands before the threshold beyond which lies impenetrable darkness. "Knowest thou," cries the voice, "the cold and hunger and sickness and infamy and death that lie there? Knowest thou that thy young life may be sacrificed for naught?" And the maiden knowing all this crosses the threshold. The voice comes clear and soft, "Thou saint." So in and through all his philosophy, his literature, his Western affiliations, Turgenieff was still a Russian and a patriot. In his far-off Paris retreat he kept the windows of his affections wide open toward the the North. Narrow was the line that separated his genius and his active sympathies. Art for art's sake

meant nothing to him. But "Fathers and Sons" and "Virgin Soil" purposeless on the surface as they were, like the sketches of the old serf-days, thrilled with a purpose. He wrote and thought and hoped for his native land. "O great, mighty, true, and free Russian tongue," he cried, "you alone are my rod and staff in my days of doubt and painful brooding. How should not such a tongue speak from the lips of a great people!"

Yet the spirit of the low-hanging skies of the North, the spirit of melancholy genius, the spirit of the age, was on Turgenieff. A sense of the old Greek fates hung over him. He knew neither the why nor the end of things. Doubt and gloom shrouded the destinies of all humanity. And in Russia's future all was dark. From his distant post Turgenieff saw in his native land the peasant masses profoundly sunk in ignorance and self-imposed subjection; putting a blind trust in the priest and Czar; thoroughly impenetrable. The ferment in Russian life, Turgenieff felt was at the top, not at the bottom, and the reformers were the few intelligent. Chesterfield traveling in France on the eve of the French Revolution had written home that all things indicated an approaching upheaval. Starvation and oppression had thrust Rousseau's doctrines down the throats of peasantry and bourgeoisie. The masses are the revolution-makers and France had made known her strength. In Russia the scattered intelligence, removed by a gulf from the plodding masses, was in a warfare or in sympathy with a warfare waged against the despotism hanging all-powerful over all. The hopelessness, the thanklessness of the struggle impressed Turgenieff. His doubts speak forth in every tragic page. With none of the buoyant faith of the West, he despaired of his country's reaching a present end. The pulses of his hopes beat, his heart throbbed, his tongue spoke, but his eyes could not see.

Death came at last to Turgenieff, to end the tragicness of his prophecy. The wail of Russia groping still, echoes still in minor key from the steppes of the North. But the great souled patriot hears it not. To exceedingly few

men is it given to *lead* their age or generation. Few are more than voices of the resistless tendencies of humanity. So it is Turgenieff's glory that he stood for the intelligence, the justice, the liberty of his country. His conscience was the conscience of a people; his voice the voice of a nation.

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### A VIENNESE CHARACTER.

OUTWARD appearances, as we all know, are deceptive. Nature is full of this truth. Under the withered leaves of the wood, the tender flowers of spring lie concealed. A hasty passer-by sees nothing about him but the dead-brown remnants of last autumn, but the eye of a more careful searcher will spy out the delicate blossoms resting beneath. How often does some face, that at first sight seems plain, light up almost into beauty as we grow to know and understand it better.

Reader, have you ever been in Vienna? If so, you can appreciate how well it deserves the title "City of Music." At the first mention of its name we seem to hear the voice of Materna ringing out in wondrous melody, and the dreamy waltzes of Strauss float gently by us. So universal is the love for music that it seems as if every one, from the aged graybeard to the youngest child, could play some instrument, and play it well.

Among this crowd of music-lovers, and of music-makers lives the subject of this sketch. Were I to mention his name, few if any would recognize it, although the owner is well known in the city of his home as a composer of no mean merit. Be that as it may, I had not spent long in Vienna, before I heard of the playing of the Court Organist, Herr Anton B—. I learned how from his childhood his love for music had been so strong, that, though only a poor Tyrolese lad, he had made his way to Vienna, and there devoted himself



so faithfully to his chosen study, that at length he was acknowledged to be not only her finest organist, but one of her greatest composers. The organ had always been my favorite instrument, and so I was only too happy to accept the invitation of a friend who was taking lessons from the great man, to visit him at his home. How well I remember that visit! For days beforehand, I kept picturing to myself the man I was to meet. I thought of the portraits of great composers that I had seen, and imagined the Court Organist as tall, with a broad benevolent forehead, and long white hair falling on his shoulders, and with eyes whose brightness seemed ever contending with a far-away dreamy expression. And his room, no doubt, would be lofty, with long high windows through which the sunlight would stream in upon the old organ, built into the wall. At length the expected day arrives, but alas! a sad surprise awaits me. Instead of my lofty chamber, we are ushered into a large square room, utterly destitute of furniture, save for a piano in the center, and a small organ against the wall. The floor is covered thick with manuscript music. While I am glancing hastily about me, the door opens, and—surely this cannot be Herr——, this short fat specimen of humanity who stands bowing and scraping before us. Oh! for the hand of a painter to do justice to his figure. He is very short and very fat. He has a broad mouth that seems parted in a perpetual grin, and a great hooked nose, beside which his little twinkling eyes seem almost lost, and from his closely shaved head, short stiff gray hairs crop up at regular intervals, like plums in a Christmas pudding. Altogether he is the last person any one would ever take for a composer. He welcomes us cordially enough, and invites us to be seated. We finally succeed in establishing ourselves upon the organ bench, the nearest approach to a chair that the room affords. Of the rest of our visit I have no clear remembrance. Some indistinct recollections still linger of the fat laughing countenance of our host, and his comical broken English, as he asked us questions of our home in America. But my dreams of a

Mozart or a Beethoven were gone for ever. Who, on meeting some much talked of stranger, has not felt a pang of disappointment at finding how far the reality falls below his fancy's portrait? Like the careless wanderer, I had strayed into the forest in April, and, expecting to find it clothed in all its summer verdure, was disappointed at beholding the dead leaves scattered about. In my search for gold, I had turned up a bit of precious ore and was disheartened at seeing nothing but the jagged edges of discolored quartz.

Such was my first meeting with Herr B——. At my second, a kindly breeze scattered the withered leaves from before my feet, and revealed the tender blossoms beneath. Even as I flung the unsightly lump to the ground, it broke in two, and disclosed the yellow gold within. It was one sunny afternoon in October, when I found myself, quite by chance, at the door of the old Augustine Kirche, just before the beginning of the service. Herr B—— was on the point of entering, and invited me to come in with him and see the old organ, on which he was to play. Nothing loath, I followed him in, and up some narrow stairs, until we had found ourselves in the organ loft. And what a quaint old instrument it was! The keys were of wood, small and old fashioned, and painted black instead of white. As I looked from organ to organist, I could not decide which seemed the most curious and out of place. But I had not long to look about me for already the little signal bell was tinkling, and my friend was seating himself on the bench. The next instant his fat chubby hands were on the keys, and the deep solemn tones of the organ welled up through the church. I was astonished at the richness of the tone which he called forth. But I was more astonished at the change which came over his features. As he played, the coarseness and hardness seemed to fade out more and more, and his face to grow refined and almost beautiful. It was as if a veil had been torn away from his countenance, and I was permitted to catch a glimpse of the true man behind. He had taken a simple theme, and was improvising on it, and

as the notes followed one another, now loud, now soft, it was evident that he was completely lost in his music. Though in the body he was sitting beside me, in the spirit he was far away. He was a boy again, among the snow-capped mountains of his native Tyrol, and on the wings of his music was floating again through the scenes of his youth. Long ago the little bell had signaled him to stop; but he took no heed. What were the priest or the people to him? And as for me, I had no thought for anything but the music and the musician. But the spell is almost over. A messenger is mounting the narrow stair. He touches the player on the shoulder, and with a start he turns, and the tones of the organ die out. Herr B—— turns to me with a laugh. "The preacher does not like me," he says, "I take too much of his time."

*William Adams Brown.*

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### TOURGEE'S POLITICAL NOVELS.

WHEN Mrs. Stowe published "Uncle Tom's Cabin," it created a great sensation both in the United States and abroad. Even now, familiar as it is to us all, the story of the rise and fall of slavery is interesting, while in future ages its importance [as a subject for historical study will steadily continue to increase. Mrs. Stowe treated of only one phase of this question, namely, the condition of the slaves before the War of the Rebellion. Within the past few years Tourgee has taken this work up where Mrs. Stowe laid it down, and in his political novels has represented the growth of the anti-slavery movement in the North and the state of feeling existing in the South during the Period of Reconstruction.

In "Hot Plowshares," his most recent work, we are brought face to face with a people whose moral feelings are every day becoming more and more sensible to the

wrongs of the slave. The change in the balance of political power from South to North, the sympathy created for the negro by the piteous tales of fugitive slaves, the story of "bleeding Kansas," and the persistent agitations of the wrongs of slavery, are successively held up before us as the chief influences at work preparing the nation for the struggle which was soon to follow. There were many men at the North as sincere in their purposes, as honest in their convictions, and as straightforward in their utterances as Jared Clarkson. Yet how many were, like him, unpractical! How many, like him, saw only the moral wrong of slavery, without having any well defined idea of how this evil could be overcome! Yet such men are always the precursors of all great reforms. They become filled with the cause which they espouse. They see the goal which they wish to reach in all its glory and effulgence. But on account of its dazzling lustre they overlook the obstacles which stand between them and accomplishment.

In striking contrast to Jared Clarkson stands Merwyn Hargrove, a thoroughly practical man, and a Southerner by birth. At heart these two men are the same. The differences in their characters are simply the outgrowths of the various influences by which each has been surrounded. The one, having lived always at the North, sees only the moral wrong of slavery, and to him the negro is almost an abstraction. The other has seen the negro as he is, and understands his condition thoroughly; but he has also observed the effects of slavery upon the master. Clarkson hates slavery, because it is a wrong to the negro. Hargrove hates it, because it demoralizes the master.

A strange, weird creature is Alida Eighmie, whose life has been ruined by the taint of a few drops of negro blood. The mother, deprived of her two children, made crazy by the loss, and setting fire to Kortwright's mill; and Hilda, Merwyn Hargrove's daughter, who but narrowly escapes being entangled in the coils of slavery—each furnishes a central figure around which are grouped

a number of dramatic incidents. On the whole we are well pleased with this part of Tourgee's work, better pleased with it than with those of his novels where the scenes are laid in the South.

As we read "A Fool's Errand" and "Bricks without Straw," the first question we ask ourselves is whether or not the author has been unjust to the Southern people in his representation of their feelings and actions since the war. He has certainly discussed the Southern question in a clear and apparently disinterested way. But his books have met with little favor in the South. There the criticisms of the press have been of an unmistakably condemnatory character. I think the reasons for this are to be found in his representations of "Southern outrages." There are two ways of being unfair in the description of a crime. Either the atrocity of the deed may be magnified, or the causes which led up to it may be partly or wholly suppressed. It is the latter fault for which we must hold Tourgee accountable. Undoubtedly many crimes were committed against the colored people in the heat of political controversy—yet not for the trivial causes which he has assigned. The chief offense of the negroes seems to have been that they were "sassy," and judging from our author's stories "sassiness" consisted in a desire to acquire property and to obtain an education. On only one occasion do they appear to act foolishly and provoke a conflict themselves. When the negroes of Red Wing collected in a body to march to the polls on election day, it is not at all surprising that the white people were alarmed and assembled to oppose them. The changed relations of the two races had produced a mutual distrust. What the negro did from ignorance and a foolish love of display, was interpreted into a hostile movement against his former master. Unquestionably, the negroes were often subjected to ill-treatment in cases where the provocation was slight. It would have been strange, had the case been otherwise, considering the unsettled state of society. But the fact that Tourgee has made these crimes appear more horrible by withholding the provo-

cation to them has materially weakened the effectiveness of his works. For exaggeration often thwarts the very object desired to be gained. That an author, before the smoke of battle has fully cleared away, should write upon a subject so easily provocative of ill-feeling without the least touch of prejudice is hardly to be expected. We can only regret that Tourgee did not wait a few years before putting the seal of his authorship upon so important a question.

Touree is no analyzer of character. That quality which Mr. James possessed in so eminent a degree, he seems almost totally to lack. He deals too largely in generalities. The heroines of his three best books might almost have been one and the same person, for all the individuality he has given them. They are to be distinguished by their surroundings, and the different events in which they figure. "Mollie Ainslie" is beautiful and accomplished, philanthropic and intensely Northern in sentiment. Yet so is Lily Servasse, and Hilda Hargrove. So would be any young lady whom the author wished to make his heroine.

His representation of negro character is somewhat better. Yet here also he duplicates his characters. The Jerry Hunt of one book is the Eliab Hill of the next. Both of them are cripples. Both, too, are the nestors of their race in their respective communities. They have in a large degree that religious fervor so peculiar to excitable natures. Finally, they are both made victims of the Ku Klux.

Touree is at his best when he discusses political questions, and his novels derive their chief value from the political coloring which characterizes nearly all of them. His writings, though inferior to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" from an artistic point of view, are nevertheless substantial additions to our literature. They supplement Mrs. Stowe's work, and complete a series of novels upon the gravest moral question of the nineteenth century.

R. F. Pitkin.

## NOTABILIA.

IT is a long time since Yale has had the promise of such a day as that of which we seem to see the dawning. Those who have been for years crying out about Yale conservatism, can now, it would seem, say with truth, "The night is far spent, the day is at hand." Even if the proposed measures of reform in the college curriculum should not in their entirety be adopted immediately,—and that God forbid,—we may be reasonably sure, that it will be only a question of a short time, before the changes now proposed, or similar ones, will be agreed upon. That such a step has been long looked forward to and sought after by students and the young alumni, there can be no doubt. However great their loyalty, probably few men have graduated within the last few years who have not felt strongly that they had wasted much precious time on study from which they had apparently received nothing, excepting the mental and moral discipline necessarily obtained in doing the minimum amount of work required by the curriculum. As for interest and independent investigation in the studies of the prescribed course, these have been, as has often been said, almost unheard of, and that this state of things is caused by the system under which we have so far studied is not doubted by at least the undergraduates. Exactly what is the proposed change, has not yet been officially announced; but the prevailing impression seems to be, that the distinctive features of the new curriculum will be that it will offer more courses, almost all of which will be elective, but that the most of the studies chosen must be related. Thus a degree from the college will not be able to be obtained after a four years course in "soft snaps," but will represent a good course of study in kindred subjects. This will be very much after the manner of the Sheffield Scientific School curriculum.

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YALE has her peculiarities, and we are, and have reason to be, proud of most of those features of our college life which are purely Yalensian. Yet there is one thing in which we stand almost alone among institutions similar to our own, which is not a reason for self congratulation, and that is the absence among us of all interest in debates. Poor Linonia, almost every year, has had a eulogy delivered over her untimely death by some one of the college papers; yet the tears shed are never sufficient to urge forward a champion to set her once more in her old place. Alas! we are left with regrets strong enough to mourn for her, but without hopes of reviving her. The few attempts that have actually undertaken to accomplish this, have only succeeded in drawing forth a few energetic kicks from the defunct, who rolled over, more determined than ever to remain, in truth, dead. Yet there seems no good reason, why the Yale men of the present should be different from the Yale men of the past. That the college itself has undergone a great change, its friends and critics, until recently, joined in denying. If we look back to the time of the death of our debating societies, we see that the rivalry between them had long before ceased, that no special inducements were offered men to keep up an enthusiasm on the subject. We believe firmly, that to-day, if men in college were encouraged to debate as much as they are to write, we should see a flourishing debating club. Now we ask why *Φ. B. K.* should not fill up this long lamented void in our college course. With all respect for that venerable society, so lately born again among us, we venture to predict that if its *raison d'être* is only to distribute, every year, fifteen or twenty watch keys, to men rather indifferent because they have to pay for them, themselves, it will not make a very marked impression upon our college community. Debates conducted under its auspices would not only be of great benefit to the college, but would win for *Φ. B. K.* a position of weight and influence. If it should start such a movement, and should announce itself ready to take charge of a subscription to provide suitable prizes, it



would, we imagine, be a strong enough backbone to give some stability to the movement. If by superintending four or five debates each year, open to the college, or perhaps the university, there should be enough interest awakened to keep alive class organizations to prepare for them, *Φ. B. K.* would confer a blessing of inestimable value on the institution whose scholarship it represents.

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THOUGH the race will be decided before we reach our readers, we cannot refrain from recognizing the faithfulness and energy with which the affairs of the crew have been carried on, and which, whether they result in winning the race or less successfully, alike deserve the unqualified thanks of the college. Yale has always shown heretofore, that a defeat, far from discouraging her, calls forth her best powers. This year has proved no exception, and the race at New London is an exhibition of Yale's best rowing powers, this year. If there is a point to criticise in our boating policy it is the little attention paid to the class crews by the university management. The long sighted policy would be to have the university stroke used in every class boat, except perhaps the seniors. It seems to us, that this could be done, only by the management of the university boating interests seeing that every crew had a competent coach. It is a well known fact, often commented upon, that class crews have very little or no coaching, and the little they receive is apt to be in a very different method from the stroke used by the university boat. And if the university management took a more active attitude toward the class organizations, it might tend to insure that every class enter a crew at each regatta. Even though a crew may feel occasionally that it is going to certain defeat, its coming to the line on the day of the race, will make toward establishing in college tradition, a precedent which ought to be productive of excellent results.

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Now and then, we are forced to the pathetic admission that our college is not truly old. At least, such is the

conviction which a reading of Oxford's early history leads to; so, we are impressed by a photograph of Christ Church's ivy-covered walls and ancient windows. The worn threshold of South Middle was dislodged from its place a year ago, with never a tribute to one great departed who had once passed over it. No Milton indeed had ever pressed that stone. Pity 'tis, 'tis true. There is no room, in a Yale Pembroke Hall, where even in dreamiest moments, one can conjure up the face of an Edmund Spenser. We pass along the walk of the old Brick Row, but no shadowy figure walks before us, who once walked there in flesh and blood, at once a reproof to our present, and an inspiration. We care for none of these things. Instead, we "boom" for a wider flagging.

For the last ten years, our first president has been present on the campus. For all of those ten years, his eyes have been steadfastly set away from the college of his love and care. Can it be that he is disappointed in her, that Yale has not succeeded in making herself sufficiently venerable for his notice? We cannot believe it. Noble minister to the young college that he was, we cannot believe it of him. But if it be that Rector Abrahamus has turned enviously to the storied past of the English universities, if he mourns that his name is not touched by any such historic glamour as that which has overspread the names of "John Balliol and Devorgilla his wife," the six-century-old founders of Balliol, let him listen to-day to the words of Professor Benjamin Silliman, at the other end of the campus. Though dead, he speaketh. He tells "thy own patient endeavor is not lost; thy name is more truly worshipful than if clothed in the bravery of the Norman, de Wykeham." For himself, he points to the little store-room in the Atheneum, he points to the underground lecture room in the Lyceum, he recollects the narrow museum in South Middle. From him may be heard a story of pinched resources, and of self-denial, of toilsome effort, in order that Science might not perish from this college, but might find a worthy home. Rector Abrahamus, Oxford or Cambridge have no finer tale to

tell. Stand as it pleases thee, as a sentinel, facing the foe, if thou wilt; but listen to the loyal professor, whose bronze existence marks not only the growth of that moss and lichen veneration for Yale, which is ever paid to age, but also marks a passage in the college's history worthy of a true veneration.



## PORTFOLIO.

—“HE ceases, and what is it we hear? Is it the modern cheer, the loud huzzah, expressive simply of admiration for his talent? No! The orator is forgotten in the vastness of his subject.” The modern cheer, the loud huzzah — it was in a fit of exasperation at their extravagant use that I called to mind this passage which tells of the world's greatest orator and of the audience whose average intelligence Mr. Freeman rates above that of the English Parliament. Rip Van Winkle's shrewish wife had rated him so angrily that his good humor only embittered the passion. Her cruel yet thoughtless taunts had at length driven Rip from his home, but not until an ineffectual and torturing repentance had attested the wife's true love. The door which closed between the outcast and his home did not shut him out from our thoughts. Our mind, filled as it was with the lessons of the incident, followed him into the darkness and storm. The kindly nature so filled with good humor that—to pervert one of Longfellow's similes—it was as a vessel of water into which you needed to drop but the smallest pebble to make it overflow: the vixen declaring the danger of hasty temper yet evincing a love capable of so noble a penitence; these and the demon who came between them, grim and fatal as death, would have been fit themes for a delightful fifteen minute revery. The enthusiastic applause seemed as discordant to me then as the commonplace or jarring noise which breaks in upon your thoughtful solitude, and shivers in a twinkling the air-castle you were so fondly rearing. And now Mr. Joseph Jefferson appears in answer to the applause and apparently reminds me that I have only been duped by a clever bit of acting. Immediately a flippant waltz

is sounded vigorously as if to banish to the utmost any lurking thoughtfulness. Doubtless the present theatre is valuable as a relaxative rather than a stimulant to thought. Enjoyment of superior acting is more recreative than reflection on what has been acted. Yet an appreciative enjoyment of acting and mere stage effects is not expressed in the familiar, slow measured beating of hand and foot, which calls Irving before the curtain to be looked at and demands of Nillson a third and fourth response: rather does this seem expressive of a barrenness of appreciation which feels that it is not getting its money's worth. While complaint is rife of the imperfect representations at our theatres, of the inferiority of the secondary actors, of the anachronistic costumes and settings, we might well take a suggestion from the German theatre at which, during certain performances, no applause is allowed. The minstrel show and the comic opera do not suffer, but our higher drama and grand opera are worthy of an appreciation which "forgets the actor in the vastness of his subject," of an appreciation deeper and truer than that expressed by "the modern cheer, the loud huzzah."

—ARE not we, in America, accustomed to pay a little more respect to the opinions and example of the mother country, than is consistent with the tenor of a declaration, signed somewhat over a century ago? When England's lecturers and public men shed from the platform the radiance of their genius over this benighted people, do we not regard their forms with something of the awe, which a superior presence arouses in an inferior mind? When Edwin Booth carries the magic of his action across the sea to London audiences, we appeal to a higher court, as it were, to ratify our judgment of his talent. Surely, we frame our decisions more than a little, after the model which England sets before us. So, it is commonly said and commonly believed to-day, and in a measure, with reason. Could we have walked our campus fifty years ago, we should have marked with wonder the appearance of a few unkempt mortals with exceedingly low-cut collars, and with their long hair straggling out from beneath their hats. If we had talked with them, we should soon have found their craze to be Byron, the English Byron, whose handsome face and gloomy habit had set on fire the dull flame of England's enthusiasm. To-day, the English "Dude" is ridiculed; but still, one cannot

help respecting him for the perfect fit of his clothes, and the marvelous stiffness of his collar. That he came the cherished darling of England's wealth and ease, still more veils our appreciation of his asinine qualities. Yet we are apt to imitate even the weaknesses of those whom we admire. English customs, English tastes, English life, English folly even, have an influence over us. It is true; we confess it. But suppose we attempt to cast aside that influence, as is urged on all sides. Lo! a reformer mounts the tailpiece of the wagon—and emotional as to his manner, and baggy as to his trousers, cries down English traits and is crying up, while breath and strength last, the surpassing virtues of the French race.—Or, shall we listen while the German orator sounds the praises of his countrymen and urges us to cultivate short sight and fiery noses? Suppose, my reader, that the animation of the Frenchman has conquered our German friend's slower movements. In place of the low hum of conversation, only broken by the strains of some college melody, what a chatter now rises from the fence rails! Ah! the rapturous embrace with which we greet our friends on the campus walks. How pungent the odor of garlic about our eating clubs! But we have gone far enough even in fancy; the lines, in which the life of a nation has run for two hundred and fifty years, are not to be changed at will. America is America, even though there is inbred to its very marrow, the honesty, the industry, the sturdy religious life, of Old Mother England. Thank God it is so.

—“I SEE,” said Criticus, as he sank into his pet chair, “that Mallock has published a new book, and I learn from the London journals that he will probably be elected to Parliament. That such a man should command a respectable constituency is a disgrace and his new book I shall not open.” “And why so bitter against the clever Englishman?” I asked. “Clever I grant,” he replied, “but if there ever was a man with a rotten heart that man is, W. H. Mallock.” He clearly delights in the pruriency of French literature, and is a constant exposé of moral infelicities. His writings are very apples of Sodom and—Bah!—after two years I can taste the ashes in my mouth. Speciously precise in logic, gifted with a faculty for polished metaphor and yet proud of his indelicacies, he has led more young men into worthless paths of reading than any young author I know of. His social satire of the New Republic was

as clever and impudent a venture as has been attempted for many years. It was delightfully sarcastic and bristled with poignant wit, but in it was given a foretaste of what was to follow and the poor abandoned girl seemed to be enshrined in his mind. After the new Paul and Virginia, he produced that strange mixture of holiness, obscenity and blasphemy which did make a sensation, and which he called a discussion of the question, Is life worth living? Soon after, that hybrid Romance of the XIXth century was scattered far and wide and Mallock was widely quoted as a drawing-room philosopher and a thinker of exact English thought. The coterie that contains these dabblers in morality, however, is one I should not care to meet. They may be very bright, keen and incisive, but their hearts have not the dazzling purity of their shirt-bosoms or their fluffy dresses of tulle. The questions they discuss cannot fail to contaminate, and are but the offspring of an idle sybaritism. And I claim that no one can read one of Mallock's books and have pure and pleasurable recollections of it six months later. "Arguments," says Mallock, "are like the seed. They are not quickened unless they die. Their works begin only when they have sunk down into the memory and have been left to lie there." Very true, and of all the crops that apparently bright hard kernels have brought forth, the tares of Mallock's arguments are the most rank and luxuriant harvest.



## MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Our monthly record extends from May 23, to June 21. The

### *Intercollegiate Games*

took place at the Polo Grounds, New York, on Saturday, May 24. Although the college had been lead to expect much from the large and well trained delegation of our athletes, yet the result which made Yale a close second was by no means ungratifying. When we consider too that it was only the wonderful performance of Baker which unexpectedly won for Harvard the 220 yards dash, we can realize how near Yale was

to the coveted first place. Yale was the winner in the following events. Bicycle race, won by Hamilton; time, 6 minutes 48½ seconds. 100 yards dash, won by Brooks; time, 10½ seconds. One mile walk, won by Meredith; time, 7 minutes 33½ seconds. Throwing the hammer, won by Coxé; distance, 83 feet 2 inches. Mitchell took second place in the half mile run; Briggs in putting the shot; and Brooks in the 220 yards dash.

### Amherst vs. Yale.

On the same day our nine won from Amherst on the grounds of the latter team. Through the encouraging applause of quite a knot of Yalensians, and a determination to retrieve the waning confidence of the college, our nine treated the Amherst team to a severe defeat. The batting of the home team was remarkably strong and their fielding fair. The following is the score:

AMHERST.							YALE.						
	R.	P.O.	B.	T.B.	A.	E.		R.	P.O.	B.	T.B.	A.	E.
Taylor s,	0	0	0	0	2	2	Hopkins c,	3	3	1	1	0	0
Sullivan h,	1	5	0	0	2	0	Terry b,	3	2	3	3	3	1
Stuart m,	3	3	1	1	0	2	Bremner m,	4	0	4	6	0	0
Kimball l,	0	3	3	5	2	0	Souther h,	2	9	4	8	2	0
Marble c,	0	3	0	0	1	0	Booth p,	0	0	0	0	9	1
Buffum b,	0	2	0	0	3	1	Stewart a,	1	10	1	1	0	0
Wheeler r,	0	1	1	1	0	1	Brigham l,	2	2	1	1	0	2
Gardner a,	0	8	0	0	0	1	McKee r,	1	0	2	2	0	0
Harris p,	0	2	0	0	3	2	Oliver s,	1	0	1	1	4	2
Total,	4	27	5	7	13	9	Total,	17	26	17	23	18	6

#### SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale,	0	1	2	4	2	2	4	0	2—17
Amherst,	1	0	2	0	0	0	0	1	0—4

Bases on balls—Yale 4. Struck out—Yale 2, Amherst 5. Time of game—2 h. 30 min. Umpire—Mr. Donagan.

### The Bicycle Tournament,

given under the auspices of the Yale Bicycle Club, took place at Hamilton Park on Thursday, May 29. Unfortunately the races had to be postponed on Wednesday, and the result was a much smaller attendance than was expected. A number of noted riders were entered. Yale's representatives made an excellent showing, Hamilton winning in the one mile Yale-

Harvard race and in the five mile handicap race; Adams in the one mile club race, and Maxwell in the two mile handicap race. Kimberly finished second in each of his events.

### Princeton vs. Yale.

Our nine played a championship game with Princeton on Decoration Day at the Polo Grounds. The game was excellently played at the bat and in the field by the home team as will be seen by the appended score. Holmes deserves especial mention for the fine manner in which he caught after so little practice.

PRINCETON.							YALE.						
	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Moffat p,	1	1	1	0	7	1	Hopkins c,	3	2	4	1	2	0
Van Arsdale c,	0	0	0	1	1	4	Terry b,	2	1	3	2	0	0
Reynolds l,	0	1	1	1	0	0	Bremner m,	2	2	3	1	0	0
Toles m,	1	2	2	1	0	0	Booth p,	2	3	4	0	8	0
Harlan b,	1	1	1	1	5	4	Stewart a,	3	0	0	9	0	0
Cooper s,	0	0	0	3	3	1	Brigham l,	1	3	5	4	1	1
Edwards a,	0	1	1	13	0	1	McKee r,	0	1	1	1	0	0
Van Etten h,	0	0	0	5	4	0	Oliver s,	1	1	1	1	6	2
Bircham r,	0	0	0	2	0	0	Holmes h,	2	2	2	8	1	0
Total,	3	6	6	27	20	11	Total,	16	15	23	27	18	3

### SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale.	0	1	6	2	2	2	2	0	1—16
Princeton,	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	2—3

Earned runs—Yale 4, Princeton 0. Two base hits—Bremner, Booth, Brigham, 2. Three base hits—Hopkins, Terry. First base on balls—Yale 2, Princeton 1. Struck out—Yale 5, Princeton 8. Passed balls—Holmes 2, Van Etten 8. Wild pitches—Moffat 3.

### Harvard '87 vs. Yale '87.

For a long time it seemed doubtful whether the freshmen were to have a chance at the fence before the right of natural succession should allow them to repose upon the coveted rails. However, after much discussion a game was arranged between the two nines for Saturday, May 31. The Yale freshman team had given no extraordinary encouragement to their friends in their practice work, while the opposing team came down upon them flushed with the fame of many victories. As usual, Harvard was defeated, not through their own loose play as



much as by the strong play of their opponents. Goodwin's place was pluckily filled by Morse after the second inning, the former having to retire on account of a split finger. The usual events incident to a freshman victory followed. The following is the score :

HARVARD, '87.							YALE, '87.						
	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Wiestling c,	1	2	3	1	2	0	Goodwin h,	1	1	1	1	2	1
Litchfield h,	1	2	3	5	1	3	Morse h,	1	1	2	5	5	2
Willard m,	0	1	2	1	0	1	Ayer a,	1	1	2	16	1	0
Tilden r,	1	2	2	1	0	5	Marsh r,	3	3	3	1	0	0
Cowling a,	1	0	0	15	0	2	Young c,	1	2	2	1	0	1
H. Coolidge s,	0	0	0	0	2	0	Bayne l,	1	1	1	1	0	1
Baker p,	1	0	0	0	9	0	Sheppard m,	3	4	4	1	0	0
F. Coolidge b,	0	0	0	2	2	1	Hickox p,	3	2	2	1	9	1
Bales l,	3	0	0	2	0	0	Sprague s,	1	1	1	0	3	2
							Tuttle b,	2	1	1	0	2	0
Total,	8	7	16	27	16	12	Total,	17	17	19	27	21	8

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Harvard, '87,	0	1	2	0	0	0	3	1	1—8
Yale, '87,	0	0	2	3	2	2	3	4	1—17

Earned runs—Harvard 0, Yale 3. First base on errors—Harvard 4, Yale 6. First base on balls—Harvard 2, Yale 1. Struck out—Harvard 11, Yale 5. Umpire—Cronin. Time of game—2 h. 30 min.

*Lacrosse.*

On the same afternoon, the decisive game for the Lacrosse championship was played between the Yale and Princeton teams. The Yale team was crippled by the loss and sickness of some of her best men. The game was won by the Princeton by a score of 3 goals to 1.

*Dartmouth vs. Yale.*

On Monday, Yale met the Dartmouth nine at Hamilton Park, and succeeded in defeating them only after a close struggle of ten innings. Dartmouth took a strong lead in the early part of the game, Yale failing to score for several innings. In the latter part of the game Yale rallied, and by good batting in the sixth and eighth inning tied the score, and won in the tenth. Appended is the score :

DARTMOUTH.							YALE.						
	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
G. Nettleton c,	3	4	6	1	3	0	Hopkins c,	1	1	2	4	1	1
Springfield l,	1	1	1	2	0	0	Terry b,	2	3	6	2	2	0
Hale a,	0	1	1	12	1	0	Bremner m,	1	1	1	3	0	0
Chellis b,	1	4	4	3	3	1	Booth p,	2	3	4	0	10	1
Fellows m,	1	2	2	3	0	0	Stewart a,	0	1	1	7	0	0
McCarthy s,	0	1	1	1	4	2	Brigham l,	1	1	1	0	1	2
Nutt r,	3	2	3	2	1	0	McKee r,	2	2	2	3	1	1
F. Nettleton p,	2	1	1	2	5	0	Oliver s,	2	2	2	1	1	3
Thomas h,	0	0	0	3	2	0	Holmes h,	1	2	2	10	3	0
Total,	11	16	19	29	19	3	Total,	12	16	20	30	19	8

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Yale,	2	0	0	0	0	6	0	3	0	1—12
Dartmouth,	0	5	0	4	0	1	1	0	0	0—11

Earned runs—Yale 6, Dartmouth 5. Two base hits—Booth, Nutt. Three base hits—G. Nettleton. Home run—Terry. First base on balls—Yale 2, Dartmouth 1. Struck out—Yale 3, Dartmouth 8. Double plays—McKee, Hopkins. Passed balls—Holmes 2, Thomas 1. Wild pitches—Booth 2. Time of game—2 h. 30 min. Umpire—Tilden.

The opening cruise of the

*Yale Yacht Club*

to the Thimble Islands took place on the same day. A number of boats took part in the cruise. The sail down was quickly made, after which the whole party partook of a banquet at the Island View House. The boats returned in good season after a very successful day's cruise. The

*Tennis Tournament*

was finally won by Knapp, '86. Thorne, '85 S. S. S., was the winner of the second prize.

*University Club.*

On Wednesday evening, June 5, the newly elected members of the University Club were initiated. Speeches of welcome were made by Prof. Blake and Mr. Henry Farnham. The election of officers for the coming year resulted in the following choice: President, H. F. James; Vice-President, W. B. Anderson; Secretary, H. S. Ames; Treasurer, C. L. Bailey, Jr. The following gentlemen were elected members of the governing board: H. S. Ames, W. B. Anderson, C. L.

Bailey, Jr., Thomas Darling, E. B. Morgan of the Academic Department ; C. P. McAvoy, W. L. Perkins of the Scientific School.

### *Amherst vs. Yale.*

A second time on Thursday, June 5, our nine played a very close game, which was won by Yale only after a severe uphill struggle. As in the game with Dartmouth, our opponents took a strong lead in the first part of the game. By excellent fielding on the part of the home nine after the third inning, and by good work at the bat, the lead was overcome. Hopkins, Terry and Oliver led at the bat for Yale, while Stuart led for Amherst. The fielding of Souther and Hopkins was remarkably good. As will be seen by the following score the game was won by Yale on its merits, but St. Elihu's chronicler would like to add his protest against such ill-directed applause as has been given on our ball field of late. In a freak of thoughtlessness our college audiences have laid themselves open to grave charges of discourtesy towards the nines of our sister colleges. Yale, however independent, can ill afford to lower herself in their esteem through ungentelemanly, if not unfair behavior. We append the score :

AMHERST.								YALE.							
	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.			R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	
Taylor s,	0	1	1	1	1	0	Hopkins c,	1	2	2	1	4	0		
Sullivan h,	1	1	1	7	0	0	Terry b,	0	2	2	3	2	2		
Stuart m,	1	2	3	2	0	0	Bremner m,	0	0	0	0	0	0		
Kimball l,	0	0	0	1	0	1	Souther h,	1	1	1	8	0	0		
Marble c,	0	1	1	0	2	0	Booth p,	0	1	1	0	6	1		
Buffum b,	0	1	1	2	2	0	Stewart a,	0	0	0	11	0	0		
Wheeler r,	0	1	1	1	0	0	Brigham l,	1	1	1	1	0	1		
Gardner a,	0	0	0	10	0	0	McKee r,	1	1	1	3	1	1		
Harris p,	1	0	0	0	4	1	Oliver s,	0	1	2	0	4	1		
Total,	3	7	8	24	9	2	Total,	4	9	10	27	17	6		

#### SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Amherst,	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0—3
Yale,	0	0	0	1	2	0	0	0	1—4

Struck out—Yale 7, Amherst 6. Two base hits—Stuart, Oliver. Passed balls—Souther 1, Sullivan 4. Base on balls—Yale 4, Amherst 1. Wild pitches—Yale 1. Left on bases—Yale 6, Amherst 7.

*Harvard '87 vs. Yale '87.*

The second game in the freshman series was played at Cambridge on Saturday, June 7. The game was a much more closely contested one than the final score would seem to indicate, both nines playing well in the field, while Harvard excelled at the bat. The game was won by Harvard by the following score :

HARVARD, '87.							YALE, '87.						
	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Wiestling c,	2	0	0	1	0	0	Goodwin h,	0	0	0	8	6	0
Litchfield m,	0	1	1	1	1	0	Ayer a,	0	2	4	11	0	0
Willard l,	1	2	2	1	0	1	Marsh r,	0	0	0	1	0	1
Tilden h,	1	3	4	11	4	0	Sheppard m,	0	1	1	1	1	0
Cowling a,	0	0	0	9	0	0	Bayne l,	0	0	0	0	0	0
F. Coolidge b,	0	0	0	3	1	2	Hickox p,	0	0	0	1	13	0
H. Coolidge s,	0	0	0	0	1	0	Sprague s,	1	0	0	0	1	0
Baker p,	0	0	0	1	11	0	Tuttle b,	0	0	0	4	1	0
Potter r,	1	0	0	0	2	0	Gordon c,	0	0	0	1	1	0
Total,	5	9	7	27	20	4	Total,	1	3	5	27	23	1

First base on errors—Yale 2, Harvard 0. First base on balls—Yale 2, Harvard 5. Struck out—Yale 10, Harvard 10. Three base hit—Ayer. Two base hit—Tilden. Wild pitch—Hickox 1. Passed balls—Goodwin 1. Left on bases—Yale 4, Harvard 1. Out on bases—Yale 2, Harvard 4.

*Lacrosse.*

While the freshmen were being defeated at Cambridge in base ball, they won from Harvard in a lacrosse game, played at Hamilton Park, by a score of 2 goals to 1. A meeting of the

*Y. U. F. B. Association*

was called on Thursday, June 12, for the election of new officers. The following men were the choice of the meeting: President, R. S. Storrs, '85; Vice-President, E. A. Meredith, '85, S. S. S.; Secretary and Treasurer, N. M. Goodlett, '86. Immediately after the business of the foot-ball association was finished, a meeting of the

*Y. U. B. B. Association*

was called for the same purpose. The result of the elections was as follows: President, D. W. Mulvane, '85;

Vice-President, J. C. Oliver, '85, S. S. S.; Secretary, C. M. Lewis, '86; Treasurer, S. D. Capen, '85.

### Prizes

awarded to members of the Academic department were announced by the President on Tuesday morning, June 17, after the chapel exercises. *The Winthrop prizes*, open to members of the junior class, first, to John Loman, second, to H. L. Doggett. *The Bristed Scholarship* to W. H. Parks. *The Woolsey Scholarship*, open to members of the freshman class, to J. N. Pomeroy; *the Hurlbut Scholarship* to T. H. Curtis; *the Third Freshman Scholarship* to W. A. Cornish. *Sophomore Composition prizes*, first, to W. A. Brown, C. M. Lewis, C. A. Moore, F. G. Moore, E. J. Phelps, C. W. Pierson; second, to G. E. Elliot, Jr., Sheffield Phelps, E. W. Reid, A. L. Shipman, F. E. Wing, Evans Woolen.

*Prizes for excellence in Declamation* open to members of the sophomore class, first, to E. J. Phelps; second, to E. A. Bates; third, to A. L. Shipman.

*The Berkeley Premiums* for excellence in Latin composition, open to members of the freshman class, first, to W. S. Burns, W. J. Hand, Samuel Knight, J. N. Pomeroy, M. L. Stein, W. A. Tones; second, to D. E. Bowers, C. L. Brownson, H. W. Bruorton, T. H. Curtis, R. F. Hawkes, C. T. Morse, F. R. Whittlesey. On the same morning the junior class met in the Lyceum lecture room and elected their

### Class Picture Committee.

The committee is composed as follows: M. D. Ormes, O. W. Pratt, L. O. Wiggins. On the same morning, also, the postponed game of

### Brown vs. Yale

was played at Hamilton Park. Like the other games which Yale has played of late with college teams, the home nine suffered her opponents to take the lead in the early part of the game. It was, however, successfully overcome by careful work during the remainder of the game. The only noteworthy

features of the game were the long hits of Terry and McKee when the bases were full. The following is the score :

BROWN.							YALE.						
	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Durfee r,	0	1	1	2	0	0	Hopkins c,	1	0	0	3	1	1
Seagrave m,	3	0	0	1	0	0	Terry b,	0	2	2	4	2	3
Bassett c,	1	3	3	1	1	2	Bremner m,	1	0	0	1	0	0
Chase a,	0	2	2	5	1	0	Souther h,	1	0	0	7	1	2
Shedd l,	1	1	2	2	0	1	Booth p,	0	0	0	1	7	0
Gunderson p,	0	0	0	0	5	0	Stewart a,	2	0	0	7	0	0
Dagon b,	0	1	1	3	4	2	Brigham l,	2	1	1	1	0	0
Clark h,	0	0	0	6	1	0	McKee r,	2	3	5	3	0	0
Wadsworth s,	1	1	1	4	1	1	Oliver s,	0	1	1	0	3	1
Total,	6	9	10	24	13	6	Total,	9	7	9	27	14	7

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale,	0	0	0	2	0	0	4	3	— 9
Brown,	1	0	2	0	0	1	2	0	0— 6

Earned runs—Yale 2, Brown 0. Two base hit—Shedd. Three base hit—McKee. Struck out—Yale 5, Brown 8. Wild pitches—Yale 2, Brown 1.

In the evening took place the customary war-dance of the seniors in front of South, in commemoration of their finished annuals. After the usual ceremonies had been gone through with, the panting, motley-clad and hatless company made way to the fence, where the college at large had gathered to listen to the

*Fence Orations.*

F. E. Wing spoke for the class of '86, while C. M. Hinkle responded for the freshmen. Wit and raillery were showered upon the attendant crowd in more than usual abundance. And once again, after this pleasant college custom had been observed, the various classes handed down to their successors the heir-looms of their year's inheritance—the college-fence.

*Princeton vs. Yale.*

The second game with Princeton was played on Thursday, June 19, at the Polo Grounds, New York. The game was finely played by Yale, both at the bat and in the field, and was won by the following score :

PRINCETON.								YALE.							
	A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
A. Moffat p,	3	0	0	0	1	6	1	Hopkins c,	5	2	2	2	2	1	0
Van Arsdale c,	4	0	0	0	1	0	4	Terry b,	5	3	3	4	0	3	2
Toler m,	4	0	1	1	3	0	0	Souther h,	5	0	0	0	9	2	0
{ W. Moffat a,	1	0	0	0	1	0	1	Booth p,	5	1	1	1	0	12	0
{ Larkin a,	2	0	0	0	6	0	1	Stewart a,	5	1	1	1	14	0	0
Reynolds l,	4	0	0	0	5	1	0	Brigham l,	4	0	1	1	2	0	0
Cooper s,	3	0	1	2	3	3	1	McKee r,	4	1	0	0	0	1	0
Harlan r and h,	3	0	0	0	2	2	1	Oliver s,	3	1	1	2	0	4	0
Edwards b,	3	0	0	0	3	2	0	Odell m,	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Van Etten h,	0	0	0	0	1	0	2								
Bickham r,	3	0	0	0	1	0	0	Total,	40	9	9	11	27	23	2
Total,	30	0	2	3	27	14	11								

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Princeton,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0
Yale,	2	3	0	0	0	0	0	3	1—9

Two base hits—Terry, Oliver, Cooper. Wild pitches—Moffat 2. Passed balls—Van Etten 2, Souther 1. First base on balls—Princeton 2, Yale 1. First base on errors—Princeton 1, Yale 5. Struck out—Princeton 9, Yale 3. Time—2 h. 10 min. Umpire—Cronin.

*The DeForest Prize Speaking*

occurred in the college chapel on Friday, June 20. The medal was awarded to Edward C. Gale. The following is the list of those who spoke, with the subjects of their orations :

1. E. M. Chapman, - - - Old Saybrook, Conn.  
"Hildebrand and Gregory the Seventh."
2. E. C. Gale, - - - Minneapolis, Minn.  
"Tourgenieff and Russian Politics."
3. John Holden, - - - Bridgeport, Conn.  
"Tourgenieff and Russian Politics."
4. H. W. Wolcott, - - - Cleveland, Ohio.  
"The Bankruptcy Laws."
5. Sydney Stein, - - - Chicago, Ill.  
"Tourgenieff and Russian Politics."
6. W. S. Allis, - - - Brookfield, Vt.  
"The Civil and Political Significance of the Reformation."

*Harvard vs. Yale.*

Again we met the enemy at Cambridge, June 21, but we are theirs. The college had fond hopes of winning this game

with Harvard as the question of the championship would have then been decided beyond a doubt. The result makes us a tie with Harvard for the first place. A decisive game upon neutral ground will doubtless be arranged soon. The game was a Waterloo for Yale. The batting of Harvard was phenomenal and the errors of Yale were extremely costly. A glance at the following score will show how Saturday's game was lost :

HARVARD.								YALE.							
	A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Coolidge b,	6	2	3	6	3	5	0	Hopkins c,	4	2	2	2	2	2	2
Baker s,	6	2	1	1	0	1	1	Terry b,	4	1	1	1	2	1	1
Phillips c,	5	1	3	5	0	1	0	Bremner m,	4	0	1	3	4	0	0
Tilden l,	5	0	1	2	0	0	1	Souther h,	4	0	2	4	9	2	3
Nichols p,	5	1	1	1	1	12	1	Booth p,	4	0	0	0	2	0	3
Allen h,	4	3	3	4	11	2	2	Stewart a,	4	0	1	1	4	0	0
Winslow m,	5	2	3	3	0	0	0	Brigham l,	4	0	0	0	1	2	0
Smith a,	5	3	2	2	11	0	1	McKee r,	4	1	2	3	2	0	1
Lemoyne r,	4	3	1	2	1	0	1	Oliver s,	3	0	0	0	2	1	2
Total,	45	17	18	26	27	21	7	Total,	35	4	9	14	27	12	12

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Harvard,	1	6	0	0	1	1	0	4	4—17
Yale,	0	0	2	0	0	0	1	1	0—4

Earned runs—Harvard 9, Yale 1. Home run—Coolidge. Two base hits—Phillips 2, Tilden, Allen, Lemoyne, McKee. Three base hits—Bremner, Souther. Passed balls—Allen 2, Souther 1. Wild pitches—Booth 1. First base on balls—Harvard 2. First base on errors—Harvard 2, Yale 2. Struck out—Harvard 6, Yale 6. Double plays—Souther and Stewart, Coolidge and Smith. Umpire—T. F. Donovan, of Boston. Time—2 h. 15 min.

## Items.

The University crew left for their quarters at New London, on Wednesday the 18th.—E. C. Smith, '86, has received an election to *Ψ. T.*—The *Index* appeared June 18. W. S. Case and H. G. Chase of '85, were the editors.—C. W. Cutler, '85, was elected president of the Glee Club and W. P. Brandegee, '86, business manager.—The new officers of the Y. M. C. A. are as follows: President, F. R. Shipman, '85; Vice-Presidents, E. W. Reid, '86, and C. D. McCandliss, '86, S. S. S.; Corresponding Secretary, L. O. Baird, '85; Treasurer, E. L. Caldwell '87.—W. Maxwell, '85, won the ten-mile handicap race at the Quaker City bicycle meeting, June 19. He also won in both the two and three miles handicap races at the meeting of the Queen's County club, June 21.—The Ameri-



can lacrosse team have met with but one defeat abroad, and that at the hands of the United Kingdom team.—The University nine were defeated by the Beacons, on Saturday, May 31, by a score of 10 to 2. Only seven innings were played.—The Glee Club and the Banjo Club gave a highly successful entertainment a Chickering Hall, New York, May 22.—The following are the officers of the Berkley Association for the ensuing year: President, J. H. Booth, '85; Secretary and Treasurer, J. C. Schwab, '86.

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### BOOK NOTICES.

*Government Revenue.* By Ellis H. Roberts. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.50. For sale by Peck.

It is a strange fact that almost every professor of political economy throughout the colleges of this country of protective tariffs, teaches the doctrine of free trade. Fathers who believe with a firm, though not, perhaps, elaborately formulated belief that protection has been keeping the machinery in their factories going, find their returning sons rampant champions of the hostile system; and though they assure themselves and their sons that "a few years of practical life will knock that nonsense out of them," yet they naturally conclude that the college instruction on this important subject is too one-sided—as shown by its results. It is a hard question, indeed, how far the instructor in such topics should limit himself to the simple presentation of the arguments *pro* and *con*; but to ask him to refrain from all expression of beliefs either way, is asking him to have no sense. The chances are, however, that the professor, being human, will become more of a partisan than is just to his hearers. This has been felt here at Yale as elsewhere. An unsuccessful effort was made lately to get General Hawley here to present the protection side in the "Topics of the Times" course. At Cornell, the same feeling resulted in a graduate's gift of money by means of which ten lectures were delivered last winter in defense "of the protection policy and the logical grounds upon which it rests. The lecturer was the Hon. Ellis Roberts, Yale '50; and it now remains for those, who believe that justice is not done here to protection, to prove their faith by their works, and read the argument of this well known alumnus. Not that the reading will be a task. Mr. Roberts' book is very interesting—not the less because he seems occasionally a sophist himself, at other times to fall into error, especially in his treatment of the more abstract problems of political economy. On the other hand, he presents a very impressive picture of our country's prosperity under protective tariffs, and its tendency to a less prosperity whenever the tariff has been turned towards free trade; he establishes the necessity to a stable prosperity of a diversity of industries; he proves strikingly how much the establishment of now large and very important industries has depended on the tariff for their existence. He is a bold man who will say in the face of our

country's wonderful prosperity for the last twenty-five years, that we should have done as well with free trade during that time ; and this world travels on experience and not on the possibilities of the untried.

*Short Tariff History of the United States.* Part I.—1783 to 1789. By David H. Mason. Chicago : Published by the author. Price, by mail, \$1.00.

We have here an outgrowth of that Romantic school of political economy which, a few years ago, gave its love and reverence to the "battle-born and blood-stained greenback," but whose unquestioned hero to-day is "the American system of protection." The tone of the volume throughout is one of pained surprise that any one could be so wicked and unpatriotic as to doubt the honesty of this hero. The writer's faith in it may account for the confidence with which, in an elaborate metaphor, he calls Free-trade the defendant, and Protection the plaintiff, thereby taking upon his own shoulders the burden of proof. The object of the work, which—to judge from the first part—will rival the daily papers in being what one of our instructors calls a stamping-ground for the student of logic, is to prove the propositions : all the prosperity enjoyed by the American people—absolutely all the prosperity, without any reservation whatever, from the foundation of the United States Government down to the present time—has been under the reign of protection principles ; and all the hard times suffered by the American people, in the same period, has been preceded either by a heavy reduction of duties on imports or by insufficient protection, thus refuting all free-trade theories on the subject. We trust this simple induction meets with the assent of all. Otherwise, the author must be content with something short of a universal reading of his book—all because this summing-up of the value of the book appears on the first page instead of the last ! Some inveterate novel-reader, carried away by the poetical and metaphorical treatment of the subject into a belief that here in disguise is some romance of Revolutionary times, a "Colonists' Revenge," might be tempted just to look over at the end to see how it was coming out ; but the honest reviewer, who must read on to the last page even though an unfeeling author has presented him with a key to the plot on the first—is he not to be pitied ?

The main value of the book is as a collection of the fallacies afloat in the country during and after the Revolutionary war. Such statements as these are arranged before us ; that exports enrich and imports impoverish a country ; that it was an unwarrantable oppression on the part of Great Britain to want to sell us goods cheap ; that only the seller in a bargain can gain. We refuse to be dragged to such lengths of patriotism as to overlook these fallacies, even when assisted by "eye witnesses" of the birth of the constitution.

In the digression on the nature and extent of the protecting power, where he discusses the constitutionality of protection, we think the author's claim of improving his case by changing his authority from the power granted to Congress "to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises," to the power granted "to regulate commerce with foreign nations" is unsustained ; for no power to regulate commerce can be construed into a power to regulate it for the benefit of one class at the expense of another. Such a power, we should say, was opposed to the spirit of the constitution in general, and the fifth amendment in particular. In opposition to this strong presumption

against such a construction of this power, the author's argument, picked out of a number of incidental inconsistencies and obscurities, seems to rest on the popular understanding at the time of framing the constitution of the term "to regulate commerce." In this connection, it may be said that there was more than one crude idea abroad in those days that never met with recognition in the constitution.

In reading this book we were impressed by the intense anti-British feeling of its author. To this feeling, perhaps, is chargeable in part, the presence of a thread in the argument which, when traced back, is found to have its source in the so-called "great fact of commercial independence." It is enough to say here that there is, among civilized nations, no such fact, and that, if there was, commercial independence is a luxury too costly for even this land of money kings and financiers.

Altogether, we cannot recommend the work to those who "want to hear the other side" with any sort of confidence that a reading of it may not end in causing them to doubt whether there really is any other side.

*Vacation Cruising.* By J. T. Rothrock. Philadelphia. J. B. Lippincott & Co. Price \$1.50. For sale by Judd.

Herbert Spencer furnishes the text for Professor Rothrock's sermon. "In brief, I may say that we have had somewhat too much of the 'gospel of work.' It is time to preach the gospel of relaxation." Unlike some other texts, it bids fair to be heeded this summer by many (LIT. readers included). How many will sit down and vegetate in some sea-side "resort" in a small, gossipy hotel? How many of the Yale yacht club will do this? If there are any, let them read this book descriptive of Yachting on Chesapeake and Delaware bays. It will prove an impetus to a manlier, more healthful method of spending the summer, and at the same time suggest ways of employing one's eyes to the best advantage.

*Practical Essays.* By Alexander Bain, LL.D. New York: D. Appleton & Company. For sale by Judd.

It is a relief after having waded through a course of books of facts, and novels, which our duty as educated citizens requires of us, to take up a work which does not burden the mind with new facts and fancies or new ways of carrying on the old, old story of the sentimental side of life, but which arranges the burden already assumed, and by causing symmetry to take the place of lop-sidedness and confusion, makes thereafter a further addition in no wise oppressive. Such a book is this of Professor Bain. Not altogether seeking to add to our store of information, he has rather tried to clear up certain popular fallacies and to arrange in comprehensible order what has already been said upon the subjects of which he has here treated. Yet the masterly way in which he turns his subject about and views it from all sides, communicates to the reader some of his own mental vigor and establishes a bond of sympathy between them by the time the final position is taken. In reading his essay on "Common Errors of the Mind" and "Errors of Suppressed Correlatives," even where we hesitated to agree with him, we felt the strong mental stimulant of his robust thought. The former of these essays speaks of the fallacy of prescribing cheerfulness to persons, when cheerfulness is the result not of the will to be cheerful, but of youth, health,

temperament, proneness to throw off cares to responsibilities, etc., etc. In addition, we have the fact, that the conservation of energy acts in men as in dead matter, and—we think of Emerson and his essay on Compensation—to give the phlegmatic Anglo-Saxon more cheerfulness we must use up some of his present force for that effect. The obvious road, as Mr. Bain points out, is to "*Increase the supports and diminish the burdens of life.*" But now, not only will sanitary regulations enter into the problem, but also our industrial and political ways of life. The hard working, money grasping Englishman, jealous of his civil liberties can never be amused by ballet girls at cafés, street shows and the other trifling ways of passing time which carries the light-headed, careless Frenchman through the hard places in life. And why, he asks, should we ascribe similar tastes to all kinds and conditions of men, as is a common fallacy. Because one people likes warming pans, it is not necessarily true that they are an article of comfort to the West Indians. And an interesting paragraph in this essay is where he speaks of the imagination, as the union of Intellect and Feelings, not as being the cause of Feeling as it is often said to be. Free will and Predestination are touched upon, and where Mr. Bain touches he leaves some light.

The essays on the "Classical Controversy" and the "Art of Study" are digests of what has been said and written on these subjects, the arguments *pro* and *con* being sharply criticised by Mr. Bain's caustic pen. In the former he supports the modern movement in favor of a bifurcation of the two systems, giving the candidate for a university degree the option of choosing the classical studies or the more modern and more practical branches of learning. In criticising the ideas of distinguished men, in regard to methods of study, he favors having a text-book-in-chief, and others of second, third and fourth class in importance. And in opposition to the idea of many distinguished men of committing to memory large parts of books, and copying entire volumes, he advises the taking of abstracts and frequent examinations. Of the desultory reader he does not seem to have the highest opinion. The essay on the "University Ideal" is an address to the students of Aberdeen University, upon his installation as Rector, and reviews the University from its earliest beginning. The essays are entitled, "The Civil Service Examinations," "Metaphysics and Debating Societies," "Religious Tests and Subscriptions," and "Procedure of Deliberative Bodies."

For the rest the book is well paragraphed and typed, so that a review of the principal points is made very easy; and with the exception of the glazed paper is satisfactorily published.

#### TO BE REVIEWED.

*Property and Progress.* By W. H. Mallock. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price \$1.00. For sale by Judd.

*Book of the Beginnings.* By R. Heber Newton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price 40 cents. For sale by Judd.

*Quicksands.* By Adolph Streckfuss. From the German by Mrs. A. L. Wister. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Price \$1.50. For sale by Judd.

*A Roman Singer.* By F. Marion Crawford. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$1.00. For sale by Peck.

*Clytia.* By George Taylor. From the German by Mary J. Safford. New York: Wm. S. Gottsberger. Price \$1.00. For sale by Judd.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

Elihu feels sadly a-weary. Fortune, not satisfied with making him pass through the ordeal of "stern and rock-bound" annuals, now showers upon the saint a multitude of Commencement accounts from all quarters of the college press. These and the balmy airs of a tropical summer are a combination against which his amiable disposition is hardly proof. But there is a prospect more fatiguing to Elihu mentally than all this, a prospect suggested by the approach of vacation—it is a foreboding of summer flirtations and hammock poetry, as one may say, which are to bring forth their fruit in the college papers in the fall. To withstand this rush of sentimentality Elihu will need all the recuperative influences of a long vacation, and he trusts he will be in proper physical condition in September to receive all such romantic reminiscences.

To descend from the lofty and sublime to the practical, Elihu turns to the *Herald-Crimson*. In this "enterprising daily," as the phrase is, Elihu finds the spirit of Harvard indifference struggling for the mastery with the natural straightforwardness of the American youth. In the moments of excitability the latter tendency may make the editorial spirit forget the duty of impassiveness which the *Crimson* owes to its Alma Mater. But after such a discussion as that with regard to the freshman game, the *Crimson* with comical suddenness remembers its former self and draws back into the shell of its dignity.

We cut the following verses from the *Advocate*. They are, perhaps, a little stilted, but charming withal :—

## TO A PICTURE.

Thou likeness, that art so unlike,  
Why, lady, giving but the part  
That on the dullest sense doth strike,  
And showing not her tender heart,  
I love thee, faulty as thou art !

For, looking on thee, day by day,  
Some subtle portion of her soul .  
Seemeth infused into thy grey  
Dim features, and above the whole  
I feel her subtle, sweet control.

It is as if my heart had gained  
A little of her pure and fair  
Bright being, yielding it though fained  
To glorify thee, and declare  
The grace and pity she doth bear.

These lines from the same source speak for themselves :—

#### AN ANNEX MAID.

She wore red roses in her hair,  
(Alas ! that roses fade) ;  
She was more learned e'en than fair,  
I loved the Annex Maid.  
In marriage we were joined to-day,  
For she my love repaid ;  
And now I trust that I may say  
I have an Annex made.

Our Williams exchanges are the one poetic spot in the prosaic path of Elihu. The divine *afflatus* never fails the *Argo* and *Athenaum*.

#### MY MEERSCHAUM PIPE.

My meerschaum pipe, of friends most true,  
What comforter more kind than you ?  
A trusting heart you'll ne'er betray,  
As lovely woman does, they say,  
With curling locks and eyes of blue.

As your smooth cheeks still darker grew  
From driven snow to ebon hue,  
My love increased from day to day,  
My meerschaum pipe.

Some bards in meters soft may woo  
A fickle maid—their choice they'll rue—  
I will address my roundelay  
To her who soothes black care away,  
As drives the sun the morning dew,  
My meerschaum pipe.

*Argo.*

---

#### SHE SAYETH NO.

She sayeth no, she meaneth yes ;  
You comprehend her less and less,  
But still, though others criticise,  
You are content to agonize  
Upon her charms, and idolize  
The beauty you cannot possess.

She sayeth no, she meaneth yes ;  
And some day for your faithfulness,  
The lady that you canonize,  
Ceasing to flirt and tyrannize,  
With all your plans will sympathize  
And put aside her willfulness—  
She sayeth no, she meaneth yes. .

*Argo.*

---

CONFESSION.

"Tell me this," he softly murmured,  
"Do you love me true?"  
And she answered, shyly blushing,  
"Love you ? yes, I do."

Turning then his glance upon her,  
Solemnly and slow ;  
"Thanks," he answered absently,  
"I only wished to know."

*Polytechnic.*







# YALE LIT. ADVERTISER.

Supplement to]

JUNE, 1884.

[Vol. XLIX.

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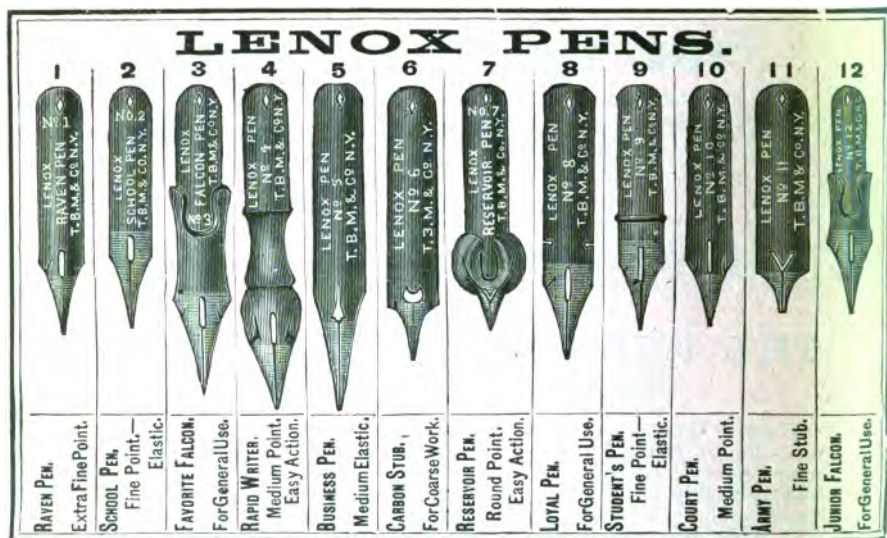
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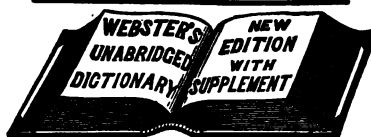
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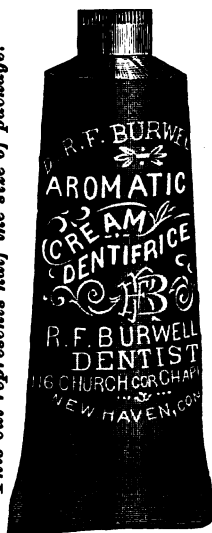
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